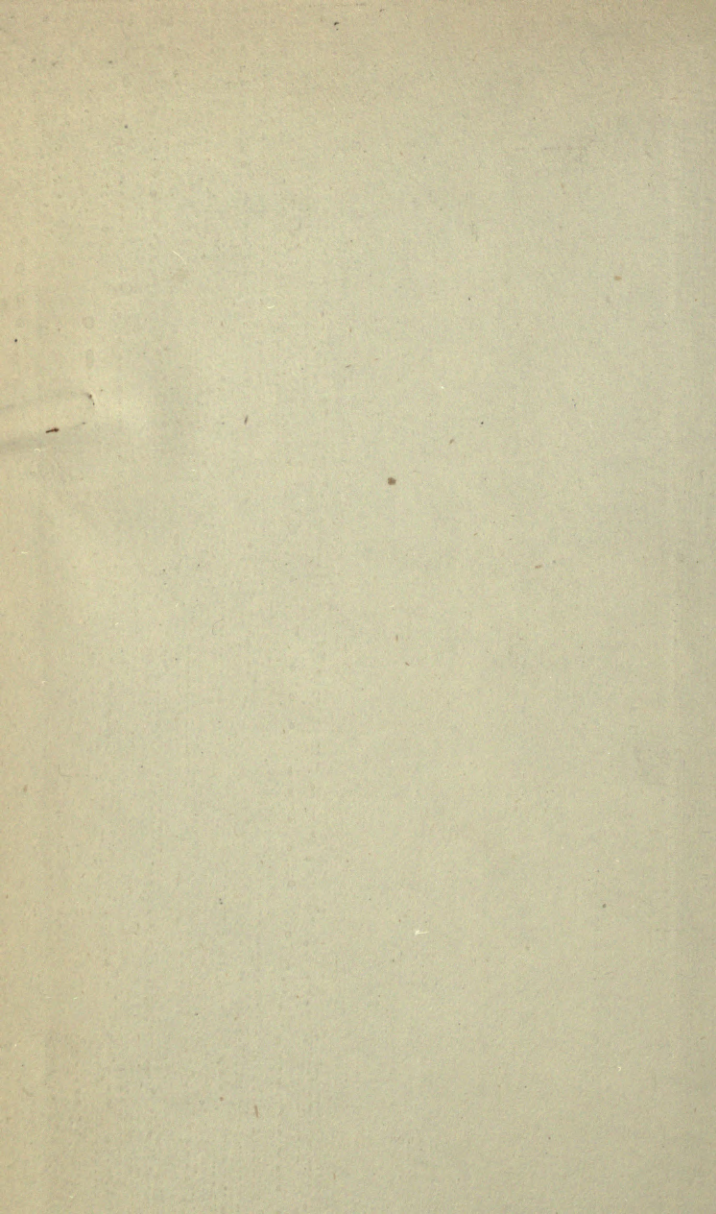


Notes of Thought

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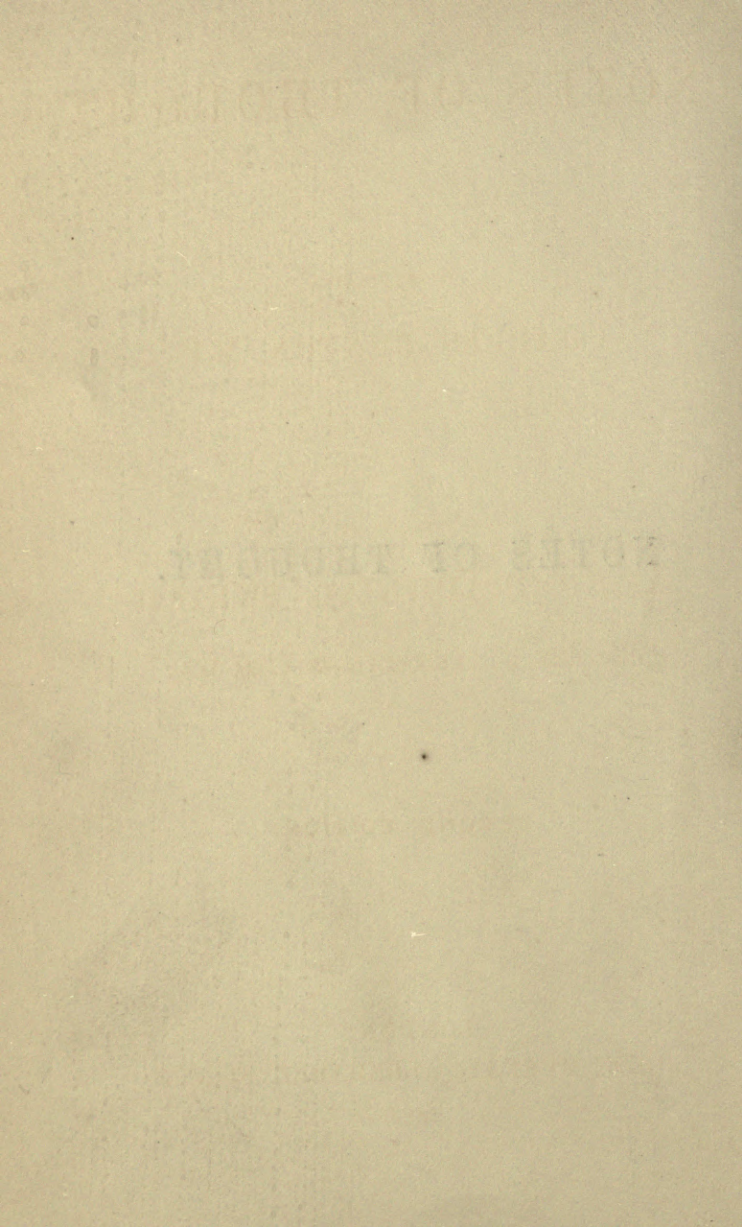


Miss Kate Hart

from J. U. D.

Christmas 1886

NOTES OF THOUGHT.



NOTES OF THOUGHT.

BY THE LATE

CHARLES BUXTON, M.P.

PRECEDED BY

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

By REV. J. LLEWELYN DAVIES, M.A.

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BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

It has been thought desirable to prefix to these Notes of Thought a brief Memoir of their author. It is an advantage to the readers of any book, and especially of a book like this, to have some personal knowledge of the man whose literary utterances they are invited to study. But besides serving as an introduction to his book, it is hoped that a biographical sketch of Charles Buxton will be interesting to not a few for its own sake. Neither his powers nor his achievements were such as to place him in the rank of those who have exerted a marked influence on their generation, nor did his career bring him into any special contact with great affairs or illustrious persons; but he was a man whose work in life had a touch of originality and distinction about it not unworthy of notice, and whose character as a whole was of a noble and attractive quality, which ought to lend to these memorial pages something of its own charm.

Charles Buxton was the youngest son of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, baronet, and Hannah, daughter of John Gurney, of Earlham Hall. Of what kind of stock he came may be learnt from the well-known biography in which he has himself recorded his father's energetic and successful labours. The principal dates of his life are as follows:—He was born at Cromer Hall, in Norfolk, on the 18th November, 1822. When he was four years old his family removed to Northrepps Hall, about a mile and a half from Cromer. He had a home education, with its advantages and defects, up to the age

of seventeen, when he was sent as a private pupil, first to the Rev. T. Fisher, at Luccombe, and then to the Rev. H. Alford (afterwards Dean of Canterbury), at Wymeswold. In October, 1841, he went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and proceeded to his degree in due course. On leaving college he became a partner in the great brewery of Truman, Hanbury, Buxton, and Co. In the same year, 1845, his father having died, he was entrusted by his family with the charge of writing his life. In 1850 (February 7th) he married the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Holland, Bart., M.D. In 1857 he entered the House of Commons, and remained in Parliament continuously, representing Newport first, then Maidstone, and finally East Surrey, till his death, which took place at Lochearnhead, August 10th, 1871.

This is the outline of a prosperous English gentleman's career ; and Charles Buxton's life, though cut short at an age which made his death a terrible blow to his family and friends, must be reckoned a singularly favoured one. The lines fell to him in very pleasant places, and he had no troubles but those from which no man can be exempt. But he was not spoilt or overmastered by his good fortune. And though there must always be a profounder interest in observing how a strong nature is deepened and ennobled by trials, it is good also to see how a life may ripen uncorrupted in the sunshine, and may be disciplined in the gracious discharge of the duties of prosperity. In considering how I may hope to give in a short space the truest picture of Charles Buxton, from the point of view thus indicated,—especially, I mean, as filling with an unusual felicity the part of an English gentleman of good fortune in the present day,—the plan which has on the whole seemed to me the best to follow, is that of tracing along some principal lines successively the development of his character and activity.

I.

In the first place, Charles Buxton was brought up from a child in the fear of God, and continued to be

through life an earnest and reverent Christian. His excellent father and mother were both very devout persons, of the Evangelical type of their generation. Sir Fowell Buxton was one of the manliest of men—an ardent sportsman as well as an energetic philanthropist ; and the Quakerism of the Gurney family, with the spirit of which he was in the most cordial sympathy, contributed its peculiar refinement and culture, rather than any gloom or narrowness, to the religious life of the Buxton home. But there was an uncompromising sincerity in the religion of both the parents, and the principles they professed were thoroughly dominant over the mode of life pursued at Northrepps. The children were most carefully trained in the reading of Scripture and in prayer, and in the habit of referring all things to the will of God. They were encouraged to keep journals, with the chief purpose of recording religious memoranda. Charles began what grew to be a long series of journals when he was ten years old. “The first thing that I can recollect,” he says, “was going to church in a cart with Lizzy my maid. They said I was very good and quiet. Some time after, I can perfectly remember that I was very much struck by a sermon in London ; the clergyman mentioned that Christ would come, so I kept looking about the church, expecting Him to come in directly, and I was very much surprised not to see Him.” From the first there are regretful allusions to his “irritability,” which continued to be in after years a chief topic of his self-reproach. In the same year’s journal there is the following touching entry :—“We received two very sorrowful letters from London about slavery, and that papa’s countenance was quite changed because of slavery. I thought that all we could do was to pray for him, and God is a merciful Father, and will hear us when we call upon Him.” The keeping of such journals is a practice which has its dangers, but there appears to be nothing either morbid or artificial in Charles Buxton’s confessions. One safeguard of the sweetness and humility of his disposition was the *thankfulness* which he had learnt to cherish as a duty. From time to time he would sum up the blessings for which he

felt himself—with good reason—bound to be grateful. Thus, at the end of the year 1837, when he was fifteen years of age, he dwells on the prosperity, spiritual and temporal, enjoyed by the whole family ; one point of it being, “that we are such a comfortably large family, instead of my being a single child ; how *much* happier I am, with all my brothers and sisters !” and he adds, “But if any of our family receive blessings, I receive them doubly. The elder part have their trials, . . . while I, young, in health, with every prospect of earthly happiness, at home with my friends instead of being at school, brought up in the fear of the Lord, and with numberless friends whose kindness is uninterrupted, have indeed cause for gratitude.” In such youthful piety was nourished and strengthened a living root of reverence, conscientiousness, purity, and self-judgment, which never ceased to bear fruits and flowers.

When he became a man, his inherited opinions on theological subjects underwent considerable change. His Evangelical creed yielded in various points to the influence of the modern liberal scientific views with which he became familiar, and ceased to retain its strict dogmatic form. Some beliefs in which he had once acquiesced grew decidedly distasteful to him. He alludes to this change when he says, “It is startling sometimes to find that one’s mind has drifted so far away from its old moorings, that it heartily relishes sentiments which thirty years back had struck it with horror as almost blasphemous” (“Notes,” 628). But the inevitable disturbance of his early creed came later than one would have thought probable, and with no very violent shock. He disengaged himself gently and gradually of what he could no longer hold in the theology of Evangelical Puritanism, and was never at any stage fanatical or intolerant. At the age of thirty-six, he thus writes : “I do want to clarify and settle my religious views. They are like rolling clouds. I have faith, I do believe in Christ, but amid a wandering fog of doubt which at times obscures it. A good deal of the orthodox evangelical doctrine has disappeared from my mind altogether ; but I increase in my sense of Christ’s love to

man." His most characteristic repugnance was to the Athanasian Creed, the harsh-sounding notes of which had from the first jarred upon his gentle feelings and his straightforward intelligence. "It gives me almost a thrill of horror," he writes in 1849, "to hear a school in the gallery bawling out the Athanasian Creed." He thinks it extreme presumption "to attempt to mark out and nicely portray what Scripture leaves in all its majestic obscurity, veiled in clouds which the angels themselves seek not to penetrate." And the following entry occurs in his diary for 1858: "To Fox Warren; the sunlight on the firs and ferns splendid. I thought a little over the Athanasian Creed. I have a notion of moving that its use be no longer compulsory."

The cause of Church Reform had engaged his interest and ambition from early years. In 1849, he records: "Had much talk about Church Government and Church Reforms. I think very likely I shall take a leading part in endeavouring to bring them about. There seems to be a surprising lack of courage in those who would gladly see some changes made." After he became a member of Parliament he took an active part in various movements which had for their aim to reconcile the constitution of the Church of England with the circumstances of the country or with the advanced knowledge of the time. He had the distinction of introducing in the House of Commons (June 9, 1863) the question of the subscriptions of the clergy to the Articles and Prayer-book, and so of promoting the appointment in that year of a Royal Commission, which recommended the important modification of the terms of these subscriptions, of which the Church has since had the benefit. His speech in moving his Resolution was conceived in the true spirit of Church Reform, and expressed warm but discriminating hopes for the future of the Church. Mr. Buxton's enthusiasm was roused both by the past greatness of the Church of England, and by the idea of a National Church still moving with the advances of the time, and ministering to all the religious wants of the people. He applied to the Church the words of the poet—

“Higher yet her star ascends ;
Traveller, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth her course portends.”

The good work of the Commission on clerical subscription was followed up after an interval by the appointment of the better-known Ritual Commission, of which Mr. Buxton became a member, and in whose discussions he took a zealous part, advocating, as a general rule, the relaxation of restrictions and the removal of stumbling-blocks. Of his connection with these movements, the Dean of Westminster thus writes :—“It was a constant pleasure to converse with him on matters connected with Church policy. A man born and bred in the famous old Quaker circle of Norfolk, and with the kindest feelings towards Nonconformists, but with a keen appreciation—almost like that of a convert—for the services of the Church of England ; a Liberal, but (as a general rule) viewing the progress of the Church, not as an incumbrance to be resisted or despised, but as a necessary element in the harmonious working of society and civilization ; a philosophic student, who combined the instincts of fearless inquiry with the reverence of high and holy things ;—this combination produced an atmosphere in which one was sure to find, not a bitter partisan, but a candid listener and a wise counsellor. On the two occasions which have been mentioned as bringing him directly into contact with ecclesiastical questions—the repeal of the old clerical subscriptions and the revision of the rubrics of the Prayer-book—I was brought into constant communication with him. On the first of those questions, it was only from our common interest in the subject, as I was not a member of the Commission in which he took so active a part. But we often discussed the matter, and I would particularly specify the benefit which he conferred on the Church when, on the occasion of the passing of the new Subscription Act, he, in his place in Parliament, stated as one of the Commissioners the motive and intention of the changes introduced. ‘It was of the greatest importance to observe that all those phrases which indicated that the

subscriber declared his acceptance of every dogma of the Church had been swept away; and this had been done expressly and of forethought. As regarded the Thirty-nine Articles, the Commission had agreed to sweep away the words "each and every of them;" implying, therefore, that the subscriber was only to take them as a whole, even though he might disagree with them here and there. As regards the Prayer-book, the change was even still more marked; for, instead of declaring his "assent and consent to all and everything it contained," he only declared his assent to the Book of Prayer—that is to say, to the book as a whole, and his belief that the doctrine of the Church therein set forth was agreeable to the Word of God. Observe, that he would not declare that "the doctrines," in the plural number, or that each and all of the doctrines, were agreeable to the Word of God, but only "the doctrine" of the Church, in the singular number. It was expressly and unanimously agreed by the Commission that the word "doctrine" should be used in the singular number, in order that it might be understood that it was the general teaching, and not every part and parcel of that teaching, to which assent was given. I remember his describing the anxiety with which he made this announcement, fearing lest possibly some other Commissioner present might endeavour, by subsequent remarks, to qualify or contradict the impression which he wished to produce. But none such were made, and his words, therefore, remain the only authoritative interpretation of the beneficent legislation then introduced, and of which the results have hardly yet been sufficiently appreciated. The other occasion was the Ritual Commission. He unfortunately entered the Commission only during that later stage of its proceedings when, from the illness of several of the leading members of the body, the original balance of its elements was destroyed, and the improvements, which at the earlier stages had been started with hopes of success, were thwarted by adverse influences, which are sufficiently indicated by the published minutes of the Commission. But he had the opportunity of delivering his testimony with clearness and earnestness on

behalf of the changes which will, no doubt, be at last ratified by the Legislature, unless the obstructive and dilatory policy of our ecclesiastical rulers and the indifference of our statesmen should condemn the Church to hopeless inaction. No one in the Commission spoke with a deeper feeling of the grace and solemnity of the finer parts of the English Liturgy ; but no one, on the other hand, felt more keenly the injustice done to it by the retention of practices or expressions of which the soul and spirit is either altogether dead or is altogether uncongenial with the better spirit of true Christianity. One such was the exclusion from Christian burial of those who, like the saintly members of his own family, Joseph John Gurney and Mrs. Fry, had not been brought into contact with the outward ceremony of baptism. Another such was the enforcement of the Athanasian Creed in the public services of the Church, thus pledging its members to the condemnation of the Greek Christians, or any others who fail to perceive the necessity of intricate, ambiguous, and obsolete forms of speech to describe the intimate relations of the human spirit to the Divine, or the diverse expressions of the Divine nature itself."

In 1870 he joined, at my request, a small society called the Church Reform Union, most of the proposals of which he approved ; but I was rather surprised to find that he was not favourable to the legal constitution of Parochial Councils. Although an advocate of the rights of the laity, he had at the same time so much consideration for the clergy (See "Notes," 481) that he felt some repugnance to a scheme which would expose them to the chance of being thwarted by ignorant and factious parishioners. In the same year Mr. Buxton gave notice, early in the session, of a resolution in favour of a revision of the authorized translation of the Bible. He was induced by the Government to postpone it, and in the meantime the subject was taken up by the Southern Convocation. Mr. Buxton's national religious feeling made him very desirous that the Revision should be undertaken by the country rather than by the clergy, and he brought forward his Resolution in the House of Commons on the 14th June, in a well-prepared speech ; but Mr.

Gladstone declared his disinclination to accept, on the part of the Government, a task of so much delicacy, of which the Convocation had already determined to encounter the difficulties and risks, and Mr. Buxton was unfortunately compelled to give way and to withdraw his motion.

2.

A love of thinking and of expressing his thoughts in careful language was characteristic of Charles Buxton from his boyhood. Much as he delighted in society and in the play of intelligent conversation, he enjoyed occasional solitude with equal zest. It belonged to his temperament to be happy in anything he was doing, if he was doing it in earnest ; and it gave him intense pleasure to be occupied in *thinking*. As he advanced in life society came to be of more interest to him than solitude ; but in his youth there seems to have been nothing that he liked better than to be alone with his own thoughts.

It was a rule of the family that the children should never be idle. They had plenty of play provided for them, but the play was to be always energetic ; no moment was to be without its definite occupation. Charles began early to apply this rule to his opportunities of private reflection. He acquired or strengthened by practice the power of keeping his thoughts close to the subjects he selected to think about. He studied deliberately himself, his friends, the ways of God, the problems of existence ; and he was accustomed to write down his observations, very fully in his early years, and by degrees more sparsely, in the journals which he kept almost without intermission to the end of his life. His ordinary manner gave little indication of the intense seriousness, of the almost formal directness, of his constant meditations. But there never was a man whose work and recreation were more thoroughly rooted in reflection. And it will be evident that the originality and independence of his character owed much to this habit of communing with himself.

Before he is twelve years old, he remarks, " I think that almost the happiest times in my life are when I am

alone on a Sunday." At eighteen, he aspires to a more complete mastery over his mind, but yet he feels—"I can sometimes force my mind to great exertion when I am interested in any particular subject." At Cambridge his intellect is delightfully stimulated by the wider range of reading and inquiry which opens itself to him. He writes, "I always thoroughly enjoy my Sundays here. There is so much philosophy, and so much poetry which has a religious tendency, that I can devote myself to reading on Sunday with an intense relish. I doubt whether any parts of my life have been more fraught with high and holy enjoyment than those I have spent on Sunday in my easy-chair, with my desk and book, and feet on the fender. . . . My reading chiefly lies in Butler, whom I am intensely fond of, Coleridge, and Wordsworth,—*i.e.*, 'The Friend' of the former, and 'The Excursion,' and some other parts of the latter,—Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, South, Pascal, Isaac Taylor, Milton, the German Testament, Bossuet, Melvill, Arnold." His friend and tutor, Mr. Richards, observes, "It was a marked epoch in his mental development when I first introduced to him, and read and discussed with him, Coleridge's works ('Aids to Reflection' and 'The Friend'). I well remember his joyous surprise, as one or other of the great truths enunciated by the mighty seer dawned upon him. He more than once acknowledged to me in after life that no master-mind had had so large a share in moulding his own as that of Coleridge. It is to this influence more especially that I attribute the breadth of his views." He continued in after life to feel a craving for serious meditation on Sundays. Sometimes, when it came in his way, he would enjoy going to a Friends' meeting. He would often substitute a solitary meditation out of doors for a Church service. He was impatient of long services, but the remedy he proposed was not one which would be acceptable to the ordinary kind of impatience. "I should like," he says in one of these "Notes" (306), "to put a little patch of Quakerism into our Church service. Ten minutes' silence in the middle of the prayers, and instead of some of them, would be a huge good to the soul."

The following notes from his diaries illustrate his habit of "meditating in the field." "Oct. 1849.—I wonder others do not do what is my greatest delight,—to read passages of some thought-exciting book out of doors, and then cast them about in my mind, while enjoying the deep solemn influence of Nature." "Jan. 1853.—Lovely day ; a very pleasant day's shooting at Trimingham,—all the boys, etc. Too much shooting and row to think much, but I did a little, on my old but exploded theory of the classification of characters ; but I fear that people are like ruffs and reeves, every one a new combination of colours." "Jan. 1854.—Wandered home, sitting for a long time on a gate, and enjoying the stillness of the winter twilight ; the sheep baaing from the folds, the blackbird in high excitement in the hedge near, and the voices of boys far away ; the whole country deep in snow. I mused on various matters, amongst others on the affections ; and I observed how difficult it is to test one's love for any one unless they are in suffering ; then the depths of one's love for them are stirred up by pity, and one feels how dear they are ; one's pity fathoms one's love."

Having been very ambitious of academical distinction, and having worked industriously at the Cambridge subjects, he was disappointed at not obtaining a higher place than a second class in classics ; but this was partly to be explained by his not having had a public school education. His first work as an author was the writing of his father's life, which was undertaken immediately on his leaving college, and which was executed in a way which brought him much credit,* and encouraged the literary aspirations which formed his chief ambition until the time of his entering Parliament. He cherished ideas of contributions to the reflective thought of the age,

* Mr. Hampden Gurney said, in a published lecture, that, next to the Bible, the book he would put in a boy's hands would be the life of Sir T. F. Buxton, whereupon the *Saturday Review* asked whether the old invocation must not be thus amended—"Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and *Charles Buxton*, Bless the bed that I lie on." The Life has passed through thirteen editions, numbering 19,000 copies, and has been translated into French and German.

which were imperfectly realised by his "Ideas of the Day on Policy," and by these "Notes of Thought." He spared himself no labour that promised to mature his powers of reflection or to improve his style. He was continually writing short essays on the most various subjects, speculative and practical, and by degrees came to publish his opinions largely on the questions of the day, in pamphlets, lectures, and contributions to newspapers and reviews. These were always received with respect, partly for their ability and practical value, partly for the *character* which they were known and felt to represent. They were recognised as the productions of an intellect not in the first rank as regards largeness or power, but clear, healthy, acute, and eminently delicate in its sensitiveness to truth and to the higher kind of influences.

His two books—"Ideas of the Day on Policy" and the present posthumous publication—are exactly illustrative of the bent of his mind. The former was published in December, 1865, when he had been in the House of Commons for eight years; and it shows how he was accustomed to study the questions which presented themselves to him as a politician—looking at them from all sides, and trying to estimate candidly what could be said for every opinion. This book, although it professed only to register the thoughts of others, had the interest of originality in its method, and was welcomed as a valuable contribution to political study. Its perfect fairness was very striking, and no less so its painstaking intelligence; and these essential qualities of his book were recognised both by journalists and by leading politicians with a heartiness which gave Mr. Buxton much pleasure. The "Notes of Thought" are the fruits of occasional work during many years. He began very early to contemplate the publication of some such book, and he spent from time to time a good deal of labour on the sifting and polishing of his reflections. He mentions, in 1852, a phrase from Bacon, which had occurred to him as a good title—"Sudden thoughts set down to profit." He himself found books of detached reflections and short papers very useful in stimulating thought, and it was

his hope that his own book might serve the same purpose. The quality specially aimed at in the observations here collected was that they should be such as either by their unexpectedness, or by coming home to ordinary experience, would set the reader thinking.

3.

Considering that Mr. Buxton was best known as an active and patriotic member of Parliament, and that it is so common for boys to be strongly fascinated by politics, we might have expected to find that he was an ardent politician in his youth. But this was not so. Until it became almost a matter of course for him as an English gentleman of wealth, leisure, intelligence, and public spirit, to seek a seat in Parliament, he was little interested by the party struggles or the political schemes of his day. He thought that he had more turn for literature than for public life. "It gives me a little gleam of pleasure," he wrote, when urged to go into Parliament, "to imagine myself in the House, but I know a literary life would suit me better." He did, in fact, never become a thorough-going party-man. He went his own way, and gained an influence which was chiefly due to his known independence. He brought the mind of an honourable and cultivated man, anxious to make himself as useful as possible to his country, to the discussion of every political question. But it was by sufferings wantonly or needlessly inflicted that he was most thoroughly drawn out. It may have seemed the traditional *rôle* for him, as his father's son, to interest himself in the behalf of negroes; but it was by no means with any such feeling that he took up the cause with which he was most prominently identified,—that of the sufferers in the unhappy Jamaica troubles. Detestation of cruelty was in his blood. The near contemplation of it stirred in him a horror which thrilled through every fibre of his system.

He had from the first this sensitiveness about sufferings. "It is curious," he once wrote, "how I shrink from a subject which excites my feelings. My indignation is so great that it gives me sharp pain. I feel all

the time as if it were a cloth rubbing a raw, but this lessens when I feel a hope of helping on the remedy." A characteristic entry occurs amongst memoranda written when he was eighteen: "I was much shocked last night at reading, in Sir S. Romilly's *Life*, an account of cruelties practised in the army,—one poor soldier flogged till he died, for coming on to parade dirty. I could not sleep for thinking how to abolish such barbarities." He goes on to sketch a plan of action for the effectual attainment of this end, which includes, amongst other projects, the establishment of lending libraries and schools for the benefit of soldiers.

Two letters have been preserved which describe, with a pleasant freshness, his first experience of electioneering. It was in 1847, when his brother, Sir Edward Buxton, was elected by a small majority member for South Essex. "How pleasant it is," writes Charles, "to be safe on the calm shore after our stormy week of electioneering! I quite enjoy the quiet of the brewery, though it seems strange to stop so suddenly in our career of extreme interest and excitement. I am very glad I was not away at the time; I would not have missed it for anything; not only on account of the mere animal excitement, but I feel as if I have learned much more about my fellow-creatures in these last six days than I ever knew before; we have all been thrown together with such an immense variety of people, who have unfolded their characters far more than they would have done in the quiet routine of common affairs. One thing has amused and instructed me very much,—the excessive inclination of every one to attribute to themselves the whole glory of every success in which they shared at all. Sometimes half-a-dozen people canvassed one voter; in that case, if his having voted happened to be mentioned, each one was certain to give an animated account of his own extraordinary exertions in converting the hapless elector, and how difficult it had been to bring him round. I feel as if I had had a flood of light poured upon history, by having seen how men actually behave in a contest. The power of public feeling in making everything fall into it and increase its tide, was very remarkable. At first the Dissenters stood

out ; they would not join in it ; they were restrained by principle from supporting a friend of national education, &c. Ultimately A, B, C, and all the most crotchety of that whimsically conscientious crew, were obliged to swim in the same shoal with Lord Petre the Papist and the friends of the Church of England. . . . On Friday evening we were exceedingly alarmed. Edward came to Stratford about seven o'clock, and there was a high bustle for about an hour and an half ; it made me realise with intense vividness the scene in a general's camp after a partial defeat, and another battle expected next day. I was on horseback at five the next morning, and had secured one vote in London before six ; then I rode back to Stratford, to the desolate and dirty committee room. Two maids, with their frowsy hair in curl-papers, were sweeping it up, and through the dust were visible the forms of G. F—— at his breakfast and two members of the committee. Others soon poured in ; G—— set off in a post-chaise ; I mounted another with my Walthamstow list, and went to every elector who had not voted, and who could possibly be induced to vote ; I brushed up some ten or twelve good voters, came back, and found things looking up at Stratford. Then I was sent off on horseback to Woodford, as a voter there would not come 'unless a *gentleman* asked him ;' so they brushed my hat, and I cocked it very furiously, and put on my Sunday coat, and looked quite like a gentleman, the voter thought, for he soon 'mounted his steed and rade cannilie,' and gave Sir Edward a plumper. . . . I noticed that everybody was exclaiming about the importance of system and organisation, and everybody was blaming every one else for the want of it, yet no individual was really systematic, except a Mr. D——, who assumed the command suddenly on Friday night, and organised a system of canvassing for the next day, by which every unpollled voter within ten miles of Stratford was placed under a regular fire of applications, and every canvasser had a certain definite amount of responsibility placed upon him. That, I am sure, is the secret of success,—to let each man be limited in his sphere of action ; then he feels responsible for it. But it is very easy to talk, and

very difficult to effect things with such wilful materials as one's fellow-creatures." In this way Charles Buxton was accustomed to study what happened around him, and to take lessons in the science of human nature.

In 1852 he paid a visit to Ireland, and was inspired with an interest in that country and its people, which bore considerable fruit. He immediately bought an estate at Dingle, in Kerry, which he determined should be an example of good cultivation, and he took great pains about the improving of it. He leased it on special terms to a Scotch farmer, under whom the aspect of the estate was completely changed, and it became a very thriving property. He thus describes the condition in which he found it a few years later: "Lovely fresh morning, so we were off by eight to our farm, and highly delighted we were by the splendid improvements—from a mass of hovels and most wretched farms, to a very fine dwelling-house and buildings, and great fields in the highest state of cultivation." In the following year, 1853, he wrote a pamphlet on the subject of National Education in Ireland, in which he shewed himself no extreme theorist but a fair and candid inquirer, anxious to make the best of existing circumstances. In a similar spirit he dealt with other Irish questions, always desiring to take into account what was peculiar in the condition of the country or in the Irish nature. He was before many Liberals in advocating the separation of the Church from the State in Ireland; and in 1869 he took up earnestly the question of security of tenure, urging that it was a point of paramount necessity to make such terms with the people as might extinguish the chronic discontent and disaffection of that portion of the empire. The policy which he supported, and which he pressed upon public attention in letters to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Times*, as well as in Parliament, was that of giving legal recognition to none but long leases.

It was to be expected that he should have a keen sense of the evils of war. Although entirely free from Quaker notions about non-resistance, he retained perhaps something of the Quaker feeling towards war. He seemed to me to be so impressed by the bad side of it

as to give to war a disproportionate rank amongst the evils of the world. He was a zealous economist, hating waste, and regarding all needless taxation as wickedly diminishing the general happiness ; and he saw in war the prime cause of waste of the public resources. But it was the direct suffering inflicted by battles and campaigns that chiefly moved him ; the pangs of the wounded and the griefs of non-combatants entered into his soul. He certainly could not be accused of sympathy with the Southern slave-owners, and yet he strongly condemned the Northern States for resorting to arms to put down secession. It was one of the interests of his life to do what he could towards shutting up war within the narrowest possible limits. The volume of "Cambridge Essays," published in 1855, contains a paper by him on "The Limitations to Severity in War ;"—an admirable discussion of a difficult subject, which probably had considerable influence upon public opinion. When the seizure of the Trent occurred, in 1861, Mr. Buxton made an eloquent appeal in an address to his constituents at Maidstone, in favour of referring the question to arbitration. In Parliament he took every opportunity of advocating the principle of the protection of private property during war, and the general amendment of International Law in the interest of peace. He contributed munificently towards the relief of the suffering French peasantry during the Franco-German war. The last important task which occupied him when his health was beginning to fail was the preparation of a speech with which he was to introduce a motion urging the international adoption of certain rules in time of war. He was most reluctantly persuaded to put off his motion, and his speech, for which he had carefully collected and digested his materials, was never delivered.

The character which some persons associate with denunciations of war, and still more with protests against barbarous treatment of Indians or negroes, is one deficient in chivalry and patriotic spirit. But there was assuredly no such deficiency in Charles Buxton's character. He was as unlike as possible to the vulgar idea of a "sophister,

economist, and calculator." He was ready enough to stand up for the honour of his country, and shrank from no bloodshed that was necessary for the vindication of it. But it was for the *honour* of his country that he was jealous ; and when representatives of English authority began to kill in cold blood without judicial processes, that honour seemed to him to be compromised, and as a generous Englishman he felt a patriotic shame. When the news came of the Indian mutiny, he shared the universal emotion ; and the reports, afterwards proved to be greatly exaggerated, of mutilations and other atrocities committed by the Sepoys filled him, like others, with indignant horror. When he had just heard "the dreadful news of the massacre at Cawnpore," he writes : "I trust we shall show the world that the vengeance of England is terrible as the vengeance of God." After the brilliant achievements of the English in the suppression of the mutiny, he often dwelt on the deep satisfaction to be derived from the evidence thus given of the force and manliness of the English race. "What a blow it would have been had Englishmen proved cowardly !" But when the English were triumphant, and too authentic reports arrived of the bloody and indiscriminating vengeance with which soldiers and magistrates were pursuing not only the Sepoys but the unarmed inhabitants, Mr. Buxton was one of those who supported the high-minded policy of restraint and moderation which earned for the Governor-General the nickname of Clemency Canning. In a speech in Parliament (March 18th, 1858) of exemplary fairness and dignity, he expanded the sense of the words which he himself felicitously quoted :

" Though by their high wrongs we are strook to the quick,
Yet with our nobler reason 'gainst our fury
Will we take part : the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance."

He incurred no great unpopularity by the course he took on this occasion. But it was otherwise a few years later, when a similar crisis on a reduced scale occurred in Jamaica. Most unfortunately, Mr. Eyre, the Governor, showed himself just wanting in those qualities of a

colonial ruler for which the English nation owes so deep a debt of gratitude to Lord Canning. He let himself swim with the tide of panic and revenge which it was his particular business to moderate. Mr. Buxton was now called upon to confront a storm of anger and invective. We ought to know by this time what our English nature is, abroad and at home ; what an untamed fierceness there is in our blood, how sensitive our peculiar position has made us in our relations with inferior races, how the courage of a proud people leaps to the rescue on the least hint of danger to English women and children. In this case, also, we were wounded at first by exaggerated rumours ; we were told that the insurgent negroes acted much more brutally than they really did ; and the impression made by the false reports was never effaced from the public mind. It was natural for people to feel, " Better that every black in the island should perish in tortures, than that Englishmen and their families should be at the mercy of savages ! " Then there was an unlucky combination of circumstances to bring discredit upon our action in Jamaica, and to make the case a vexatious one. The Governor had fine qualities and a good reputation, but lost his head ; the mean politics of the island were intricate and disagreeable ; the negroes were childish liars ; we were most unfortunate in some of the officers to whom the stamping out of the insurrection was committed. Mr. Buxton's complaint from first to last was this : that after the insurrection was declared by the Governor himself to be completely put down and no fear any longer to exist, men and women were hung and flogged in great numbers and week after week upon vague or frivolous charges, in a kind of revel of angry cruelty. There was no refuting this accusation. But an embittered conflict soon began to rage in this country, between those who held that almost anything ought to be condoned to men who had suppressed with vigour a rising of blacks against the English, and those who urged that it was of the highest importance that English administrators should be warned that ferocious treatment of the inferior races under their control would *not* be condoned.

It was in November, 1865, that we learned the chief

facts of the outbreak and its suppression. There was immediate and authentic evidence in the Governor's own despatches, of the gratuitous severities practised for the punishment or the intimidation of the negroes. Mr. Eyre's Report created a very general impression that further explanation was needed to justify those severities, and it was supposed that such explanation would be forthcoming. But the additional statements supplied by the actors themselves only showed more plainly that, in the excitement produced by anger, aversion, and sense of danger, the reins of justice and consideration had been cast loose. The levity of some of these accounts was revolting. Mr. Buxton was deeply moved by these excesses, and joined at once in the indignant protests which they called forth. Being chairman of a dinner given to celebrate the return of Mr. Hughes for Lambeth, on the 4th December, he made the Jamaica proceedings the subject of his speech. On the day before this dinner he thus writes in his diary: "It is most grievous to find that Englishmen are just as great brutes as any people in any age when their blood is up. I cannot endure to read of such cruelties, and I do long to be of such weight as to be able to lift up my voice with power against them. I hope to speak about it to-morrow." He wrote letters, which appeared in the *Times* (December 7th and 13th), calling attention to the facts which he set forth in a detailed narrative. By the 19th he was acting as chairman of a "Jamaica Committee," in which he was associated with well-known politicians of a different stamp from himself. Party spirit was plentifully infused into the controversy, and extreme vehemence was displayed both by the accusers and the defenders of Mr. Eyre. When the Commission of Inquiry, consisting of Mr. Russell Gurney and two colleagues, which had been sent out to investigate the whole matter on the spot, had made their Report—of a tenor certainly not too hostile to the English authorities in the island—the Jamaica Committee determined by a majority to prosecute Governor Eyre on a charge of murder. In this action Mr. Buxton refused to concur, but he at the same time brought the question before the House of Commons (July 31, 1866) in the

form of four resolutions, declaring that the punishments inflicted had been excessive ; that grave excesses of severity on the part of any civil, military, or naval officers ought not to be passed over with impunity ; that compensation ought to be awarded to those who had suffered unjustly ; and that all further punishment on account of the disturbances ought to be remitted. The first resolution was accepted ; the others were withdrawn, on the understanding that the Government were engaged in inquiries with the purpose of substantially carrying out the objects of the resolutions. In the year 1868 Mr. Buxton became again personally prominent in connection with the movement against Governor Eyre, by contributing 300*l.* towards the expenses of the prosecution, when the Jamaica Committee had resolved to prosecute him upon a charge of misdemeanour only. He found it necessary to address a vindication of his conduct to some of the Liberal electors of East Surrey, in view of the approaching election. This vindication, an elaborate and exhaustive document, was circulated amongst the constituency, and afterwards appeared in the public journals on the 7th December of the same year.

This was the severest trial of his integrity that Charles Buxton had to pass through. No one but those who were very intimate with him knew how much pain the discharge of his duty in this matter cost him. He was haunted night and day by the details of the cruelties which he had to master and narrate and renarrate, and the subject grew so distressing to him that he could not bear to talk of it. It was his lot to exasperate Mr. Eyre's supporters, and not to please his accusers. He was sustained by no natural combativeness, by no partisan Radicalism. He was a moderate politician, and he loved to be on pleasant terms with everybody. He was sensitive to excess as to the feeling of society towards him. "Everybody against me about Eyre (May 22, 1868). I was right, but it is very painful, and I have rarely been so wretched." "Feeling the tide of disapproval hard to bear (May 24) ; no one is moved to indignation as I am by cruelties." His persistence in calling for an effectual censure and repudiation of the conduct of Mr. Eyre and

his subordinates was a pure fruit of Christian feeling and the sense of honour.

In general politics, Mr. Buxton was an independent Liberal, sometimes taking up a cause which allied him to the more advanced sections of his party, but occasionally leaning towards Conservatism. He devoted a great deal of labour to his Parliamentary duties, doing his best to master every question of importance which came before the Legislature, speaking frequently, and almost always after careful study and preparation. His speeches, though lucid, animated, and sometimes warm with a genuine fervour, never won for him the reputation of an orator ; but he was universally regarded as an excellent member of Parliament, attracting the esteem and confidence of his fellow-members by his high-mindedness, and their affection by his engaging qualities. He zealously advocated, both with pen and voice, the system of Cumulative Voting, as an expedient for giving some representation to minorities, and he gave notice of a motion for the adoption of this scheme, which he was prevented by a disabling accident from bringing forward himself, and which was therefore taken up by Mr. Hughes as his substitute. He was always anxious to promote the improvement of the metropolis, for which he felt much respect and some hearty admiration ; and he was induced to become the active Parliamentary champion of a scheme for reforming the municipal constitution of London, to which Mr. Mill had previously given the sanction of his high authority. He had a familiar knowledge of the working of primary schools, and appreciated highly both the voluntary and the religious elements in our system of national education ; and he was a prominent supporter of the policy embodied in the Education Act of his relative, Mr. W. E. Forster.

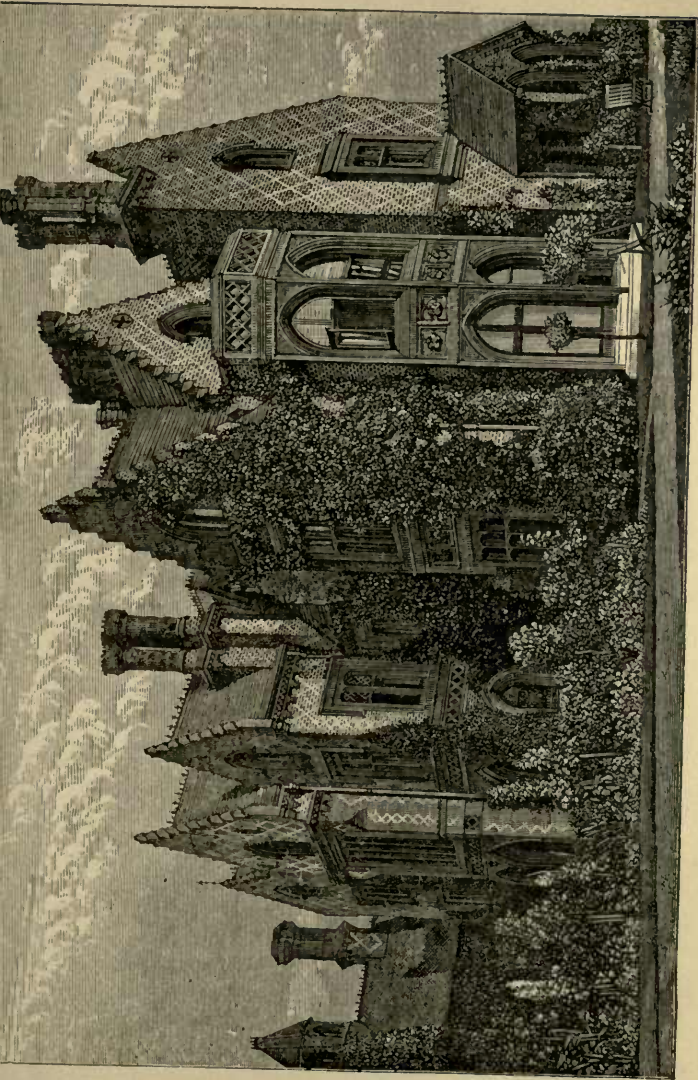
He was like Mr. Forster also in throwing himself vigorously into another national movement, less congenial to their Quaker extraction. Mr. Buxton became a leader amongst the Metropolitan Volunteers. Before the movement began, he had had no special knowledge of military matters. When a corps was formed out of the men at the brewery, Mr. Buxton declined to accept a higher ap-

pointment than that of Lieutenant, not expecting to feel much interest in the work ; but no sooner had he begun to drill, than his new duties took a wonderfully strong hold of him. There was a combination of features in Volunteering which fascinated him—the physical excitement, the picturesqueness, the call on mental ingenuity, the mixture of classes, the development of character, even the opportunity of patriotic expenditure. He not only took great pains with the drill of his corps, he began at once to devise interesting exercises. “I feel now,” he says, in February, 1861, “that I have got my battalion into a most vigorous state with warm life in it. Every one full of zeal and the whole organisation perfect ; quite different from six months ago. But how much thought and heart have I given it ; I have in a year and a half learnt to put a brigade of four battalions through thirty or forty movements in the field.” He studied tactics with enthusiasm, and whilst still a lieutenant, he arranged small sham-fights at Hampstead, Cromer, and Fox Warren. He thus describes one of these :—“Oct. 6, 1860. Cromer. The morning looked horrible, windy and black ; but in the afternoon it was still and warm and dry. I planned the sham fight again with Mr. Scott, and made a great variety of arrangements. . . . By 1.30 the various corps assembled, and marched to the shore, where it took a long while to serve out ammunition, &c. I arranged the corps in two bodies ; the Cromer, Stalham, and Norwich corps as enemy along the sea, with boats to represent the landing ; my men, the Aylsham and Fakenham, with my seventeen Cavalry at the foot of the cliff. We soon began to ascend, firing fiercely on the enemy, and great fun it was ; then they attacked us on the new Lighthouse hill ; were repulsed and pursued ; but charged us, and we retreated. Finally we made a grand charge with fixed bayonets and cavalry, and drove them from the old Lighthouse, and gradually along the cliffs and fields to the gangway, below which they turned at bay, and ended with a grand charge and hurrah. It lasted two and a half hours, and was immensely successful ; many thousands of spectators, who seemed to enjoy it much. Then we had a most capital

dinner, and very good speeches. After this we had a brief night attack and firing as a finale. Altogether it was a most successful day. I was so glad to find that, when sufficiently interested, I can manage a complicated piece of business, which this really was, as I had to get the various corps together, plan the sham-fight and command both sides, provide a dinner, &c., &c." He was speedily promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel of the 1st Tower Hamlets Administrative Battalion, and acted several times as one of the brigadiers at the Easter Monday Reviews. Nothing delighted him more than to give a sham-fight. It was his pride to invent the movements himself, and to make them more lively and interesting than those of the ordinary field days. What, indeed, could be more delightful to all concerned than such a day as that of his last sham-fight at Fox Warren, on Saturday, the 30th July, 1870? It was a splendid and munificent *fête*, with the incomparable entertainment of military movement and show. The lovely Surrey landscape, with its woods and hills, made a perfect scene, of which Fox Warren was the central gem. There Mr. and Mrs. Buxton had collected a host of friends, whilst 3,000 Volunteers, gathered from London and the county, drew together under the two standards of attack and defence. The movements were arranged so as to offer the chief points of interest to the view of spectators clustered on the brow of the Hanger Hill; and the excitement culminated when Colonel Buxton, at the head of the English force, after he had skilfully thrown forward his riflemen into the woods on the right and the left, drove the enemy up the open pasture that stretches down from the hill. It is pleasant to remember him in his generous pride on that sunny afternoon, as he led his battalion to the charge, or as he afterwards presided with his own thoughtful kindness over several hundred guests on the Fox Warren lawn.

4.

Fox Warren, Mr. Buxton's seat near Weybridge, was his own creation, and the embodiment and illustration of his most cherished tastes. He was a devoted lover of



FOX WARREN.

[From a Photograph.]

rural scenery, of animal life, and of picturesque architecture ; and these he could enjoy with ever increasing richness at Fox Warren. As this charming country home grew in beauty under his hands, it is not wonderful that he became more and more attached to it.

He inherited from his father a love of animals, which he had every opportunity of indulging when a boy at Northrepps. He and his brothers were encouraged to collect birds and other animals for a small museum of their own, and to keep various pets. At twelve years of age, Charles writes in his diary, "I find it a great temptation, and one extremely difficult to overcome, to think of Natural History at times when I ought not : I mean at Church, at night when I am in bed, &c." One permanent liking of his, with which his friends could not always sympathise, was for snakes. This began early. When he is eleven, he mentions going into some lodgings, and records, "Fowell, I, Christiana, Lizzy, and *the snake*, are the persons that came." This way of speaking of his animal friends as *persons* was one of his amusing habits. One of the earliest stories about his infancy shows him making a confidant of a cat. It refers to his first introduction, at five years of age, to a Quaker's meeting. "Charley was at the meeting on Sunday morning, and did not like it at all. He was afterwards heard telling the cat all about it :—'Puss, do you know they're such naughty people here ; they never go to church, and they did not take off my hat, and they sat and sat such a long time, and at last an old woman stood up, with no ribbons on her bonnet, and said something—I don't know what—and afterwards we went on sitting a long time, and I was so tired ; and don't you ever go to meeting, Puss !'" Soon after his marriage he observed in a letter, "I only want a companionable reptile to make my domestic joys complete ; it is so painful to come home from town and not to find even an adder to receive me." A striking illustration of his tenderness towards animals is given by his friend the Rev. E. H. Loring :—"I remember once, as I was riding very fast with him over a common, we passed the gate of a farmyard, in which a sheep-dog was tied up and was howling piteously

at his captivity. Charles Buxton instantly pulled up his horse, saying to me, 'Do stop a minute, I must speak to that poor dog.' He dismounted, and, leaning as far as he could over the gate, he called out, in the kindest tone, a few sentences of sympathy and encouragement to the poor captive, and then got on his horse again, and rode on with me as before." There was a Boys' Refuge in Whitechapel which he was accustomed to visit, and I remember his telling me one day that he had been doing two things to improve the boys; he had been teaching them that the love of money was the root of all good, and he had given them some snakes for pets. He tried once, unsuccessfully, to rear an infant crocodile, and he was enterprising enough to answer an advertisement offering some live rattlesnakes for sale. He drew back under Mrs. Buxton's persuasion, before making an engagement to purchase these pets; but the advertisers, who were Americans, stuck to their one chance of disposing of their property. "One lovely summer's evening," writes Mrs. Buxton, "we were on the lawn with our own children and some others besides, when a fly drove up to the door, out of which got two Yankees, and, bearing a hamper between them, joined us on the lawn. They proceeded coolly to open the hamper, and take out half a dozen rattlesnakes, which were turned loose upon the lawn, shaking the rattles in their tails, to Charles's mixed delight and alarm, and to my unmixed horror. In broad Yankee the men assured us that the fangs were taken out, and they handled them themselves with perfect unconcern. They said they had to go to America the next day, and must get rid of the rattlesnakes before they went, so they would let us have them for nothing. Charles was extremely tempted, and was trying to devise some place in which they could be safely kept, for the men owned that in a month or two the poisonous fangs would grow again. However, I remonstrated so strongly that he gave up the idea, which, indeed, he would not really have carried out, only he had been so fascinated by the possibility of keeping rattlesnakes. The men then said that they could not take the snakes back; they must kill them, and they retired into a back yard for this purpose.

Charles could not bear to have the dead bodies thrown away, and they were again packed in their hamper, and the Americans were sent to his bird-stuffer, with a note, saying that he should like to have two stuffed for himself, and the man might do what he liked with the others. The hamper was left at the bird-stuffer's house ; he happened to be out, and his wife opened the hamper, and immediately a rattlesnake reared up its head, to her unspeakable horror. She banged down the lid, and fastened it securely. When her husband returned, they were in great trouble and perplexity, thinking they had a hamper full of live rattlesnakes. It proved, however, that only one had revived, and this they managed to kill."

It cannot be said that Mr. Buxton ever became a scientific naturalist, but in one branch of Natural History, the study of birds and their ways, his knowledge was much beyond that of the ordinary observer. In his boyhood he obtained a remarkable familiarity with British birds, and knew discriminatingly their notes and their habits. It was a never ceasing delight to him to improve and to digest this knowledge, and he wrote many papers about birds, with some design of making a book of them. At one time he pleased himself with devising an ingenious new classification of birds, based upon the adaptation of their organs to their distinctive modes of obtaining food. The last composition he sent to the press was a paper which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for August, 1871, describing a visit to the haunt of the "Scoulton pies." But he was best known as an ornithologist to the public by his persevering endeavours to domesticate foreign birds—cockatoos, parrots, and the like—both at Northrepps and at Fox Warren. He read a paper describing the history of this experiment to a party of the British Association for the Advancement of Science which visited Cromer in 1868, from which it appeared that these brilliant birds lived happily in the woods adjoining the houses, but that it was almost impossible to preserve them from being shot when they strayed a little away from their homes. The attempt, therefore, was only partially successful. He

endeavoured similarly to add animation to his garden grounds by nailing boxes to the trees for other birds to breed in, and he was never tired of watching the playful life which he thus brought near him. One scene of it is photographed in a paper which he dictated when he was recovering from an illness, in June, 1867 :—"As with the luxurious feeling of convalescence I draw my easy-chair to the window, I watch with much amusement the proceedings of the birds on the lawn below me. First of all, half-a-dozen little nun-pigeons come whirring down from the gables above, two of them settling on the terra-cotta basket hanging on an iron tripod, and containing the birds' food, the others on the lawn near, where they remain pecking about. Presently they are all scattered in a moment, as a great white cockatoo swoops down upon the tripod from a neighbouring tree, and is immediately joined by a grey parrot, who sits close by him, and they dip their heads alternately in the hempseed before them. Another moment, and a jackdaw drops down upon the grass, and, cocking his head on one side, examines the possibility of a theft, but he cannot screw his courage to the sticking point till three others have come to help ; then he springs up, and lights for a moment on the side of the basket, but the cockatoo sticks up his yellow crest, and the grey parrot makes a determined dig at his ribs, and he is down again in a twinkling. Another and another try the same game, and at last one or two succeed in carrying off a morsel. They look extra shy on the occasion, but they always have an absurd air of fancying (and much relishing the fancy) that they are robbing somebody whenever they go to feed ; and as I walk in the garden, and see the knowing looks they cast at each other, as they sit on the gables, I can almost hear them say, 'There's that fool, Buxton, again—how shanny he must be, to put out all that hempseed, and never to find out that we get the best half of it !' Poor things, they are more than welcome to all they can get ; but I confess it does aggravate me nearly beyond endurance to see twenty or thirty vulgar sparrows increasing my seedman's bill. Now another jackdaw alights on the lawn. He evidently

does not belong to the other set, who by this time are assembled round a terra-cotta vase, set below the basket to catch the seed, and where they pick up the morsels that fall from their grand neighbours. I can see that the new Jack is not quite easy in his mind, from the way he straddles his legs, and then sidles up with an affected air of unconcern, but is instantly snubbed and sent away with a flea in his ear by one of the others. In a moment they all scurry away, as a troop of four little girls, with shouts of laughter, come up, one of them riding on, and two leading a Newfoundland dog; but he stops short, not thinking that dogs were made for carrying, till one child entices him on again with a bit of cake. A large tame cockatoo, who has hitherto been hidden in a tree above, catches sight of this, and instantly skims down, and receives his share from the little girl's hand. But now Tory, the dog, remembers the rabbit that he has been scraping after in the dell close by ever since the election of 1865, during which I bought and christened him; and off he sets at a gallop, with the children flying after him—in vain, for he vanishes utterly from sight in a hole, which he has made into almost a cavern, and so ends this little scene."

In his love of horses he was a worthy son of his father, and he had a keen appetite for the excitement of the chase. He thought that he had some special timidity to overcome in following the hounds, but he certainly overcame it, and he was known as a bold and eager rider in the counties surrounding the metropolis. The following entry describes his feeling about hunting:—"Dec. 11, 1865. Went out with the stag at Cobham, and enjoyed it intensely, especially the part where I took the lead and was almost alone with the hounds, which excited me immensely. We had a good deal of fencing, and Holstein carried me nobly. I am utterly resolved to stick to the hounds like grim death, and take my own line. If I do hunt, let me make the very utmost of it, instead of marring it by giving way to timidity." For many years from his coming to London he hunted chiefly in Hertfordshire, having as his constant associate

his cousin and the companion of his boyhood, Mr. Richard Hoare. Latterly, he preferred to hunt with Lord Petre's stag-hounds, and enjoyed the opportunity this gave him of making a warm friendship with one better known otherwise than as a sportsman, Mr. Anthony Trollope. How thoroughly he entered into the real spirit of the chase is best shown by some verses he composed a few days after a bad fall (April 9th, 1867). The poetical merit of this piece is the more remarkable, because Mr. Buxton had never practised himself in writing verse, though he laboured much to acquire a good prose style. It is very curious that this solitary production of his muse should have been composed whilst he was lying in a darkened room, suffering from concussion of the brain. It was the history of the run which ended with his fall.

THE STAGHOUNDS.

1.

Forrard away ! Forrard away !
 Cheerly, ye beauties, forrard away !
 They flash like a gleam o'er the upland brow,
 They flash like a gleam o'er the russet plow,
 O'er the green wheatland, fair to see ;
 Over the pasture, over the lea.
 Forrard away—forrard away !
 Cheerly, ye beauties, forrard away !

2.

How soft lies the valley asleep below,
 In the golden sunshine, as on we go,
 Down the long sweep of the hillside bare,
 Drinking sweet draughts of the vernal air !
 The lark is raining his music down,
 The partridge whirrs up from the grass-tuft brown.
 Forrard away, &c.

3.

A stiff ox fence with its oaken rail—
 Rap, rap, go the hoofs like a peasant's flail ;
 A five foot drop—see, the Roding brook,
 Send him at it, don't stop to look ;
 Dash through the quickset into the lane,
 Out on the other side, forrard again—
 Forrard away, &c.

4.

Carefully now, at the ditch and bank,
 Into the copse wood thick and dank ;
 The violet hangs her timid head,
 And cowers down in her lowly bed ;
 The primrose opes wide her golden eyes,
 And gazes upward in mute surprise.
 Forrard away, &c.

5.

A moment's check, one cast around ;
 'Tis forrard again, with a furious bound—
 Mellow and sweet their voices sound.
 Steady, my pet, at the five-barred gate,
 Lightly over with heart elate ;
 Up with the elbow, down with the head,
 Crash through the bullfinch like shot of lead.
 Forrard away, &c.

6.

Look at the hounds, their muzzles high ;
 A sheet would cover them ; on they fly ;
 No music now, not a whimpering cry—
 Neck or nothing : we'll do or die.
 Swinging along at a slashing pace,
 With souls on fire each risk to face,
 Forrard away, &c.

7.

Thread the hazels ; over the stile—
 'Tis forty-five minutes, each five a mile.
 Hurrah for the staghounds ! let others sneer
 At the fatted calf, and the carted deer ;
 But we know, as we feel our hunter's stride,
 A man *must* be a man who with these can ride.
 Forrard away, &c.

Besides the naturalist's love of nature, there was in Mr. Buxton a genuine poetical passion for its more beautiful and radiant aspects. He had less of the power of sympathising with the gloomy and the terrible in nature ; he could scarcely be happy unless the weather was fine. But a forest glade sparkling in the early sunlight would fill him with that *pain*, of delight overflowing the capacity of enjoyment, which is the sign of poetical susceptibility. It was at Luccombe, in Somersetshire, when he went there as a private pupil, that he first became conscious of

the vague yearnings excited by solitary wanderings amongst glens and hills ; and one of the most vivid pleasures of his after life was caused by revisiting, when he was no longer alone, a particular dell which he had discovered and made a spiritual treasure of his own at seventeen. He was prepared, therefore, by his own experiences to appreciate the *Excursion* of Wordsworth, and all poetry which reflected the natural scenery with which he was familiar. His delight in giving expression to the enjoyment which he derived from the observation of nature may be seen in the following extracts :—"Oct. 1849. Bad sport ; but I greatly enjoyed the lovely views, in the mild sunny afternoon. We were on the hills, which looked rich in their autumn clothing of dark-red fern and heather, and green oaks in the dells. Below lay the undulating plain, with the villages clustered round with trees ; the squire's house nestling in a thick wood, the smoke rising from the farmhouses, the picturesque grey church standing like the venerable ruler of the hamlet, and, beyond, the still blue sea with white ships asleep on its calm surface ; and the soft sound of the lowing of oxen and the cackling of geese came to us from far away, mingled with the low murmuring of the gentle sea. It was a most lovely scene, one full of peace." "Oct. 10, 1849. I wandered this afternoon along the shore. How grand the sea was ! The sky was dark and gloomy, and the sea raving in an angry mood, whitening billows rising as far as the horizon, while the cliffs frowned down upon the scene. The sea is almost the only one of nature's works which has no *growth* in it, which *does nothing*. Stupendous, magnificent, mighty as he is, he has swept backwards and forwards, to and fro, for thousands of years, and *with what result* ? None ! With all those terrible energies, with all that mass of force, he has not accomplished one single work, or gone forward in any single thing ; while during each of these years the gentle earth has been clothing herself in her mantle of beauty, and bearing fruit and flowers, for her children's good. Does he complain so wofully, and roar as with a troubled mind, because he is weary of his do-nothing life ? There is

something almost pathetic in the unchanging, monotonous, roar of his sullen waves on an afternoon like this. There is a disconsolate, despairing sound in it, which might almost touch one's heart ; but I think one feels a sort of dislike to him, in spite of the reverence which he inspires." "July, 1852. Up at half past five. Another glorious morning, and sat in the forest, reading Wordsworth's *Excursion* ; much enjoying the brilliant sunshine, the fresh ferns, and the soft shadows, and the serene stillness of nature. No time more delicious, more soothing, more elevating, than the morning hours of a bright day." "March, 1853. A charming half-hour before breakfast, wandering in T. park. Sun and hoarfrost, cushats cooing, rooks, &c. I was struck with the interest of the truth, that nothing so elevates or so softens the character as intimate communication with outward nature, with the sweet, gentle, loving, cheerful, truthful spirit that breathes in the woods and fields on a bright spring morning. It points to the oneness of the natural and moral worlds, one God, and the same nature under various forms." "March 1866. What really suits me is reading, writing, society, the country (which I enjoy beyond expression), and hunting. . . . I see that very few persons have such an intensely vivid perception as I have of all that is picturesque and lovely. My rides and walks are a continual feast of discoveries of the beautiful which I see are rarely made by others. This is a wonderful source of pleasure."

Being thus drawn to them by a poetical temperament, he became a hearty lover of the poets, and treasured in his memory much of the verse of Shakespeare and Milton, of Wordsworth and Tennyson. In a fair degree, all good art found in him a sympathising student and critic. He had the advantage of visiting Italy and Greece when his taste was just ready to receive the stimulus given to it by the remains of antiquity. In 1839 and 1840 he spent some time at Rome and at Athens ; and besides enjoying travel as a boy would, he made the most conscientious use of the opportunities of self-improvement thus afforded him. "I call to mind," says Mr. Richards, "the time when, and the way in which, his taste for architecture

once more how happy he was in his lot. His father was worthy of the deep reverence, his mother of the admiring tenderness, which he felt towards them; and the warm attachment which bound him to his brothers and sisters was strengthened and sustained through life by well-deserved mutual esteem. Charles's childish griefs were caused by partings, or by fears and anxieties for others, which easily moved him to tears. He always gave a ready admiration to his companions and friends, and he had in turn so great a desire to please those whom he loved or esteemed that he was apt to be made unhappy by fancying that he perceived in them symptoms of indifference towards him. This was one of the indications of a certain feminine fibre in his nature, to which his attractiveness was no doubt partly due. His affectionate disposition was guarded by a delicacy which was never impaired, and an innocence which never had anything to conceal. Mr. Richards, who was his constant companion for about four years of his opening youth, first as tutor and then as college friend, observes of him, "A gentler, brighter, more loving spirit—one more open to the noblest impulses, or more uniformly actuated by the highest principles—I never knew. His was a mind of spotless purity, of the most exquisite refinement, with the loftiest aspirations. Such was his temper that, during the whole of our close intercourse, I do not remember that a harsh word ever passed between us." When he came up from college to London, he lived for some time with his brother, Sir Edward Buxton, making one of his family circle. "He was such a rare brother to me," writes Lady Buxton. "I often think of those happy years he spent with us He became a most delightful and important inmate, a fine example of spirited industry combined with the most genial conduct towards the circle around him." She speaks of "his constant pleasure in our boys, who would have worried many young uncles," and of "the tie then established between uncle and nephews, so advantageous afterwards to the fatherless lads." He himself thus speaks of these boys at the same period: "Do I *do* all I could for Catherine's children? I must not let indolence creep

over me, but be actively cheerful and gentle with them. Tommy I love better than my own life. I feel that there is nothing I would not gladly do for him. May I use all my influence powerfully and vigorously to raise and stimulate his powers, to teach him to think." The pain which could be caused him by mortification and affection combined is shown by the following passages from his diary, relating to the election contest described above :—
"Aug. 8, 1847. The end of a most exciting week, terminating in Edward's election for South Essex. Happy as all are at this consummation, *my* mind is full of anguish and anxiety. I gave my card to a voter and wrote on it a promise to remunerate him for his day's labour,—this, I find, may cost Edward his seat." . . . "I trust I shall never forget the agony which I have endured during the last two days. I felt little doubt that I had fallen into a trap, and that this rascally voter meant to betray me to the opposite party. I passed a night of restless misery on Friday, got up at half-past four, saddled my mare, and rode to the man's house in White-chapel, expecting to catch him before his day's work ; but he had not come home since the preceding morning. I left his door in dismay, rode to Stratford, and with a heavy heart canvassed Walthamstow, and had an afternoon of grievous anxiety. I thought no sort of calamity could be so bad as mine. After a night in which I woke up once or twice with an overwhelming sense of misery, we came home. I had prayed intensely, for Christ's sake, that God would avert this calamity from me, and I verily believe that He heard my prayer. G. B. came in while I was in the act of communicating my fears to Edward, and mentioned, in the course of conversation, that our lawyer had thought it safe to institute legal proceedings to quash a vote obtained by the promise of remuneration for loss of time. This, undoubtedly, was the very one. So the thing is safe. I still feel rather nervous, though unutterably relieved." During one of his visits to Northrepps, where his mother lived on to a most venerable age, surviving her son Charles by a few months, he pours out in his diary his admiring delight in the family party there gathered

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about her. "Sept. 1849. I have most highly enjoyed and valued our delightful home. My sweet, gentle, refined, serious mother ; Chenda [his sister] so full of mind and character, with such deep nobility of soul ; every one so charming to me ; and then our easy abundant conversation, the liveliness and yet seriousness that goes all through the family circle, and farther, our shooting, riding, bathing, dinner parties, and amusements of all kinds, make our life here one round of pleasure and privileges. I love the place too, with its rural and picturesque snugness. I have been very very happy here the last ten days. But I pine for more reading and writing. I feel that I waste my days more than I ought. I must be at *work*." It was not long before he who deserved all family joys so well became himself the head of a happy home. His marriage, in 1850, was the pride and supreme blessing of his life. What his wife and children were to him, and what he was to them, cannot be set forth here. But some of the emotions stirred in him by the possession of children may be described in words of his own. "April, 1854. By train to Croydon, delicious day, by the pleasant waterside footpath, and lay on the grass watching the rooks and the wrynecks, and delighting in the green of the trees and rich sunshine, sucking in the sweetness of nature. Watching the rooks, and their pleasure in their young, I marvelled how any man who had ever been a father could be cruel to his fellow-men, by stirring up wars and putting them to death, regardless of the lacerated affections caused thereby. Some children were whooping and playing under the trees, and I observed how much my heart has been opened to children since Bertram was born. I always liked children and was kind to them, but now I never see one, at least in any case which brings B. up before me, without a sort of gentle shock of feeling." "Nov. 1855. Little N. is now four months old, a delicious baby, a sweet, serene, merry temper, always in the sunshine of happiness and love. The more I love a child the more deep is my feeling of the thread they hang by. Why was not the world made perfect ? why death ? why sorrow ?" "Aug.

1858. The H.'s and H. and M., and we, with Betsy Jane and her two pups, Jew-bill and the four children, wandered about Clearmount, and sat out on the lawn reading and playing with the children and the dear young owl. How much sweet poetry my life has in it, and all the sweeter because of the substratum of solid work, parliamentary and literary."

My own friendship with Charles Buxton began when I was in Whitechapel, he being at the same time much in Spitalfields, trying to do all the good he could in the quarter surrounding the great brewery. It was easy to see that he was not a commonplace philanthropist. He had become aware, partly through his economical studies, of the mischief done by much of what the rich give away, and of the hollowness of many popular good works; and he had a wholesome dread of encouraging pauperism and dependence. But he did not adopt the comfortable alternative of simply saving himself all the trouble and expense of philanthropy; he put himself, on the contrary, to *more* trouble and expense than if he had contented himself with the ordinary methods of benevolence. He made himself acquainted by personal visits with the condition of the very poor in the east of London, and took a part cautiously in certain works which seemed to him to have a promise of directly diminishing misery and crime, such as the building of better dwellings, the assisting of emigration, and the support and superintendence of a Boys' Refuge. But for the most part he endeavoured to act on the principle involved in the maxim that charity begins at home—the principle, I mean, of attending first to the duties that lie nearest. The firm of Truman's Brewery have always had a good reputation for the interest they take in the well-being of their numerous servants, and Charles Buxton was in this respect a zealous and effective partner. He gave evening entertainments to the brewery men and their families, at which he or his friends read or lectured. He took especially under his charge a school dependent upon the brewery in Abbey Street, going there frequently to give lessons, and watching for opportunities of extending its usefulness. He attached to this school a Penny Bank and Reading-room,

both of which have permanently prospered ; and he tried the experiment, which did not prove a successful one, of opening the Reading-room on Sunday evenings. He made it one of his interests to promote, far and wide, the reading of good books. "I am coming to the conclusion," he wrote, "of making libraries my especial hobby, and to push them in every possible direction, and devote my money especially to them. Would it not be worth while to withdraw from other charities and do this one thing well ? I must correspond with other people, keep their letters, stimulate libraries, urge their being set on foot, talk about them, keep lists of books with prices, etc." It was a common thing with him to give to a school or other institution a well-selected library ; and at Cromer he took the novel step of starting, by a gift of books, a circulating library for the use of the tradespeople and visitors. He committed himself to a considerable yearly expenditure in this cause, by an offer which he made to the "Pure Literature Society," that to any sum of money raised for a popular library in any place he would add as much again, to be expended in books on the list of that society. When the object appeared to him a wise one, he would contribute largely to general subscriptions ; and it is needless to say that as an owner of property he was more than commonly liberal in matters relating to schools and the Church. I have seen a memorandum of his expenditure in one year, from which it appeared that more than a third of what he had expended had been given away.

As regards kindnesses to friends, there was something of originality in the deliberate way in which he set himself to contribute to the happiness of all persons within his reach. That there was method in the thoughtful consideration to which so many know themselves to have been debtors, may be inferred from what he himself wrote in the following reflection :—"I wonder we don't find a man or two, and several women, whose whole heart and soul and strength should be given, not to philanthropy (that is common enough now, thank God), but to doing kindnesses to the people about him or her, in his or her own sphere. Many persons will do kindnesses that come

in their way : but they do not set themselves to doing kindnesses in their own sphere, as they will to doing kindness to the poor." He adds a remark which shows that, with his quick sensibility, he had realised a risk that might attend such a scheme of work : "I wonder not to see it. But I don't wish to see it. I formerly knew one lady who did that ; and she nearly crazed her acquaintance." Mr. Buxton, however, had far too much delicacy to bore or embarrass his friends with attempts to make them happy. As he was a rich man, and one whose income increased year by year, it was a matter of course that money should enter into a large part of his kindnesses ; but it was sure to be transfigured in the process. He assumed, what he really felt, that it was the natural act of friendship or brotherly kindness to *share* his own pleasures or advantages with others. He could not, in fact, bear the thought of keeping his good things to himself. One of the illustrations of this feeling was so significant that it may well stand in the place of many. I have spoken of his exceeding delight in his Surrey home, Fox Warren. The characteristic form which his love for it took was an eager desire that as many persons as possible should enjoy its beauties. Before it was built, he wrote (June, 1856) "I feel a great deal of interest in planning our house, grounds, etc., but I have a constant feeling of hollowness from its being such a selfish pleasure. I must do my best to spread the enjoyment of my house and scenery to as many people as possible." At one end of the drive through the grounds, which commands a lovely view, was posted an invitation to all who pleased to enter. But besides this, Mr. Buxton made a point of lending the house for the occupation of others during the times of his own absence from it. It was actually painful to him to leave it empty—"to have it wasted," as he said—even for a month. He was accustomed to spend the early autumn in Norfolk, and for that season he would invite some friend to occupy Fox Warren,—some one with a family, it might be a London clergyman, not likely to obtain in any other way so enjoyable a holiday. Then he would carefully arrange everything so as to make the sojourn as pleasant as possible, never forgetting to pro-

vide for the amusement of the children. He liked to invite friends to ride with him, and if he could not mount them from his own stables, he would hire horses for them. Whenever he perceived any one to be in danger of suffering from neglect, he was watchful to pay courteous attention. "It is so hard on young men in London," he notes, "to have no intimates to share in their doings ; I must never forget to be kind and hospitable to young men." If Mr. Buxton was in the room, no governess, no shy or unattractive person, was suffered to remain in the cold shade. With such instincts, he naturally had a great power of *drawing out* what was best in the character of those about him, and of inspiring, in young persons especially, a warmly grateful affection. Perhaps there never was a man who got on better with the rather difficult class of young girls. He was strongly convinced that far more pains ought to be taken than is usual with parents and educators, to make children *happy* ; and he was sometimes grieved that, when he testified earnestly to this effect, his appeals did not evoke a warmer response from his hearers. (See "Note" 446.)

One sign of what Charles Buxton was as a friend is thus strikingly noted by his cousin, Mr. W. E. Forster : — "Few persons have been so loved, who have been so much esteemed, and still fewer have been so missed ; and this because, as with his father, so with him, helpful sympathy was the key-note of his character. He was one of those, the full measure of whose faculties was hardly available for himself, but was, as it were, a force in reserve, to be used for others, under the pressure of their wants, their sorrows, and their wrongs, and even their intellectual needs ; for instance, his conversation was curiously helpful in its suggestiveness : and it is, I suppose, the consciousness of this rare characteristic, more clearly felt now than in his lifetime, which mainly explains why it is that, though the place which a man fills is generally much larger than the gap which he leaves, there are so many who feel that the gap made by Charles Buxton's death is larger than the place which, while living, he seemed to fill."

When he was a boy, and beginning to feel the stirrings of ambition, he found fault with himself as being shy and silent in society, and he determined to conquer this tendency. He was stimulated in his efforts by the very high value he set upon bright and intelligent conversation. Stoutly repudiating the doctrine of the prophet of silence, Mr. Buxton always professed himself a warm lover of good talk. In one of these "Notes" (212) he pictures to himself what the ideal talker would be. In another (108) he speaks thus: "Pleasant talk is the sweetest of luxuries; but the power of talking it comes less from nature than from practice." He certainly became himself a ready talker; and the readiness may have been acquired by practice; but it could not have been practice that gave him the lively humour, breaking out in delightful surprises of quaint suggestion, with which his friends were familiar. There was a humorous tendency in the Buxton nature. That there should have been a Charles Buxton such as we knew in our generation, is partly accounted for by the following description of a Charles Buxton of the preceding generation, written by his brother Sir Fowell: "He was, I think, the most agreeable person I ever knew. A kind of original humour played about his conversation. It was not wit; it was anything rather than that species of humour which provokes loud laughter, it was not exactly naïveté, though that comes nearest to it; it was an intellectual playfulness which provided for every hour, and extracted from every incident a fund of delicate merriment." The humour of the nephew being of the same pleasant, playful kind that is indicated in this passage, scarcely showed itself in his speeches or writings, but lent its charm to social intercourse. It commonly took the form of some amusing extravagance, which tickled the fancy, whilst it probably threw out a more or less original conception to excite conversation. Think of it as welling out with a sudden freshness and the air of a "happy thought," and the following "Note" (501) will serve as an example of what I mean: "Would it not be happy for all parties, if idiots and old people when grown imbecile, could be comfortably shot? I would have it done with the

utmost decorum ; perhaps *by the bishop of the diocese.*" Dean Stanley, a most congenial friend, gives a picturesque illustration of his social attractiveness. He compares it with "the effect of the wine glorified under the name of 'sunshine' in the great American romance of 'Transformation,' with 'its fragrance like the airy sweetness of youthful hopes,' 'the little circle of golden light which glowed around it,' 'the ethereal charm symbolising the holy virtues of hospitality and social kindness,' 'gladding the hearts of men and women even in the Iron Age.' This 'sunshine' was what all his friends found in Charles Buxton's presence and conversation."

Argumentative discussion was not to his taste, being congenial neither to his gentleness nor to his candour, and he generally declined to fight for his opinions when they were attacked. But he loved to interchange impressions on serious subjects with a like-minded friend, in a sincere endeavour to find out truth, and he therefore had a high appreciation of the value and delightfulness of intimate friendship. When he went up from the privacy in which he had been educated into the larger world of Cambridge, its opportunities of intellectual companionship were eagerly welcomed by the thoughtful and delicate-minded young student, and he found in the society of Mr. Warwick Brooks, Messrs. E. and J. Kay, Mr. J. P. Norris, and other contemporaries, a stimulus which he greatly prized. The circle of his family relationships, including Buxtons, Gurneys, Hoares, Barclays, Forsters, was a comprehensive and varied one ; and his marriage to Miss Holland, whose elder brother had been one of his college friends, made him a member of another family circle, within which he formed many cherished friendships. Apart from these ties, his most familiar intercourse was with his neighbours, the Lushingtons, the Stanleys, and the Trevelyan, with all of whom he had many bonds of sympathy. The society which Mr. and Mrs. Buxton gathered about them in Grosvenor Crescent and at Fox Warren embraced the most various and interesting elements, well fused together by a host who had a happy ingenuity in devising modes of intercourse and occupation for his guests. He would take out a party, of old and

young, to cut down trees in the Fox Warren grounds ; and he would make great fun with some elderly philosopher, or dainty lady, who had perhaps never handled a hatchet before, and who was set to work upon an easy sapling. He had an annual custom of arranging an excursion of several days for a riding party about Whitsuntide, on which occasions he selected the members of the party, planned the route, and performed the duties of captain and quartermaster with great efficiency. Another of his schemes was to put as many of his friends as he could collect on board two or three steamers, and, after letting them see London from an unaccustomed point of view, to carry them up the river to an entertainment at Richmond.

Thus his life glided on, rich in activity and enjoyment, happy in diffusing happiness. The first serious check that arrested it was a dangerous illness, resulting from the fall in hunting in which he suffered concussion of the brain. This happened on the 9th April, 1867, and disabled him for some months. Having had in this illness the new experience of acute pain, he meditated on the possibility of mitigating the similar sufferings of others ; and, with some hope in the inventiveness of science, he offered a prize of 2000*l.* for the discovery of an anæsthetic agent which should satisfy certain conditions. After a while he recovered his former good health, and took to hunting again, riding as boldly as before. In the same month, three years later (April 29, 1870), he had a narrow escape of being killed by a lunatic. A young man, whom he employed as secretary, had shown symptoms of a strange temper, and had received notice of dismissal. He grew moody and sullen, and one morning, when he was alone with Mr. Buxton in his library, after refusing to execute some order, he suddenly discharged a loaded pistol at him. Mr. Buxton was not hit, and the poor madman's next step was to ask him, "Are you hurt, sir?" after which he rushed out of the room and away from the house. It was a real satisfaction to Charles Buxton's humane feelings when sufficient evidence was produced to prove that his assailant was not in his right mind.

In the spring of the following year, without any visible cause, his strength began to fail. The weakness was persistent and grave enough to cause anxiety, and doctors were consulted ; but they discovered no disease, and thought that he only needed rest. And so indeed it seemed, for by resting awhile he gained strength again. But renewed activity soon brought on a relapse, and the failure of vital power was alarming, although his mind continued active and clear and alive to all its old interests. He had learnt to dislike the assertion that trials were expressly sent from God ; “ Yet,” he said with reference to this illness, “ I do believe that trials *ought* to bring us nearer to God and to Christ.” In July it was thought that a visit to the Highlands of Scotland would be restoring to him, and that there was no reason to apprehend any danger from the journey. He started, with Mrs. Buxton and some members of his family, on the 25th July. When they had reached Loch Earn, he seemed so ill that Mrs. Buxton sent for a doctor from Edinburgh, who once more pronounced that there was no disease or immediate danger. But in a day or two death came to him quite suddenly, and he breathed his last at Lochearnhead, on the morning of the 10th August, 1871, in the 49th year of his age.

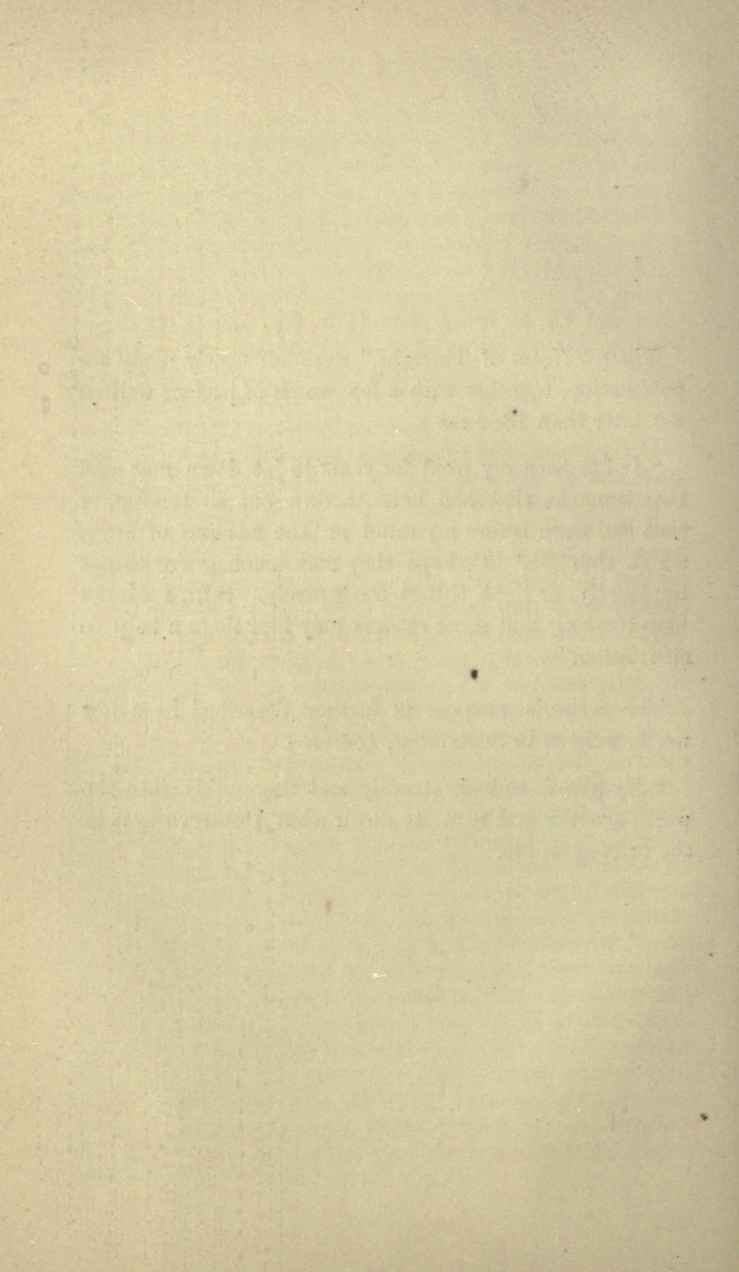
He was buried in Hatchford churchyard, near Fox Warren, amidst expressions of sorrow in the public journals and from private friends, which showed how he had been esteemed and loved. The men whom he had been proud to command, the Volunteers of the Tower Hamlets Battalion, desiring to pay him their last tribute of regard, attended a special service in memory of him in Spitalfields church, at which the sermon was preached by his life-long friend, the Dean of Westminster. So Charles Buxton died and was buried ; but, according to a law which he himself once endeavoured to trace in various provinces of creation, it is out of Death that Life grows ; and when we think of his body as laid with love and tears in the ground, we may think also of his truer vesture—the life that he led amongst us—as returned to the human soil in which it flourished, not to die utterly, but to spring up and bear fruit in other lives, made better and happier by his.

These "Notes of Thought" were left nearly ready for publication, together with a few words of preface written not later than 1862 :—

"It has been my wont for years to jot down now and then remarks that had been thrown out in talking, or that had risen before my mind in 'the sessions of sweet silent thought.' Perhaps they may touch grave things too lightly, or light things too gravely. Still, I cannot help trusting that some readers may find them a help to meditation."

The writer's purpose is further described in a few words written in September, 1860 :—

"My idea is to look steadily and thoroughly into the world around, and to write down what I observe in it in the briefest words."



NOTES OF THOUGHT.

I WOULD a science of human nature be possible? We have a wild forest growth of knowledge about human nature, but never yet, so far as I know, has any attempt been made to form a large and accurate collection of facts illustrating the different characteristics of human nature, and thus by a systematic induction to grasp the laws by which human nature is governed.

That there are such laws is surely indisputable. They may, like those that govern the weather, be too complex for disentanglement; but in reality man's nature, like all other nature, must be "subject to government." There is no such thing anywhere as a state of anarchy: and every day's experience is enough to satisfy us that human nature, with all its apparent caprice, is under the sway of certain forces, acting no doubt with infinite differences of intensity upon different individuals, but with a large amount of uniformity upon large masses of men. Even our own short and narrow experience teaches us that there are *some* rules about human nature, and in direct proportion to our keenness of insight, and the pains we bestow, is the amount of such "regularity" that we discover. And when we carefully collate a large series of facts as to man's conduct,—such a series as no one man could have seen with his own eyes, but which have been gathered together in history,—inductions are reached of higher value. For instance, history has made known to us the truth, (which seems to have altogether escaped the eye of statesmen in the middle ages,) that in

masses of men every violent action of feeling will be followed by a swing the other way ; as in the license that was engendered by the strictness of the seventeenth century. So again, by collating a number of separate facts, the truth has been reached that men are restrained from crime more strongly by the certainty than by the severity of punishment. In the same way again we have learned that cruelty "grows by what it feeds on,"—the very excitement of witnessing the agony of others, caused by ourselves, becoming by degrees a source of enjoyment. These are but two or three of the hundreds of examples that might be brought forward, of general truths as to human nature becoming known by induction from a large series of observations.

If this science once took its place among the sciences, different students would devote themselves to its different branches. Some would register observations on the characteristics of man as seen in the daily walk of those with whom they mingled. Others would note the characteristics of man as seen in great masses, during long ranges of time. Each of these would be of value. Each would throw great light upon the other. The minute scientific study of the individual would make the history of mankind easier to understand, while, again, we should get to the bottom of the characters of individuals the more easily for our knowledge of what men are, and do, in masses.

- 2 The main idea of *Corinne* seems to be the development of the national character of the Italians, the English, and the French. In this picture the prominent figure is the Italian, and the scenery is carefully finished, and is an excellent description of Italy. If Madame de Staël's picture be trustworthy, the Italians of Central Italy are endued with a glowing and lively imagination ; are sensitive, in a high degree, to the impressions of the beautiful and sublime : but have little solidity, and little force. In every faculty that is subservient to action they are deficient. They have neither firmness, nor perseverance, nor courage, nor high moral principle ; nor yet that stead-

fastness which makes an Englishman stick to his point in spite of all that would stay him. In lofty self respect, in vigour, in sturdiness, they are wanting : but the liveliness of their feelings, their delight in the beautiful, their ready enjoyment of present amusements, make them a winning people, if not worthy of grave respect. In rather gloomy contrast with this bright though not august character, stands her delineation of English society. I think it clear that though she places Lord Edgemond's coterie in an obscure part of the island, she regarded it as a true specimen of average English society : and, in fact, that dull and vapid gloom which she describes may but too often be found in even excellent, in even cultivated English families. And this dreary silence, this crushing austerity, which clips the pinions of every sally of irregular genius, this methodical dulness, would seem singularly appalling to the vivacious French-woman. Madame de Staël, however, does ample justice to the grandeur, however dusky, of the English character.

The moulding element in the English character, according to her delineation, is its tendency to *action*. We cannot rest content with amusements like the French,—with “*les beaux arts*” like the Italians,—with promenades and serenades like the Spanish. We must be always pressing forward towards some sober and practical end. And in truth we do actually see this, not only in the commercial world, but amongst our noblemen and country gentlemen. They belong to what is elsewhere by position the most indolent class—by education the most enervated—and yet in agriculture, in politics, in affairs of every sort and kind, they display the strong necessity that lies upon them of being at work. And how *thoroughly* Englishmen do things ; to how perfect a pitch are even shooting and hunting carried,—to say nothing of mercantile, agricultural, and literary enterprises. Everything is done strongly. In short a broad distinction between the English and the Italians is that the latter, in conformity with that highly wrought sensitiveness to impressions, which is the concomitant of a lively imagination, are evermore carried away by the

interest present at the time; whereas the Englishman retains his idea throughout the various shiftings of his circumstances, and his mind always returns and points in the same direction by a sort of magnetic attraction. The same depth and constancy of character appear in his domestic affections, of which Madame de Staël speaks with such admiration.

Can she have meant the Comte d'Erfeuil for a specimen Frenchman? His animated, pliable, disposition, his restlessness, his thoughtless vivacity, his self-conceit, his kindness of heart, often defeated by the loquacity of his ever nimble tongue, his want of all serious reflection and of any deep, lasting emotion, his eager politeness, his activity of mind, without strength to correspond:—surely this may be a faithful, but is not a flattering, portrait of the common-place Frenchman!

- 3 The expectation that our feelings will be excited, has, in itself, great power to excite them. The mere anticipation of sea sickness gives us nausea: while half the pleasure of eating a haunch of venison comes of our assumption that we shall enjoy it. If we think we shall be nervous, we get into a fright. If we think we shall feel shy with any one, shy we are sure to be. And, in the same way, it is the fact that many and many a man* falls in love with a girl because he had been told beforehand she was charming, and

“ His heart is as a prophet to his heart,
And tells him he shall love.”

We see the same thing in oratory. One reason why a celebrated preacher or speaker gets such a whip-hand over his hearers, is that their feelings stand ready harnessed, and he has only to buckle on the traces, and away they go with him at a gallop. The same with wit. Everybody was half laughing before Sydney Smith had quite opened his mouth. And so in Wesley's time, the

* A very pretty example is given by Col. Hutchinson (the distinguished Roundhead) in his memoirs.

people tumbled into trances, just because they were expecting to do so. When that expectation ceased, the trances vanished.

- 4 The reign of Charles II. may well excite our scorn and indignation. Other reigns were more horrible : none was more shameful. And yet I believe that the advent of Charles II. was one of the happiest events in English history. It is plain enough, that after Cromwell's death England was upon the verge of the most fearful anarchy. For ten days, in fact, there was no government whatever. Every man was beginning to thrust forward his own pet theory as to what should be done ; and in a very short time all these opposing views would have come into furious collision. And with the party feelings of the Royalists, Independents, Presbyterians, Catholics, and others, heated red hot ; each party, in fact, mad with rage against the rest ; who can say what awful calamities might not have ensued ? Happy, most happy was it, that at such a moment, a *Deus ex machinâ* was ready at hand ; and that the whole nation with one voice was ready to hail his coming.

But the wonder, as Milton pointed out, was most wonderful, that Englishmen should have made such an outrageous failure of their attempt to re-organize their government, while the United Provinces had achieved such a brilliant success. Many reasons, doubtless, might be noted for the shameful contrast : but the main one was, that the United Provinces were throwing off the abhorred yoke of a stranger. Naturally, the whole people were welded into one in such an uprising. In England, on the contrary, the strife was a civil one. The further it went on, the more the nation became split asunder.

- 5 One radical distinction between Christianity and all other religions, is this. All others tell a heap of tales about gods and goddesses, and demand certain ceremonies to be performed. Christianity flies at the throat of *sin*. She throws her whole force into the endeavour

to make man good instead of evil. Christianity is intensely practical. She has no trait more striking than her common sense.

In her corrupt form, however, Christianity takes exactly that main characteristic of Paganism. She too twaddles about gods and goddesses, under the name of saints, and spends all her strength on ceremonial performance, in lieu of doing her great duty of making men happy by making them good.

- 6 It looks paradoxical, and yet I am of a mind to think it true, that the surest way to become charitable towards those who differ from us, is to be zealous in endeavouring to proselytize them. As far as I have seen, no people are so intolerant towards other sects and churches as those who sit at ease in their arm-chairs, and never move a finger to convert them. Whereas, the man who is engaged in the attempt to bring his antagonists over, seems to get into the soundest state of mind with regard to them. He detects more and more the delusions that have led them astray ; he feels more and more interest and affection for the blunderers themselves ; while the other has a general vague detestation of both the creed and the credulous scoundrels who hold it.
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- 7 There is reason to believe that, instead of the "unfathomed caves of ocean" being black with outer darkness, they are ablaze with golden splendour. The creatures brought up from tens of thousands of feet below the surface, are singularly phosphorescent, and it is probable, nay, almost certain, that every movement of every living being in those abyssmal depths flashes out brilliancy. A more fancy-stirring fact I never heard of.
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- 8 The microscope is almost as humbling as the telescope. The microscope shows that the race of man is as paltry in point of number, as the telescope shows his habitation, the earth, to be in point of size.

9 Lord Bacon's career is inexplicable, unless you bear Lord Coke's career in mind. Nothing would stimulate a man's worldliness, and mere selfish ambition, so much, as the *successes of an abhorred rival*. Hard would it be to sit in our study, and philosophize for posterity, while a fellow we hate is winning the prizes that *we* might gain, and is filling the world's mouth with his name. Lord Bacon was like a good pointer who is drawn on to put up the grouse by his ill-behaved companion.

10 Next to the devilish wickedness of burning heretics, the worst crime that has been committed in the name of religion is, in my opinion, the enforcing of celibacy on her priests, monks, and nuns, by the Romish Church. Think what infinite, incalculable misery this shameful restriction must have caused in the last thousand years! What a huge army of warm loving hearts must have been withheld from all the most endearing ties by which life is cheered! What a throng of those who would have revelled in the joys of home have been forced to live in weary loneliness! What a host of those, whose delicate health or advancing age rendered the tenderness of womanly care essential, have lingered and died untended! Again, what a multitude of consciences have been stained with sin, owing to this most infernal denial of the instincts given by God to all His creatures!

Note, that all this sin and suffering has been wrought by an *exaggerated endeavour after holiness*.

11 There is no truer consolation than that which nature has provided—the great comfort of *tears*. “Pleurez, pleurez, ma chère, cela vous fera du bien,” as the old hag says in *Gil Blas*.

12 Nothing but actual experience could make a man believe in himself. Are any of the improbabilities of revelation so improbable as the nature of man?

- 13 The best thoughts are the most trite. The curiosities of philosophy are not really the most worth having, though they make people stare more. The largest and, at the same time, the most profitable part of a thinking man's meditations simply leads him to those conclusions, which the world reached long ago. But then, these old truths are ten times more valuable to a man who has thought them out for himself, than to him who has merely taken them on hearsay.
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- 14 Proverbs are potted wisdom.
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- 15 The poor body has had very hard lines. Poets, philosophers and preachers have covered it with ridicule, abuse, and lamentation. Shakespeare calls it a muddy vesture of decay ; Plato described it as a jibbing horse ; Jeremy Taylor treats it almost as if it were the Devil himself. But if the poor thing had wit enough to speak for itself, it would say, Whence comes envy ? Is it not a vice of the mind ? Whence pride ?—the mind again. Whence ambition ?—the mind again. Whence covetousness—robbery—murder ? If the mind has not all to do with these, at any rate she has the largest part of the guilt. Why, give the poor body a beefsteak and a glass of beer, and it is content. 'Tis the mind that leads it such a dance after the vain glories of the world, and makes it work all kinds of wickedness in the struggle to gain them. Did Robespierre slay his thousands to please his body ? What could his body get by it ? No. He wanted to please the fancies of his villainous mind.

In truth, however, the more one tries to set apart the spirit and the body, the more profound do we perceive their union to be : the more do we feel that man is one being, the material and the spiritual so blended that we, at least, cannot divide them.

- 16 First there come up, here and there, in the brown bare hedgerows, a few flowers, starveling and alone. They

bud, and they wither, and we pity their forlorn case, and the boldness that led them to face so early the bitter brunt of the winds. But they tell that spring is at hand ; and, in a few weeks, in every lane and every thicket, the flowers will be laughing into life.

So, too, in the moral world. John Huss was burnt and burnt out, insomuch, that Luther himself was amazed and furious when Eck called him a Hussite. Luther's appeal was the same as the appeal of John Huss ; but time had marched on, and now the response to the call was like that when

“ All the hollow deep
Of hell resounded,”

at the voice of the archangel, and

“ At once on every side
Men heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung
Upon the wing ; as when men wont to watch
On duty, sleeping found by whom they dread,
Wake and bestir themselves ere well awake.
So to their general's voice they soon obeyed
Innumerable.”

And we see the same thing in dramas of less name. In the middle of the last century, a few lonely voices were raised up against the Slave Trade. At length the true season came, and then we find Wilberforce and Clarkson, and many others, without any communication, all striking out, at the same time, the same thought that the Slave Trade was a trade fit for devils. It was the same with regard to the movement for the reformation of Prison Discipline. All Howard's energy failed in effecting permanent reforms ; he was almost single-handed. Thirty years later, multitudes of little streams ran into the same channel, and the torrent grew resistless. In literature, in science, in politics, we find a few stray swallows preceding the flight, whose coming they foretell.

Or is not this metaphor altogether the wrong one ? Would it not be more right to say that we see one flower now and fifty afterwards, because the first has begotten the fifty ? This is the more agreeable way of looking at it, because it encourages us to believe that

our thoughts, if scattered abroad, may long hence, when we are dead and clean forgotten, work out what we wish done, having sown themselves in other minds, and grown up and borne the fruit of action.

But no. The real fact is, that the nation's mind gradually ripens to a certain opinion; some minds yellowing first,—(not necessarily, though probably, the foremost minds,)—and the commonplace ones later on. Rather one might say, that ideas seem to dawn like the day upon the mind of society; first “the cedar tops and hills seem burnished gold,” and afterwards the valleys themselves are flooded with splendour.

17 Men's natures are neither black nor white, but *brown*.

18 I believe the best check to anger would be the thought—What is my little *contretemps* beside the anguish that wrings the heart of the world! Surely, a thoughtful man should have taught himself moral perspective. He ought to see himself, and what touches him, with the mighty scene of life behind. But we fill up our own foreground till we hide the very snow-capped hills.

19 To read the account of Socrates' death at the end of the *Φαίδων*, and then Byron's glorious lines upon it at the beginning of the *Corsair*, is like hearing a strain from a bugle, and then the sweet echo across the lake. Plato's description is nearer to a Scriptural one than any other description in the world; it is so true, so tender, so unconscious of effect, yet so delicately and exquisitely wrought. It reminds one of St. John.

It should be studied along with Lord Campbell's account of the last hours of Sir Thomas More, to whom Socrates,—at least the Socrates of Plato—bore a closer resemblance than to any other hero of modern times, in thoughtfulness, in originality, in sweetness, in mildness, in bravery; in the queerness of his wife's temper; in delicate playfulness and humour; and in that both died

by the hand of the executioner, because their very wisdom and goodness brought them into conflict with tyrants.

- 20 The great want in family life that strikes me is this, that there are so few *tête-à-têtes*. You live on from year's end to year's end, surrounded by those whom you love, and chatting together ; but it is rare to be thrown alone with any one individual, and have really intimate talk with him or her. Yet the difference in value is immense between mere social chat, and that mingling of mind with mind, which is impossible if others are by. But the real fact is, that unless some effort is made for it, or unless circumstances are unusually favourable, the very members of the same family live, one might say, on parallel lines, without ever touching.
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- 21 There is no phrase in the English tongue with so much good strong truth in it, as the phrase "to take pains." Yes, pain, actual pain, there must be, ere any harvest can be reaped. And no truth can be better worth grappling with, and mastering, than this. If you will not face pain at the outset, you will never reach the reward. Without sacrifice good *cannot* be won.

But our usual habit is to stop short the moment we feel discomfort ; whereas it should be engraven upon our heart of hearts, that it is *no matter* whether we like doing a thing or not—the only question should be, "Is it well to do it?" It vexes me to see how many young men actually deem it reason enough for leaving undone that which they ought to do, because, forsooth, it is "a bore," because it taxes their laziness, or their shyness, or their vanity, or their love of amusement. Surely a manly man would be ashamed to think so much of his own convenience. It seems to me effeminacy to make so much of oneself, and shrink so tenderly from the least touch of annoyance. True courage would make light of such scratches, when duty was to be done. He who won't do a kindness because it may bore him, is playing the part of a coward.

- 22 Here is a recipe for teaching you what your real value is to other people. Take the best, wisest, and sweetest, of your friends. Consider how infinitely less, even that wisest, best, and sweetest of men is to you, than you are to yourself ! So little, then, are you to others.
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- 23 Some of the most humane of men and women, some of those who have the most delicate feelings, and who are the most thoughtful for others, are yet among the most irritable.
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- 24 Do calamities burst and go out like meteors ? Truly it is the strangest thing to see the cheerful happiness of those that have gone through the very furnace of suffering. The widow who has been bereft of her children, may seem in after years no whit less placid, no whit less serenely gladsome ; nay, more gladsome, than the women whose blessings are still round them. I am amazed to see how wounds heal. Nay, not so. The wounds are still there ; but they leave wondrous scope for happiness.
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- 25 Most intellectual labour (say of the author, speaker, artist) carries the labourer through three stages of feeling :—the first, of exultation while creating ; the second, of anxiety gilded with hope in bringing his creation before the world ; the third, of flat mortification in looking back on it, and finding that it is very bad, and that the world does not care a bean about it.
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- 26 A nation does wisely if not well, in starving her men of genius. Fatten them, and they are done for.
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- 27 Readers abuse writers and say their writing is wretched stuff, stale nonsense, and so on. But what might not writers justly say of their readers ? What poor, dull, indolent, feeble, careless minds do they bring to deal with thoughts whose excellence lies deep !

A reader's highest achievement is to succeed in forming a true and clear conception of the author from his works.

- 28 The grand distinction between the states of barbarism and civilization seems to be, that in the former state each man stands alone ; in the latter he is linked to others, and others to him. In fact, it is the same difference that there is between sand and a tree. In the perfectly barbarous state, as, *e.g.*, in that of the Australian savages, or the Patagonians, each man makes his own arrows, kills his own meat, and builds his own wigwam. It is the self-contained, not the social, state. They may be gregarious, but they manage each for himself alone, like cattle. Precisely as the society makes way towards civilization, does each man become dependent upon all the rest, so that, in a high state of civilization, hundreds of thousands of persons will have worked to supply the needs of one man for a single day—and hundreds may get in return the results of that one man's labour. To supply him with meat, the butcher, the farmer, the labourer, have been employed directly ; and each of them, in order to get his instruments, has employed the ironmonger, who employed the miner, the smelter, the railway company, who employed the butcher, the baker, &c., &c., &c., to enable them to do their part of the work. The pottery on which he eats has set hundreds to work in the same way in Staffordshire ; the knife at Sheffield ; the fork in South America, and also on board the ships that brought over the silver, and in London in the jeweller's shop ; his sugar in Cuba, the whole slave trade helping in the process ; his salt has set men to work in Cheshire, his pepper in Java, his table-cloth in Holland, his ivory-handled bread-knife in India, his pocket-handkerchief in the United States, his coat in Australia, his studs in the Ural Mountains, his sovereigns in California, his pence in Cornwall, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c. And each of these direct producers of his comfort, has employed indirectly perhaps ten thousand workmen apiece.

Nor is it only in material things that the various members of society become dependent, the one upon the other, as civilization advances : but ideas on all subjects become diffused, and thus the minds of the people grow linked together.

The tendency, then, of civilization, is to weld society into one : to build up its loose bricks into a complete edifice : to combine the various particles of the human race as it were into a single new being. But while the separate individuals become thus built into one another, so that each one is supported on every side, and again is pressed upon on every side, by the rest ; yet so curiously is the plan contrived, that the individual does not become the more merged into others in character, but, on the contrary, this blending of the members of society into one, goes along with the highest development of individual character. It is, indeed, one of the commonplaces of table talk to bewail the loss of individuality, that comes from the over refinement and over intercourse of society, as if men grew as smooth as sea-pebbles from being rolled about among one another. No doubt, men *do* acquire a uniform routine of manner ; they come to talk in much the same tone, and about much the same things, and wear the same dress, and so forth. But, in spite of all this outward smoothing down, high civilization rather helps than hinders the growth of real individuality. The lower levels of civilization are the deadest levels. The thoroughly savage tribe consists of a mere dull series of ruffians. The most degraded classes in a civilized country are the most uniform in their characteristics. It is when the mind is cultivated and the feelings cherished and brought out, that true individuality is most developed. The more profound and vigorous the man's mind, the more unique is he, although he may have the most routine *manners* possible. And a high state of civilization, such as ours is now, tends to draw out the latent energies of both heart and head, and thus to make each man a fresh creature, unlike any other within, however much assimilated to others in outward demeanour.

29 It illustrates the remarkable compensations of this world, that in warding off pains, we rob pleasures of their sweetest honey. We scarce know the exquisite delight that eating, drinking, sleeping, washing, can give, because, at huge outlay, we have fended off hunger, thirst, weariness, and dirt. 'Tis our very skill in studying enjoyment that dulls it.

30 The diffident are very apt to misinterpret the feelings of others towards them. A vainer person is often easier to get on with, and so takes a more leading place in society. Thus a pretty, silly, self-conceited woman, will very often be far more courted, and *seemingly* far more liked and admired than women of infinitely higher charms. All the while, the men do not like her a tenth part so well. They hold the other in far greater love and respect ; but so far as chat goes, she bears the bell.

31 The broad view we get by studying history, or by dwelling on great schemes and far-off results, brings with it one danger. It tends to make us think too slightly of the individual man. Reading of the woes of millions, dealing with men in masses, how small a thing does it seem to us, whether A. B. is more or less at his ease ! You may see that this tells on those who sway the fate of empires. To a Napoleon, the death of even ten thousand men looks a mere speck beside the boundless stretch of the affairs before him. We actually feel this even with regard to the Almighty. When we look at the stars, the work of His fingers, the sun and the moon which He has ordained, we cannot but exclaim, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him !" And hardly can the Psalmist persuade us that He who holds the universe in the hollow of His hand, can still show tender care for the least of the beings whom He has made.

Perhaps the best corrective is to remember the immensity of one's own importance ! Judging from ourselves, we can feel how vastly it matters, whether one person is, or is not, wretched.

It may be noted, however, that this undervaluing of the individual never leads us to bate one hair's breadth of our appreciation of ourselves. We may read all history from end to end, but our own particular vexation or grievance will loom as large as if the world were filled with it. It is only our neighbour who is dwarfed.

32 What is usually called "the study of character," is altogether another thing from the study of human nature. Those who, as they say, study character, look out eagerly for singularities; and the more unique the traits are which they find up, the more they are pleased. And, doubtless, this study is, in its own way, highly amusing and interesting. But he who studies *human nature*, cares comparatively little for mere individual peculiarities. What he wants to master, is the character, not of John Hodge, but of mankind. He seeks to know what the great laws are by which the human race is governed. He watches men, and their doings, not to amuse himself by smiling at their oddities; but to find out the forces which keep man in his orbit.

The "student of character," for example, would be charmed to meet, in real life, with the carpenter in *Peter Simple*, who thought that everything had happened 27,575 years before, and would happen again 27,575 years off. To the student of human nature, such a humour would be of trifling value. He would feel a thousand times more interest in a character like, for example, that of Robarts in *Framley Parsonage*, who—without being commonplace—thinks, and feels, and acts, as other men would be likely to think, and feel, and act;—given the circumstances, and a not unusual cast of character. Hamlet, Othello, Macbeth, Falstaff, are not of priceless value because they were utterly unlike any other men that ever were or ever would be; but because, with all their intense individuality, they are types of human nature.

33 Vast is the pain that comes to men from Vanity. Her thirst is unquenchable. Give her an ocean—give her

wealth, place, beauty, power, fame, victory, her maw but swells the larger, and she screams the more lustily, Give, give ! From Napoleon down to the Lord Lieutenant of your county, you see that be a man never so high, he is longing to be higher. I mark it as one of the things that tend to equalize fortunes, that, actually, the more vanity is pampered, the more its thirst rages. The low down scarcely look to be admired, and the craving sleeps. They do, in very fact, suffer less, as a rule, from unsatisfied vanity, than those who stand crowned with a thousand honours !

- 34 No one thing does the experience of life press more home on us, than the immense supply of kindness latent in the hearts of our fellow-creatures.

With no less force is one convinced of their unkindness—their readiness to give pain, their coldness to suffering.

Whenever you look at human nature in masses, you find every truth met by a counter truth, and both equally true.

- 35 The idea matters little, the execution is all in all. In art, in writing, in speaking, in war, in statesmanship, what mainly tells is not the mind's head, but her hand,—not her thoughts, but their working out.

Ay, but the fine handling itself comes from the force of the conception. The chisel strikes true because the mind is on fire.

- 36 I wish exceedingly that some poet had set forth to us a hero of transcendent nobleness, so noble, so majestic, that he should make our bosoms swell with an enthusiasm of admiration and our minds glow with the resolve that we will be such ourselves. It is strange that the Devil in Paradise Lost comes nearest to this idea.
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- 37 We smile at mothers for thinking that their own ducklings are the princes among ducklings ; but in fact

they overrate the badness quite as much as the goodness of their children. Mothers are tortured by the fancy that their boys and girls go beyond other people's in all manner of failings. Oh that my Toby were as sweet, were as loving, were as clever, were as diligent as Mrs. Brown's Toby, is a cry from the mother's heart, not so loud, but quite as deep, as her boastings.

38 Merry people always think that their merriment must make their house pleasanter to their guests. Very often it is a burden. More tranquil talk would be more pleasing. Ceaseless fun is almost as bad as dulness. It is less easy too to get into gear with gay talk than with grave. Shy men are thrice shy with the lively. And to be forced to make laughter to pattern would damp the spirits of an undertaker himself.

39 All high truth is poetry. Take the results of Science ; they glow with beauty, cold and hard as are the methods of reaching them.

40 To show yourself a fool, imitate the originalities of the wise.

41 He who affronts the opinions of others, shows a very gross ignorance of human nature, if he is amazed at finding that they mainly assail him, not for things he has said, but for things he has not said. The truth is, that being enraged with him, they want others to be equally angry : and they, therefore, put into his mouth more exasperating statements than any that really came from it. It is not that they themselves suppose him to have made such statements : or that he can pacify them by proving that he did not make them. They assert these things of him, in order to draw others into their hue and cry, who would else look on coldly. Of course they are not aware that this goes on inside them, and that they are saying what is false ; but if you watch any religious or political bear-baiting, you will see that what takes

place is this,—Some are put out by what the man said. To set others off against him, they puff out and twist about what he said, and put still worse things into his mouth. In time, they themselves grow sure that he said them.

42 Is there a fair balance of happiness among men, so that, upon the whole, with some little ups and downs, we all are much of a muchness in actual happiness?

Certainly not. Some men are far, very far, happier than others. Not only is there boundless variety in the sources of happiness open to different persons (which is too obvious to be disputed), but there is also infinite variety in the degrees of happiness itself, enjoyed by different persons.

In some degree, however, happiness tends to find its own level; to run down from those who have gathered it up highest; and to water the plains of those that lie lowest. Two or three laws of nature act powerfully that way.

One is the law of human nature, that what is uncommon is uncommonly delightful; what is familiar tends to grow tasteless. This law helps to cheer the man of few pleasures, for it makes him enjoy them acutely. It helps to dull the man of many pleasures, for it deadens his feeling of them. Thus it tends to bring the two to the same level.

The law, that the pursuit gives a keener zest than the possession, has a similar tendency.

The influence of imagination goes a long way to irradiate one man's lot with hope, and to throw clouds over another man's lot from disappointment. The search for happiness is strikingly like climbing up a mountain. We see a ridge ahead, and never dream that it is not the summit. Once reached, we see that it is a mere step of the ladder. Another ridge rises—it looks like the top—and disappoints us in the same way. At last we get to the real top; and a cold cloud sweeps over us.

Another circumstance which greatly tends to bring down people's happiness towards the same level, is that

remarkable trait of human nature, that a single misfortune is enough to prevent us from enjoying any part of our good fortune. We are like Haman, whose good luck was all spoiled to him by seeing one Jew sitting in the king's gate. A man may have all else that heart can wish, and yet the loss or ill-doing of his son, the death of his wife, the rheumatism in his shoulder, or the gout in his toe, a blast to his fame, or some other single circumstance, may wholly ruin his peace of mind. Happiness shines out on a man like the sun; but one little cloud may make all his life grey and gloomy. It is vain to say to Ahab, You are a king, abounding in wealth and power, with your sweet wife Jezebel, and seventy strapping sons,—no, he takes to his bed, “heavy and displeased,” and turns away his face, and will eat no bread, because he can't get the vineyard of Naboth the Jezreelite! If one stone is wanting to the arch, down it all tumbles.

Another thing that goes some way to make different people nearly equally happy, is the boundless variety of the flowers from which happiness may be sucked. If happiness were only to be found in a very narrow number of circumstances,—for example, if only in wealth, in rank, or in power over others,—then but a paltry few of the human race would have any enjoyment. But, thank God, it is to be found lurking in ten thousand corners. It may be found in the affection of a wife, in the prattle of a child, in social talk, in fresh air and sunshine, in clear streams, green meadows, and beautiful views, and the sound of church bells on a summer's morning. In toil itself, there is sweetness; and, so too, there is in rest. One may squeeze pleasure from thought and study; another from horses and dogs; another discovers it in lovely neckcloths, and well cut trousers and park hacks; another is made happy by the strife of politics; or by the earnest pursuit of benevolence: and religion offers solid comforts to those who seek them. When the seeds of happiness are thus wafted hither and thither by every breeze, some are pretty sure to alight on every man's field; though on one man's they fall in greater number, and spring up in a richer crop.

These thoughts, if much dwelt upon, might almost

lead us to the very soothing doctrine, that we all *are* "much of a muchness" in point of happiness. But although these and other laws of human life tend in some measure to make it a level, and to throw down its hills and fill up its valleys, yet, assuredly, they are very far from accomplishing that end completely. Look round at the poverty, disease, and vice of some, and then turn to the happy homes of others, who have every comfort and elegance around them, with affectionate children, and sweet tempers, and vigorous health, and beautiful scenery, and a due proportion of labour and leisure, and one sees at once the folly of that notion. No ; the happiest men have some reasons to be unhappy, and the unhappiest have some sources of happiness ; but still a wide gulf is fixed between them.

The worst thing about happiness is that no one has so much appearance, at any rate, of enjoying it as the selfish and self-conceited coxcomb, who passes through life without sensibility or thought, and pushes his way, regardless of others and untrammelled by delicacy, just where he pleases. It is mortifying to observe how well intense self-conceit, which we would gladly see rapped over the knuckles, carries a man in a sort of triumph through life ; while the gentle, modest, and sensitive, get thrust aside and trampled on.

Even in that case, however, there are compensations. The unselfish is more cherished, his sweetness to others brings sweetness to himself.

- 43 People believe that they have a clear insight into the character of their acquaintance, and even that they see through men in five minutes' talk.

No doubt you catch the outline of a man's make very speedily ; but it is a wonderfully vague outline. How vague it is you would hardly believe, unless you tried to write down what you have found out as to the man's nature. Have you learnt whether he is sweet in temper ; or unkindly, irritable, passionate, nay, even cruel ? We all know what strange lies the face tells, even on this first and foremost point. Have you learnt whether he is

firm or feeble-willed ? Is he swift or slow in decision ? Is he selfish, or thoughtful and self-denying ? Is he deep and steady in his affections ? Is he full of vanity, and, eager for praise, keenly alive to what men will say and think about him ? Is his modesty put on or real ? Can you even tell whether he is of a merry heart ; or is it only society that has made him sparkle ? Is he actuated by high principles ? Has he lofty aspirations ? Does he love what is noble and true ? Has he any exquisite enjoyment of the beautiful ? Can he relish art, poetry, nature ? Has he any speculation, any powers of thought, any creative genius ?

If you can't answer these and a hundred such questions, you have not mastered what the man is ; and yet, if you can answer these questions at a day's or a week's notice, simply from what you yourself make out by your own insight, why, you are an amazingly clever fellow. Think of the men and women you know. Who could have dreamed, *a priori*, that Jenkins had all that astonishing acuteness of thought, and power of delineating, which come out in his novel ? Who could have guessed that Brown had it in him to be an impassioned orator ? Who could have suspected Robinson of all that tenderness and magnanimity ? or Jackson of such endurance, or Jones of such energy, or in short any of us of some of our main traits, whether good or evil ? No ; we think we know others because the unknown part of their nature is so absolutely out of our ken, that we do not even think of its being there. But the more I study men, the more I see that we do but skim their surface.

- 44 The most highflown, romantic, glowing philanthropist I ever saw, was a lady, who in her own home was the fiercest little vixen unhung ! For all that, her romantic benevolence was real. In fact, her heat in scheming good was the same heat that set her squabbling.
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- 45 I find that this is the way with savages in all parts of the world. Seem strong, and they are the kindest of

friends—so kind, sometimes even so polished in their courtesy, that you can scarcely fail to trust them. Seem weak, and at once the wild beast in them comes out. They turn and rend you.

- 46 We are horrorstruck at the almost incredible cruelty with which, in history, the Henry VIIIths, &c., &c., have put to death those who simply stood in their way, and we (most justly) look on them as execrable villains.

And yet you may perceive that excellent good men are quietly glad when death knocks off the Naboth whose vineyard they want to buy,—the neighbour who has affronted them,—the M.P. whose seat in Parliament they covet, &c., &c. Nay, they will look forward to the event, sometimes with irritated impatience.

They have no power to get men of Belial to stone Mr. Smith with stones. But have not they inside them the will that might be ripened by the power ?

- 47 Many men are like the rogue elephants in Ceylon—individuals who are shut out by their fellows from their society ; kept aloof, and then abhorred for the savage feeling which that exclusion engenders. Yes, and many and many a gentle enough gentleman and gentle enough lady are made sour by this same feeling of being cold-shouldered by the world about them. It is curious that we feel little pity for such grief ; nay, our instant inclination is to cold-shoulder them too, merely because other people do : and because we feel irritated by their resenting it.
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- 48 The man who is castigated, whether it be with a cat-o'-nine-tails, or a criticism, always persuades himself that his punishment is owing, not to his own fault, but to a personal spite against him individually, on the part of his punisher. This eases his self-love.
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- 49 It is an unkind kindness to wink at the procrastina-

tion of subordinates. Without the dread of being blown up, every one of us would become a putter-off till to-morrow. But most bitter is the fruit of that sweetest fault: and it is well and happy for those under you, if you drive them, even harshly, to be prompt.

- 50 Of vain things, excuses are the vainest. Nobody heeds them. Men have no time to weigh the ins and outs of other men's blunders. They can but judge by results. And your plea for yourself, instead of setting you straight, will only cut sharper the remembrance of your folly.

How often out shooting will a man call attention to his bad shooting by trying to explain it. How often out hunting do men make one aware that they have been shirking, by their excuses for it. "Qui s'excuse, s'accuse," is one of the truest of proverbs.

- 51 Every year's more varied and intimate intercourse with my countrymen and countrywomen makes me more deeply sensible of the prodigious amount of goodness of head and heart among them. Take some three or four of the families best known to you, and really make a study of all there is in them, and you will be amazed at the wealth of goodness stored up in them. But to judge them aright, you must get beyond the surface, on which lie most of the distasteful qualities. The iron and the silver lie below.
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- 52 The world abhors closeness, and all but admires extravagance. Yet a slack hand shows weakness: a tight hand strength.
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- 53 The more one studies women, the more one perceives how athirst their hearts are for affection; how eagerly they respond to it. They lap up tenderness as a cat laps milk. All the stranger, that it is just a toss up whether a lover's love will enchant a girl, or affront her. There

is no rule at all. His devotedness may warm her towards him. It may render him hateful.

- 54 How women love each other ! What strong, fervent attachments : what tender interest in each other's trials and joys : what fulness in the utterance of affection !

I say this in good faith. Yet on the other hand, is it not the fact that women care for each other but slenderly ? that all their souls are given to the nobler sex ? that they regard each other with an evil eye, rather as rivals than as friends ?

Each is true.

- 55 Fortune deals out success with much fairness. If we do really and truly wish for a thing, as a rule, she gives it ; only she must be sure that we *do* really and truly wish for it. Experience shows that success is due less to ability than to zeal. The winner is he who gives himself to his work body and soul. 'Tis slackness of heart, not weakness of head, that keeps most men down. When Napoleon wrote to Joseph that he enjoyed studying the positions of his armies, "like a school-girl her romance," he let out half his secret.
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- 56 A man may be borne up under the laughter or rage which his saying or doing has called forth, by his own conviction that he has said or done what is wise ; but how if he be carried off his feet by what all the world is telling him, and grows doubtful whether, after all, he has not been foolish ? That must be a painful state ; nor is it a rare one. Many an author, statesman, artist, is in that evil plight, catching the feeling of the throng and condemning his own work, just because all the world condemns it.
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- 57 Among the calamities of life, shortness is by no means the least. Legs five inches longer would make many lives materially happier. The tall are more envied than they wot of. Yet the short have the best spirits, and the most energy.

- 58 Strength of character is not, as a matter of course, indicated by *a* strength in the character, nor weakness of character by *a* weakness. Weak men are often brave, often firm, often self-reliant ; while men of force are often cowardly, yielding, with no self-trust. Very strong men are often vain ; very weak men often have a manly indifference to what others may say of them. How many men of very good powers there are who cannot make up their mind, nor stick to it when it is made up ; while mere geese are at the same time geese of decision !
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- 59 The art of ruling lies mainly in keeping one's eyes open. The anxiety to please, the dread of displeasing, are so strong, that if men know they are watched, they are almost sure to do their utmost. The laziness of underlings comes from the shut eyes of their chief.
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- 60 The world gives his rewards according to a definite and, perhaps, a sound principle. *He honours those who give him pleasure.* The thing the world wants is, to be pleased ; not to be made wiser, or better, or, in the long run, happier ; but to have, at once, on the spot, a feeling of enjoyment. Let a man but give him this feeling of enjoyment, and he will clothe that man in royal apparel, and bring him on horseback through the street of the city, and proclaim before him, "Thus shall it be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honour." You grumble, because you have done far nobler work for him, yet he leaves you dressed in frieze, to ride your own donkey at your own sweet will. But you have no right to be cross. You have given him good things, no doubt : *but you have not given him the one thing he wanted.*
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- 61 Some self-conceit, or, at least, self-complacency, is evolved in all intellectual labour, just as heat is evolved in all physical labour. Nobody ever thinks anything out, without being, at the time, a little pleased with him-

self, however much disgusted he may be with his work and himself afterwards. But it is a part of a writer's skill to hide up this self-admiration. We cannot abide a writer, however able, if he seems to be peeping round at us to see what we think of him. (As Bulwer does.)

62 A large family party is rather too much like a flight of tomtits ; everlasting twitter, but no conversation ; gregariousness without companionship.

63 It is a curious trait of human nature that suicide never (or hardly ever) arises from sorrow for the loss of beloved ones, but nearly always from some disappointment or mortification, or poverty. And so, too, nobody dies of grief, many of vexation. Is it that sorrow for the dead is *not* the heaviest trial ? or is it that such sorrow is of a softening kind ; not one to craze us, like anxiety or disappointment ?

64 Of the fact that in most countries the ownership of land is deemed honourable, and trade base, there can be no question. How came this feeling ? We cannot suppose that an instinct of that sort is a first principle in human nature. The feeling must be generated by some association of ideas.

The possession of land presents several outward advantages which would be likely to catch the eye and tickle the imagination of mankind. But has not the following been the *main* association ? Most countries have been conquered. The conquerors of course seized the land, being the property that could best be laid hands on. They, therefore, became the sole landowners, and to them trade was needless. To the beaten race trade was the only resource, except hand work ; while land was not to be got. Hence the idea of land became tied up with the idea of the conquerors ; and trade with that of the conquered. A strong association of that kind would linger on for ages.

65 To judge rightly of man, we should look at him not by himself, but as he stands to the world above him. We must see him as he is, the petty denizen of a paltry planet, one which is but as a grain of sand on the sea-shore.

But, again, we must look at him as he stands to the world below him. We must see him as he is, far away the loftiest, out of all comparison the noblest, of all the living beings that we ourselves wot of. We may fancy nobler ones ; we have seen none as noble.

66 I knew a man whose conversation was particularly rich in knowledge and remarks on all kinds of subjects ; yet he was a bore of the first water, just because he deluged each topic in a flood of words. An angel from heaven would bore us, if he *expatiated*.

67 If a man has orderly habits, it is astonishing with how little intellect he can get on perfectly well. Think over any dozen people you know who are thoroughly " comfortable," and have to thank themselves for it ; why, I dare say all their minds together would hardly fill a peck. But their lack of brain has scarcely stood in their way. Steadiness has been enough.

68 The temptation which nowadays a man must fight against most steadily, if he wants to make much of his life, is that of desultoriness. We are distracted till we are fit for nothing. Concentration alone conquers ; and with money-making, books, philanthropy, newspapers, chit-chat, hunting, shooting, public duties,—concentration is not possible.

69 I defy you to find out from any man's face whether he is or is not *quarrelsome*. The sweetest-looking creatures are often the hardest to draw with. Men will have the strangest knack of being at loggerheads with those they have to do with, who yet look good, kind, and wise ; ay, and in other ways, *are* good, kind, and wise.

70 It is of no use to be too good-natured in giving up your own pleasure. If you do what you like, you will like what you do : and really it does not make a hap'orth of difference to other people. If your taking your own way arises from a selfish disregard of others, those others will be pained by your disregard of them. But it is not the thwarting of their wishes, it is the appearance of disregard that troubles them : indeed, your clearly seeing what you like, and getting that done, saves them the burden of leading ; and they are thankful to follow.

71 London is cruelly belied. True that she has much that is dismal ; but she has much that is beautiful and picturesque. For delicate soft loveliness, I know nothing to compare with the view of Westminster Abbey, over the water in St. James's Park, on a sunny evening. How the fairy towers soar out of the veil of mist below them into the pink light ! Then, how striking is the view of the City from Cheapside, as you approach the Mansion House. And the Thames, at certain points, is nothing less than sublime. We should think Pall-Mall very grand anywhere else. Bishopsgate Without has much, and Park Lane very much, picturesqueness. The horriddest part of London is that weary desert about Russell Square. It has not even the merit of grotesque poverty.

72 It is true that he who understands any art is painfully alive to many a shortcoming that escapes untaught eyes ; and is vexed by that which gives *them* enjoyment. On the other hand, he catches sight of a thousand touches of beauty which the world never heeds. Half the delight, too, of looking at a work of art comes from astonishment at the force of mind which has got over all that stood in its way. But no one can feel this thoroughly, unless he knows the ups and downs of the mountain.

73 Pulpit moralists often make light of mere outward propriety of life. It is, in fact, such an everyday thing

that we take it for granted as we take asparagus for granted in June. But, after all, no words can say how wonderful a blessing it is for our country that moral conduct comes so easily to a man as it does now in England. History teems with instances of societies rife with bad faith, rascality, cruelty, drunkenness, adultery, assassination. Nay, there are strata in our own society in which decency is the exception, and vice the rule.

It is true that there is no great credit to the individual in doing as others do, and keeping from gross vices. In fact many gentlemen who are living at ease with their wives and families, would find it almost more painful than pleasant to drink, swear, cheat, lie, thrash their neighbours, and seduce their neighbours' wives. All these things, however, have been as plentiful as blackberries in other societies; nay, in English society itself in certain other times. That they are rare now is a blessing of unutterable value; and yet how little store we set by it!

- 74 You would have supposed that no two characters in history would have more forcibly struck Shakspeare's imagination than those of Julius Cæsar and Joan of Arc. Cæsar, the most majestic hero of the Roman world; Joan, the most original, nay, the unique heroine of the Middle Ages. Yet what a failure he made of both of them! Cæsar is a ridiculous gasconader; Joan, a cracked scullion.
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- 75 Pitt's marvellous Parliamentary successes were of course, in a great degree, owing to his own genius. But it seems clear that they were mainly due to this, that he hit the public feeling, while his antagonists shot beside it.
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- 76 One beauty of wealth is, that it gives you a deal of *potential* as well as of actual enjoyment. Your belly, or at least that of your imagination, is nearly as well filled by feeling, "I could have that if I chose," as by having it. All hunger bites a man the sharper from his

knowing that food cannot be had. Those who are pinched, are often wrung by the thought, "Ah what I would do, had I but the means !" The means would cool the craving.

- 77 No moral force is so potent as *tenderness*. None so cleaves a man's way through the world ; none makes him so affluent in love from others ; none gives him such sway with them. But exquisite tenderness of feeling for others is as rare as it is noble. And those who have it, often cannot show it by deed or word.
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- 78 This is a noticeable thing in birds, that they never *play*. The young of cats, dogs, foxes, men, &c., delight in a game of play, and will pretend to fight, pretend to run away, and so forth, for half a summer's day. You never see this with birds, whether old or young. They play no pranks ; they jest no jests. They are a fun-less generation.
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- 79 Never threaten children. Say to the stubborn boy, Do this, or that, without suggesting any punishment in case of his disobedience. Simply order him as a matter of authority, and let him obey you not because you have threatened him with punishment, but because you have ordered him. If he disobeys, punish him, but let him learn to obey you, *because you are his ruler*, not because you have held up the fear of a penalty before his eyes. It is curious how much more power a man has when he thus concentrates his will upon a boy, than when he virtually gives the boy the choice between obedience and suffering.
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- 80 I am not astonished that men who have mixed little with the world should boast, because, of course, to any man both himself and his doings must look gigantic till he has measured himself by others. But I do marvel to find that so many men, who have knocked about all their lives among their fellows, should yet not have learnt how

it hurts a man to sound his own praises. Self-laudation abounds among the unpolished ; but nothing can stamp a man more sharply as ill-bred.

It is strange that Shakspeare makes Julius Cæsar such an outrageous braggadocio. Why, when he had a man of first-rate force to delineate, he chose to make him mouth about himself like "the great Twalmley," I cannot divine.

81 I more and more see this, that we judge men's abilities less from what they say or do, than from what they look. 'Tis the man's face that gives him weight. His doings help, but not more than his brow.

82 Women rule, not by having more force, but by throwing it on one point, just as the Indian guides the elephant. What they will, they will with all their will, without doubt or questioning. The man's mind is oftener pulled many ways by many claims. He also takes a broader view, and sees the evils. Ahab and Jezebel, Macbeth and his lady, show well the difference between man's will and woman's.

83 The complaint has been made a thousand times, how hard it is that men of noble genius, such as Burns, should so often stick fast in the lower circles of life, while rank and wealth gild those whose worth has not earned them. It seems wrong that a loggerheaded noodle shall stand in the high places of the earth, shone upon by a blaze of good luck, while the man of mind is struggling in the dusky underwood below.

Certainly it would be a very fine thing, if a man who had written a first-rate drama, or a deep treatise, as a matter of course, became a marquis with a beautiful castle and fifty thousand a year !

Ah ! but now suppose it be a *real, actual fact*, that wealth within is better worth having than wealth without ; that ideas are a finer property than acres ; that,

had we clearer eyes, nobility of soul would seem to us a kinder gift from nature than a handle to one's name. Why then, all this claim to worldly reward falls to the ground. The man is already rewarded : he is enriched with thoughts ; why should he be further enriched with ha'pence ?

Then, again, why should we confound the two distinct worlds—the spiritual world and the outward ? why should we think it unfair that we do not reap in the one, when our ploughing has been in the other ?

It would be more rational to admire the beautiful arrangements of nature, by which an infinite variety of good things are shaken over the world, as it were out of a pepper-box. Some of these good things fall into the lap of one, some into the lap of another. Few catch them all. The man of mind should think it a wonderful piece of good luck that so great a blessing has fallen to him, instead of grumbling that it has not sundry smaller ones in its pouch, like a kangaroo.

Moreover, the fact is, that, within certain bounds, moral and mental greatness *does* bring the good things of this life in its train. Its tendency (though all tendencies are sometimes thwarted) is to lead a man into agreeable society ; also to put a certain amount of hard cash into the pocket. Milton got £10 for *Paradise Lost*. Some are angry that it was not more. But, at any rate, he *did* get £10 by his genius ; and Macaulay has got still more. Then, again, genius gets a man glory. Now, really, if intellect tends to bestow friends, cash, and drums, things are not so bad after all.

Where men of mark have missed their due wages (as it has oftentimes happened), the fault has commonly been their own. With self-mastery they would have gone ahead. But if the lack of that held them back, why blame the world ?

- 84 Many a man has been led into atheism by the very idea of the goodness of God. Not being able to square that idea with the miseries of life, he has thrown up his

belief in God altogether.* The truth is, it is easier to disbelieve in God, than to disbelieve in His goodness.

- 85 It almost always happens, when a young man marries, that his mother and his sisters, and perhaps one or two others, feel bitterly that the tie with them is torn, and they plague themselves with struggling to keep it as it was before. It is far wiser, and far happier, to face the plain fact, that the youth is gone forth from the nest; that he must stand, henceforth, in a new relation to those that have brought him up; and to bow to this fact, instead of vainly longing to hold that fast which *will* fly away. It is astonishing how much comfort is to be got by making an effort of mind and will to see things as they are, and adjust oneself to them.

But, though the old relation is done for, you may now set to work to create a new relation, and one probably not less near and dear, out of the fragments of the ruin. You and he can never again be altogether parent and child; but you may be, more than ever, intimate and loving companions—perhaps all the more loving, for the greater distance and greater equality between you.

- 86 We blame others, we curse our luck, we fall foul of our circumstances, when things go wrong with us. We cannot believe—nobody could believe who did not sedulously look into it—how wholly the fault rests with ourselves. If we are vexed, if we are disappointed, if our plans “gang agley,” fifty to one this comes because we have ourselves been wanting in forethought, or fore-

* There is a curious passage in Forsyth's *Sir Hudson Lowe*, that bears on this remark. “Cypriani came out one day from General Bonaparte's room to Dr. O'Meara, saying, in a tone indicative of great surprise, ‘My master is certainly beginning to lose his head! He begins to believe in God! You may think!—He said to the servant who was shutting the windows, ‘Why do you take from us the light that God gives us!’ Oh, certainly he loses his head.’ Then continuing to speak of himself, Cypriani added, ‘I do not believe in God, because, if there were one, he would not have allowed a man who has done so much harm to live so long.’”

sight, or perseverance, or pains, or sense, or judgment, or decision, or self-control, or some other practical quality.

87 Which of us when out of spirits has not envied the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, and wished earnestly that he too were like the sea-gull that wings his way so joyfully over the blue sea ; or even like the sparrow that quarrels on the house-top ! Certainly, so far as life on earth goes, it seems as if man might well think his lot a dreary one, compared with that of these easy, contented, cheerful creatures. Think of a swallow dashing through the clear air in blithe chase after his prey, and speeding back twenty times an hour to the lovely little black heads in the chimney ; and then of the manufacturer's clerk shut up in a snuffy dark room, wearily working seven hours a day at accounts, and at night trudging back to his lodging.

And compare our capacity for misery with theirs. They, too, no doubt, can be unhappy ; the want of food, warmth, and companionship brings hard trials to them. They can feel disease and pain. The loss of their young fills them with anguish. But how short-lived are their sorrows !—a week ends the bitterest.

How narrow, too, the field of their vexations. Our brains are as full of pricking thoughts as herrings of sharp loose bones. Our delights all grow on thorn-bushes. There is no duty, no delight, that is not big with vexations, disappointments, mortifications, regrets, remorse, fears, tribulations. Yes, surely it would be a blessed thing, at least upon this bank and shoal of time, to be a sea-gull.

And yet, though our finely strung and delicate brains bring forth to us so heavy a crop of tortures, on the other hand the same sensibility gives us a huge host of enjoyments. There is no end of the things that have it in them to touch us with pleasure. More or less of it is to be had from eating, from drinking, from dreaming, from riding, from walking, from swimming, from employment, from repose, from dancing, from singing, from sunshine, from flowers, from woods and fields,

from beautiful or sublime or picturesque landscapes, from art, from poetry, from eloquence, from warmth, from washing, from talking, from thinking, from reading, from pretty faces, from seeing others happy, from seeing those we dislike annoyed, from dogs, from cats, from horses, from botany, from geology, from natural history, from dinner-parties, from balls, from the theatre, from ridiculing others, from applause, from making money, from spending it, from wife, from children, from one's own fireside, from shooting, from every form of the chase (except coursing, which is execrable), from resisting temptation, from giving way to it, from vanity, from pride, from benevolence, from industry, from good stories, from sermons, from sleep, from being courted by noblemen, from politics, from love, from self-will, from the stars and moon, from newspapers, from old port, from doing kindnesses, from devotion, &c., &c., &c.

I have strung together, in a few lines, these things from which we—whether rightly or wrongly—do actually get, or may actually get, a certain quantum of enjoyment. Seeing what manifold means of it there are, one can hardly complain of man's being starved from pleasure by nature. On the contrary, one sees that men who lead a healthy life are meant to lead also a happy one. And, to say truth, what a number of cheery men one knows !

And observe, our penury of enjoyment is to a very great degree our own fault, or, at any rate, the fault of our bringers-up. Unquestionably men might be so trained, as to squeeze infinitely more sweet juice out of life than they do. Our stupid teachers do nothing but pound grammar into our heads when we are young—a thing which can only grow up into thistles in nine minds out of ten. But were we really educated, were we trained, as we easily might be, to love the beautiful in all its thousand forms : to take delight in poetry, to take joyful notice of the golden light on the trees and lawns, of the deep blue sky and the picturesque cottage, and the soft smiling landscape ; were we trained to understand the wonders that lie around us in the construction of our own bodies, and of the air, and of the plants, and in the processes of nature ; were we trained to

the delightful habit of thought ; were we trained to the habit of reading ; were we trained to study and love works of art, whether in painting, sculpture, or building ; were we trained to every kind of manly exercise ;—why, how much more cheerfully would our lives glide by ! But your common-place and most dull system of education, which consists of forcing the boy for years and years to learn by rote the dry anatomy of a dead tongue, is there any one of all these sources of happiness which it unseals for us ? No, not one.

88 Live with the cleverest men of the day—artists, statesmen, authors, bishops, judges, generals ; during a whole month put down every striking and original remark you hear ;—if you cover a sheet of foolscap, I'll eat my hat.

89 It is very hard upon a man to have just goodness enough to embitter his badness : but not enough to keep it off.

90 Thus much may be said for obstinacy, that if a man's determinations be soluble by reason, they may also be soluble by fear, by laziness, by the mere pressure of other men's wills. Whereas, if reason cannot shake them, most likely nothing else will.

91 There are machines for saving mental as for saving bodily labour. Precedents *e. g.* are a clever instrument by which we save the pains of investigating afresh as each case arises.

92 Were not the mysteries of life too familiar to be wondered at, should we ever cease marvelling at seeing how *inexorable* nature is in punishing, without fail, the least breach of her laws ? How long and slow her vengeance often is in coming,—how often it lights on the family, or nation of the guilty, not on the guilty themselves,—how terrible often the vengeance, compared with the offence !

- 93 A common blunder of respectable men is to do just as Pilate did—take a basin of water and wash their hands of the whole affair, and comfort themselves with the pretence that they have done with it, and that all the responsibility lies with those they leave behind them. They retire or stand aloof, while others do the evil. But he who thus tacitly protests, instead of holding on and making an active opposition, is, in truth, art and part. Nay, he may be the more guilty of the two, because more alive to the wickedness.
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- 94 As Fielding observes in *Tom Jones*, true beauty is the greatest advantage a man, no less than a woman, can have. All other advantages, talent, wealth, even rank, fade before a really noble presence. And yet it is no less true to say, that a man ought to be very charming to get over the damage he suffers from being handsome. Beauty in a man (except that of soul in his face) is a terrible thing for setting people against him. Everybody would like to take down their fellow-creature, if he has large black eyes, a well-cut mouth, regular features, hyacinthine locks (whatever that may mean), and a nose “like the tower of Heshbon that looketh toward Damascus.” Ugliness is not half such a drawback as that sort of handsomeness which many a man has, and which gives the idea that he has been smirking at himself in the looking-glass and is still redolent of the self-admiration which his mirror inspired. Somehow women never have that look, or else it does not grate on us, that

“if young and fair,
They have the gift to know it.”

- 95 What goes by the name of envy,—the aversion in which we are apt to hold those who have got the prizes of life which we have missed,—is not always such mere malignity as it is generally thought to be. The truth is, that to a great extent it is a tit-for-tat—a vengeance for an injury received. We hate A. B., not because he is rich

and we poor, not because he is a lord and we snobs, not because he is handsome and we ugly, not because he rides a park hack and we walk on our ten toes, but rather because we believe (perhaps wrongly, but still we believe) that he *looks down upon us*, for thus standing lower than he does. Now, however unchristian all vengeance may be, 'tis not so base to resent an injury, as to wish a man ill, simply because he is better off than ourselves.

- 96 Charles I. and Cromwell were fine illustrations of the different way in which men ride their circumstances—the one with such a loose seat in the saddle, that the moment his circumstances grew restive, he tumbled off—the other carried forward by them, and at a rattling pace, but choosing the *where-to* himself.
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- 97 The reverse side of a proposition is often of more value than the proposition itself. How much κῦδος Wordsworth got by simply turning on its back the obvious truth, that the man is father of the boy, and giving us the converse—that the boy is father of the man! It is often said, that men of genius show no sign of it in society. Well then, who knows, but that of those who show no sign of it in society, many may, in fact, be men of genius? It is sometimes said to be hard that men of intellectual wealth are so often poor. From the other side, these poor men then, at any rate, have the blessing of intellectual wealth!
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- 98 This is a question worthy of deep thought—whether the misery of large masses of the lower orders, in almost every country, is an inevitable and necessary, and, so to speak, natural evil: or whether it is the handiwork of man, and is caused by the stupidities of his misgovernment. For my part, I feel no question that it is not to nature, but to man's thwarting her, that we owe these masses of misery. But for war, taxation, protection, every man might have so easily lived at his ease, that,

though here and there a family might have been poor, there would have been no morasses of poverty. Depend on it, *nature never strikes the first blow.*

99 Nothing is more wonderful in Napoleon's wonderful character, than his vulgarity. How could such a man, such a hero, such a demi-god, be, at the same time, such a bagman? His ends and aims so mean, his mode of dealing with men so coarse, his selfishness so enormous! Take his invasion of Spain from first to last, with his letters to Joseph, was there ever such baseness,—topped up by devilish cruelties?

100 Nothing so much increases one's reverence for others as a great sorrow to oneself. It teaches one the depths of human nature. In happiness we are shallow, and deem others so.

101 The only source of activity is the struggle to better oneself. Were there then no evil, no worse, the world would be at a standstill.

102 No art is so useful in the management of young children, (nor is any art so much neglected,) as that of *avoiding direct collision*. The grand blunder which almost all parents and nursemaids commit, is that when the child takes up a whim against doing what he is wanted to do,—will not eat his bread-and-butter, will not go out, will not come to lessons, &c.,—they, so to speak, lay hold of his hind leg, and drag him to his duties; whereas, a person of tact can almost always *distract the child's attention from its own obstinacy*, and, in a few moments, lead it gently round to submission. I know that many persons would think it wrong not to break down the child's self-will by main force, to come to battle with it, and show him that he is the weaker vessel; but my conviction is, that such struggles only tend to make his self-will more robust. If you can

skilfully contrive to lay the dispute aside for a few minutes, and hitch his thoughts off the excitement of the contest, ten to one he will then give in quite cheerfully; and this is far better for him than tears and punishment. It is just the same with colts.

103 Expenses are not rectilinear, but circular. Every inch you add to the diameter, adds three to the circumference.

104 In practical affairs it is not deep thought that wins, but the *eagle eye*.

105 What a fund of amusement we might get, by making a close study of those signs of character which are hung all over every man and woman, and would tell us so much had we learnt how to read them. Undoubtedly what a man is, can in some degree be traced in his carriage, in his tread, his tone of voice, his manner of speaking, his smile, his frown, his laugh; in the thickness of his neck, in the size of his fingers, in the shape of his brow, nose, mouth, cheeks, ears, and eyes; in the way his head sits on his shoulders, in the openness of his chest, in the sticking out of his stomach. But this language, though written in clear letters, must be studied to be read.

106 It is rude to tell any one he is like anybody else. Be that other Adonis himself, nobody likes it. Who wants to be a duplicate?

107 If you do not mind trouble, base your conduct of life on these three principles:—

1st. Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.

2nd. Never do yourself what you can get any one else to do for you.

3rd. Never do thoroughly what you can leave half done.

108 Pleasant talk is the sweetest of luxuries ; but the power of talking it, comes less from nature than from practice. Good talkers have talked themselves into good talking. Few men talk delightfully who have not been trained to it by mingling with the world.

109 When we speak of "home," we do not mean "my house,"—*casa mia*. The word is compounded of our house, furniture, pictures, horses, books, dogs, flowers, tame owls, wife, children, and the very kitten by the hearth. Hence no word tells on the heart like that word "home," for no word wraps up in itself such a host of things, and those so touching.

110 A man may be very silent in society,—and it is annoying, and you like him less than if he talked ; but you never feel him to be *dull*, if you know that he is a man of talent. You feel him to be *potentially* interesting, though he is not so practically.

111 It is by comparing asinine people, that we can best see how much social intercourse does for the mind. Your stupid man who lives out of the world, is wonderfully stupider than your stupid man who lives in it. The latter may be one entire and perfect idiot : and yet somehow, his mind gets polished up to what almost seems brightness when set beside the rough dulness of the other. We feel this, if after mixing with men *in* the world, we come across fools who live *out* of the world ; then are we astounded by the depth and breadth of their unspeakable thickheadedness.

112 What small matters old griefs seem, even to ourselves ! The feeling that "all's well that ends well" lies so deep in our hearts, that we only smile at past sorrows, when good has come at length. So in a novel or drama, we do not mind any miseries for the hero, if we know that at the

end he is to light on his feet, and marry Julia. It is only a dark conclusion that makes it tragic. And thus, perhaps if we could look on at our own career from a place apart, we should make exceedingly light of all our tumbles and troubles and carking cares, seeing the bright haven towards which we are drifting amid all our storms. "*Respite finem*," would be very comforting advice ; had we but the skill to look round the corner and see it !

- 113 Of all the marvels of God's workmanship, none is more wondrous than *the air*. Think of our all being bathed in a substance, so delicate as to be itself unperceived ; yet so dense as to be the carriage to our senses of messages from the world about us ! It is never in our way ; it does not ask notice : we only know it is there by the good it does us. And this exquisitely soft, pure, yielding, unseen being, like a beautiful and beneficent fairy, brings us blessings from all around. It has the skill to wash our blood clean from all foulness. Its weight keeps us from tumbling to pieces. It is a reservoir where the waters lie stored, till they fall and gladden the earth. It is a great-coat that softens to us the heat of the day, and the cold of the night. It carries sounds to our ears and smells to our nostrils. Its movements fill nature with ceaseless change ; and without their aid in wafting ships over the sea, commerce and civilization would have been scarce possible. It is of all wonders the most wonderful.
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- 114 It might have been thought that the old law, that women convicted of high treason were to be burnt, must have issued from the sheer fiendishness of those who made it. But in truth it came from their reverence for female modesty. It was a modification, a softening down of the law's rigour, not an aggravation of it. The law was, that traitors were to be hung, disembowelled, and then quartered. Decency forbade that these two last provisions should be carried into effect in the case of

females ; so, after hanging,* they were ordered to be burnt.

115 How strong breed is ! If a man come of—say a Puritan stock or a High Church stock, he is more likely than not, to set his face the other way, and give himself all the harder to the other side. And yet, with all that, if you watch him narrowly, you will find the old Puritan or High Church substratum, cropping out in the most unlooked-for places. I have seen this, too, with men sprung from a Quaker line. A man may have flung Quakerism all behind him : and yet the Quaker instinct breaks out, will he, nill he.

116 One of the ideas with which the statesman's mind ought to be soaked, is the idea of the vast reach of time. Most minds look forward not more than, say ten, or at the utmost twenty years ; and as regards *planning* for the future, this is wise ; for you cannot foresee how things will stand in the days to come. But no man can judge wisely and well of the political questions before him if he only looks at them in relation to the circumstances of the moment, if he does not ask himself what would come of the law or the institution, should it last for ages. How many of the greatest statesmen have yet failed here—that while they sought to make things straight for the time, they never dreamed of asking what must be the far-off fruits in days to come of the seed they were sowing,—what would be the true and deep foundations which they ought to be laying, were their edifice to be a “possession for ever” ! Still more perhaps have they shown the want of large sight, in deeming it enough to patch up what is amiss, and tide over difficulties, without thinking to what size the abuse or the difficulty would grow if merely pruned. Napoleon and Peel are signal instances of this lack. Pitt of the reverse.

* At least Phœbe Harris, the last woman burnt for treason (*i.e.* for coining), in 1786, was hung first from a beam fixed to the stake ; the faggots were not put round her till she was dead. Was this the way in olden times ? or was the burning an equivalent for all the three cruelties in the case of men ?

117 The essential difference between a good and a bad education is this—that the former draws on the child to learn, by making it sweet to him—the latter drives the child to learn, by making it sour to him if he does not. Yet how utterly has this plain and practical truth been ignored!

118 Many young men whose minds have been fired by reading John Foster's Essay on decision of Character, or Carlyle's panegyrics on Self-reliance, get into a way of imagining that the *sine quâ non* of manliness is to stand alone—you are not to ask help from others, but in all things to act by yourself, and for yourself, without letting any one else advise or aid you. They are apt to forget, that although it may be a fine thing to stand alone, *if you can*, it is a fond thing to try to stand alone, but topple over. And, in truth, it is very well that in human society we all have to lean on one another for advice and help and sympathy. Independence would lead to isolation.

There is nothing, in fact, in which the wise man and his contrary are more distinguishable than in this matter, and especially with respect to taking advice. Machiavelli remarks that "No foolish prince ever has wise counsellors." This is quite as true of common people. You must be wise to get good counsel and to know how to deal with it. But the general feeling is, that it is rather a paltry thing to take advice at all—that the really stalwart man will not seek any man's aid or rest his mind upon the feebler minds around him, but will look to himself alone as his guide and master.

And there is a great deal of truth in this idea. It is the fact, that men of first-rate force do not tack themselves behind a tug when they want to make way, but ply their own paddles. Napoleon, Wellington, Cromwell, Nelson, were not men who asked advice; and when they did ask it, they didn't take it. And it clearly *is* a sign of weakness or laziness, if a man throws upon other shoulders the burden which he ought to bear himself, of deciding what he is to do. He shows that he has not a bold, firm,

muscular character, when he goes about asking what this person thinks, and that person thinks, and is impelled to action, not by inward force, but by outward influence.

This kind of advice-seeking may well be laughed at. And it is apt to become a habit—a very vile habit too. You can quickly get into the way of looking to others to decide for you, and your mistrust of your own self will grow by practice.

But, on the other hand, it may be remarked that *we* are *not* first-rate men, but second-rate; and although a man of vast ability might be quite right to think his own opinion better than any one else's, yet, it does not follow that this is so with us. Remember, too, that had Julius Cæsar, Nelson, and Napoleon, taken the advice proffered them, they might have escaped the death or ruin that fell upon them.

Also, in each kind of things that we have to do, it is easy to find some one more experienced than ourselves. Why not avail ourselves of him? Why go on blundering, when a man stands there ready to show us the way which he has already trodden? We feel it to be silly in a retired fishmonger to buy his own Murillos, and in a book-worm to buy himself a hack. In medicine we consult a doctor—in religion a clergyman—in building an architect. Why not apply the same sound principle to the other affairs of life, and not be too proud to follow the advice of those who know more than we do? We laugh at the Romanist for believing in the Pope's infallibility. Is it wiser in John Jenkins to believe John Jenkins infallible?

All this seems plausible; but still we feel that a man ought, above all things, to be a *man*; and that he is *not* manly who has not enough mental force to decide for himself, but must hang on the arm of others. He ought to trust to his own intellect just as a man ought to be able to stand and walk forward, without asking an arm to help him on.

But how to reconcile these truths? If it be foolish not to get wisdom from those wiser than ourselves—and yet weak not to trust to ourselves—what is a poor fellow to do?

Why, Shakespeare has hit the nail on the very middle of its head. His maxim is precisely that which a truly wise man would follow :

“Take all men’s censure, but reserve thy judgment.”

(censure meaning opinion). This is the really noble course, combining the beauty of self-respect with the beauty of humility. The right thing is not, as many do, to ask others what they think, and be guided thereby, *because these persons think so*—this is a weakness. Nor is it (as still more do) to shut our ears to what better informed persons would readily tell us, and take our own course blindly. No. True wisdom requires you to listen, even eagerly, to what others can urge—to elicit their opinions, and weigh them fairly. But then you must strongly work your own mind, and merely use the arguments, of which you have thus got hold, *as materials for a judgment which you will construct for yourself*. It will never do to be led by others, and do what they think good. A man must do what he thinks good himself ; but he may fairly, nay, he should, know what others can tell him, and see the case with their eyes, before he makes up his mind what to do. In this way he will use the aid of others, without losing one iota of his own dignity.

It is a base thing to be the slave of other men’s opinions ; but it is a brave thing to be master of them. And no man, in fact, takes up so lofty a position towards others, or shews his trust in himself so clearly, as he who dares to listen closely to the counsel they offer : but yet brings all they have urged and all that his own mind has suggested, to the bar of his own judgment—weighing the one side against the other, and coming, slowly but strongly, to his own decision.

119 We are richer than we think. And now and then it is not a bad thing to make a catalogue *raisonné* of the things that are helping to make us happy. It is astonishing how long the list is. The poorest of us has property the value of which is almost boundless ; but there is not one

of us who might not so till that property as to make it yield tenfold more. Our books, gardens, families, society, friends, talk, music, art, poetry, scenery, might all bring forth to us far greater wealth of enjoyment and improvement, if we laid out strong pains to squeeze the very utmost out of them.

- 120 After all, the essence of the difference between despotism and constitutional government, is the difference between force and reason. In the one case, the governor says to the governed, "Do this," and he doeth it. In the other, he says to the nation (through their representatives), "There are such and such reasons why so and so ought to be done. Will you consent to do it?" How incomparably higher and nobler is the state of that nation which is thus called upon to settle its affairs by reflection and reason, than that of one which is obliged to act in a certain way because somebody wills it. True that it may often reason wrong. True that it may do things with a less strong hand. But, at any rate, such a nation is treated not as a beast, but as a man.
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- 121 Often it really is from political or religious difference that neighbours are un-neighbourly. Often it is but the decent veil thrown over their exclusion by the excluded. But it is a consolation to us to believe that our principles, not our manners, have shut us out.
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- 122 We talk of a "consuming" grief—of a "devouring" sorrow. Is not our language in this, as in other cases, truer than our thoughts? May it not possibly be the real physical fact, that in such a state of excitement of the brain and nerves, the process of combustion goes forward in our bodies, with abnormal and painful rapidity? Grief does, in very deed, give the feeling of our being slowly burned away from the heart outwards. And sorrow thins, joy fattens. But then, if so, would not butter, rather than time, in Voltaire's phrase, be "*celui qui console*?"

- 123 How can we tell who is, and who is not, wretched ? The man whose very soul is being wrung by an agony of disappointment, bitterness, and shame, will talk and laugh with the best of the laughers, and show no sign of the devouring flame within.
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- 124 After all, what a mere speck of time our keenest sorrows fill ! Even the loss of a child is smoothed over in a year or two. And short as that time is, the mass of it is spent in sleep, work, talk, meals, &c., without any vivid consciousness of calamity.
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- 125 Those who do not think are charmed to catch some thinker, in the act of bringing thoughts out as his own, which have already been given to the world by others. They look on it as mere plagiarism, a pluming of the jackdaw with peacock's feathers. But the thinking man knows how often it happens that some thought which has dropped noiselessly into his mind from some book or talk, will work and grow there, and strike root downward and bear fruit upward, and, in fact, become a strong living thought of his own. It was a cutting from a plant which belonged to another : but it is become a new plant. It is an offset no longer.
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- 126 There are no iron rules about human nature. Want of truthfulness might be thought a sure sign of badness : how can a fibber's soul be a good soul ?

But in real life there are plenty of men, (and some women,) full of kindliness, of talent, of religious principle, of usefulness,—much beloved, much regarded,—yet you can never depend on what they say !

The fact is, that there is an excitability of nature which makes a man or woman very bright and very genial, but leads them to see things as they would like them to be,—leads them to talk at random,—leads them to seek so eagerly to please those they are with, as to do so often by painting black blue ; all of which

ends in fibs. It is hard for a man to be strictly truthful, unless he be calm. You can never place absolute reliance on any man's words who is full of quicksilver. This applies to the French ; to those charming liars the Irish : but, also, to no end of Englishmen.

127 A dressed out dandy is a delicious sight. To think that with all the wild craving for admiration which shines through his waistcoats, he should not ask himself the simple question, — Is the world really such an ineffable blockhead as to admire me for all this ? It is fine to see him believing himself valued at a high rate on account of his fleece when all rational people are despising him for the want of good mutton inside it.

128 Negligence in dress (in a man) may be a good sign ; and it may be a bad sign. It often comes of his having nobler interests than his own boots. It often comes of the same want of self-mastery, which, in other cases, ends in the dram-shop.

129 It is not what a man thinks that shows what he is, but how he came to think so.

130 An intellectual man is far more cowed by a puppy, than a puppy by him.

131 For a while, upon some vexation, it seems as if life were for ever to be under a black cloud. Perhaps, ere the week be ended, that cloud lifts of itself. No change has taken place in us, or in our circumstances. The loss or disappointment is not swept away. We stand where we did, and yet, somehow, with no seeming reason for the change, we are standing in sunshine again ; the damp black fog is gone from us.

132 Vast as the delight is of a rattling run with hounds, there is no pleasure the fruition of which is so far out-

done by the retrospect. Even a dashing rider is apt to feel some anxiety (not alarm, but anxiety), as each big fence rises before him ; but in chewing the cud afterwards, how he slashes over them, knowing now what the landing is to be !

One distinction is not strongly enough drawn as to hunting. Any man who keeps well with the hounds, may be talked of as a hard rider—and so he is ; but there should be some special word for the man who takes a line of his own, and leads instead of following. The difference in the amount of pluck, rapid decision, and self-reliance, is so enormous, that the two men scarcely belong to the same class of mankind.

It is unlucky that, as a rule, the men who do lead are ruffians !

133 How is it that a person may be cleverish, and try hard to talk brightly—yes, and be bright—and yet lie like lead upon you, by reason of his or her intrinsic insipidity ? while another will scarcely open his or her lips, say nothing but commonplaces, and yet his or her society has a relish in it. Strange is this influence of mind, conveyed without the tongue.

134 Is it not the case, that gentlemen will put up with a host of inconveniences, out of pity to their subordinates ; whereas ladies will easily make up their minds to rend the very heart-strings of their nurses, and governesses, and cooks, by a dismissal : not for a fault committed, but for the sake of some slight increase of household convenience ? We men are but poor weak souls after all. Women beat us out-and-out in firmness.

135 A man's face, to be first rate, must have something of the animal, as well as of the angel. A touch of real beast force about the lower part of the face trebles its value. The brow may be intellectual, the eye gentle, the nose delicate, the mouth rich with meaning ; but there is still "some hidden want," unless the jaw bones have in them just a soupçon of bull-dog.

- 136 One should have thought, that however much people might differ from a writer's or speaker's opinions, yet, at least, they would be fair enough to acknowledge and admire the ability with which he had set them forth. This is not so. Men only praise what they agree with. The author or orator must not expect his talents to be applauded, if his views are disliked.

And yet, in the long run, his abilities come to be as highly thought of, as if they had been loudly trumpeted.

- 137 It is grand to act on lofty principles, and sacrifice happiness to what is right. It implies manliness, force of will, self-mastery, a good heart, a thoughtful mind.

Yes; but what per centage of those who have done this, do not regret it afterwards? Comparatively, the act of self-sacrifice is a small thing. To bear bravely what comes of it—there is the test of mettle.

- 138 Scarce any quality does more for comfort than *tenacity*. Many men, whatever they touch, stick to it like limpets. They have no doubts, no scruples, no questionings, no restlessness, no hankerings. They cannot understand the uneasiness of others. They, and the things they handle, become, as it were, one.

Many, on the other hand, have no grip. They finger the things they have to do, and the things they have to possess and to enjoy; but they do not grasp them. Their hearts teem with regrets and restlessness, thinking how much they have missed—how well some other *entourage* would have fitted them; how much there is to dislike and to doubt about, in that which they have. And this miserable weakness is to be found in some who, elsewhere, are strong.

- 139 If a man has the skill, like Jacques, to suck melancholy as a weasel sucks eggs, he can suck it, not out of a song only, but out of everything, however cheering. That bitter honey lies in all things—yes, in sunshine

itself, in merry voices, in the patter of children's feet, in the boo-oing of foxhounds. Happy those (and happily they are the greater number) who pass through life ignorant that it exists. Happier, perhaps, are those who know its taste, but taste it rarely—as a relish rather than as food.

140 Carlyle's view is, that if a man have force, it matters little to what that force is applied. He will shine forth as a poet, or as a statesman, or as a speaker, or as a general, if only the force be there.

This seems to me false. Surely each man is shaped to one work, which alone will show all his fulness. In other careers, he might, perhaps, by reason of his genius, outstrip his rivals, but he would fall below himself. He would, perhaps, be third or fourth in statesmanship or in war; but with his pen he would have been first; or *vice versâ*.

Even if his abilities would have been equally fit for any and every work (which I deny), still of this there can be no question, that he is sure to have a greater passion for one work than for another. What weakens him in paths that lie out of his bent is this, that he *cannot throw heart and soul into his work*. He cannot lay out the wealth of his nature upon it (though he may wish to do so), because a secret inner distaste holds him back. After a while he flags in his service. He is cleaving to one master while he would fain obey the other, and he bungles accordingly. He may be wonderfully able, but he is wanting in zeal: and it is rather zeal than ability that works wonders.

141 We wonder how in the world the perverts to Popery can contrive to believe, as they profess to do, all the fiddle-faddle legends about saints and so forth, that have come down from the darkest ages. The explanation which is easiest (and partly true) is that their belief in them is a sham. They like to make us stare. It is a fine thing to snap their fingers in our Protestant faces,

and astonish our weak minds by saying, "There, look what a swallow my faith has!"

But in truth we have no right to disbelieve in other people's faith. Inexplicable, impossible, it seems, but that is because we do not see its processes. Their minds are not in the same plane with ours. Theirs are moving along some line of reasoning which we strike at right angles. We are amazed to find sensible men so far out of the way of the regions of reason. But in fact they crawled thither step by step, down from some premiss, to which again they had clambered step by step, out of the plane of good sense. They did not light down on their belief out of heaven. They got to it by reasoning, however twisted.

- 142 When any one makes large sacrifices for some public object, the knowing say it comes of the wish to be thought well of by others: the kindly, that it comes of goodness: the wise, that it comes of the two.

Does it not often come still more from a third motive—from the man's wish to be thought well of by *himself*? A very sweet thing is the praise of one's own heart; and the craving for it is strong. But that craving works deeper down and less in sight than our craving for the praise of others. The latter craving catches our eye at every turn: but without close watching, we do not perceive how largely the former tells on others, or even how it tells on ourselves.

- 143 The worthiest are not the most liked. 'Tis not a man's being admirable, but his being a "good fellow," that gets him on with men. Those whom everybody likes, are, as a rule, second-rate men, but of easy, happy tempers, lively and good-natured. The man of high faculties, moral and mental: the man of profound thought, of noble imagination, of lofty purposes, of commanding force of character, may be more thought of, but is less cared for.

Is not this of a piece with the folly and injustice of

human nature? Surely men are wrong not to love best him who is best. No. There is no ground for grumbling. It is not only natural, it is absolutely *just*, that we should like others, not according to what they are, but according to what we get from them. If our second-rate friend takes pains to be pleasant to us, greets us warmly, and has some droll gossip to amuse us with, why it is actually just that we should repay him by our liking, rather than that we should bestow it gratuitously on the man who may be lofty and sublime and pure as Mont Blanc himself, but who is less sedulous to please. The bargaining that goes on between man and man even in their affections seems at first sight shocking. But we must remember that it is only *honest* to repay what you have received (even in the way of kindness), before you give away to those that have done nothing for you. And if any jolly, warm-hearted chatter-box is more popular in society than the Duke, or Lord John, or Peel, why he has *deserved* it. It is his due. *He has given more to those he is with*, though he has less inside him.

- 144 We say of a genial, good-natured fellow, who could not pass his Little-go, that "he has nothing in him." I am more and more struck with the falseness of this common phrase. Compare this man who has "nothing in him" with a thoughtful and cultivated man, but of cold, reserved temper. Do not you see that it is a *something*,—ay, and a mighty something, which the good-natured goose has in him? Is not his kindly, friendly heart worth a deal more; not to himself, perhaps, but to those he is with, than the taciturn thinker's thoughts? A sweet heart is as truly a good thing, a piece of wealth, as a strong head. And there may be an *originality in sweetness*, though the man's brain be a hasty-pudding.
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- 145 There is an enjoyment to be got out of a work of art, which is, I suspect, the prize only of the thoughtful, viz.,—the enjoyment that comes from the light it throws on the artist himself. One feels this much in the

statues of Michael Angelo,—most in Shakespeare. It is, in fact, a test of true art. Work that is not alive with the worker, that is not the *worker embodied*, is second rate. That is one reason why all imitations in painting, poetry, sculpture, architecture, however able, are hateful.

- 146 Bitter, bitter, is the thought of the enormous waste of human suffering caused by the one blunder of rulers, of supposing that severity is the true prop of power. Had man but understood man, had he but seen this plain truth of human nature, that it is by kindness, not by harshness, that men are most easily ruled, what misery the world might have been saved ! But even now, at this day, those who govern seem to be only catching a glimpse of the dawn of that great truth. Some day surely this principle must make its way over the world, that it is humanity and justice, not severity, that engender submission.
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- 147 A young man is apt to think immensely of the social position of young ladies, and to feel it a terrible sacrifice—usually a sacrifice too terrible to be made,—to marry a girl, however charming, whose family is even a shade lower than his own.

Yet take any dozen matrons of thirty and upwards, and (unless there was something quite remarkable in the match,) you will find that it is only by a struggle of memory that you can recall the maiden names of ten out of the twelve, and that the position of their families makes no shadow of a shade of difference in that of their husbands ! It is just one of those matters in which men's prudence is as extravagant as elsewhere it is lacking.

- 148 How the crowd enjoys a storm of declamation ! At the theatre, at the hustings, in Exeter Hall, in church, in chapel, the speaker who will stoop (like the heire of Lynne) "To run, to roar, to rant, to rave," will carry all before him. Now, as in Hamlet's day, let a man tear his

passion to tatters, and split the ears of the groundlings, and they will yell with joy. Most wise was John Selden's advice to the preacher who would fain be popular,—to preach "*long, loud, and damnation.*"

149 There is a sort of men (and a large sort too) who, though sensible and even able, yet inevitably, if they have committed themselves, after deliberation, to one course, begin to regret the other. The merits of the rejected alternative instantly shine out with tenfold brightness. The merits of the chosen one, just before so sparkling, sink into cloud.

150 Nothing damages a cause so much as to defend it upon untenable grounds; and theologians are now making that fatal mistake with regard to miracles. They are trying to show that miracles may have been in fact a result, a rare and wonderful one, but still a result, of the action of the laws of nature, not a breach of them: and they are for ever reminding us of the unaccountable variations occurring at immense intervals in the calculations of Babbage's machine. But the plain truth is, that if miracles are not believed in as a pure matter of faith, they cannot be believed in at all. No quasi-scientific attempt to connect them with the everyday system of the world's government can succeed. We can see this more clearly if we do not blind our eyes with the word "law." The radical, essential difference between a miracle and an extraordinary incident is this, that the latter, however unique, still is brought about by the action of certain physical forces, greater at the point of contact than the physical forces opposed to them. Whereas in miracles, *a physical effect is brought about without the use of any physical force at all.* This is the vital difference between the two, which no paraphernalia of argument and illustration can possibly do away with.

151 Silence is the severest criticism.

'152 How can men dare, as many have dared, to defend Robespierre's atrocities on the plea that he was compelled to strike right and left to save himself and his government from their enemies?

Take the *Moniteurs* of that time at random, and put the plea to the test by examining the list of victims. Take, *e.g.*, that of July 7, 1794. Seventy-four persons are there accused as "enemies of the people," of whom sixty-nine were guillotined. They were tried in batches. The last batch is as follows:—

"J. N. L'Allemand, aged 56, ex-procureur of the tyrant at Sarreguemines.

N. Harion, aged 60, cultivator of the soil.

M. A. Bordier, aged 30, tailor.

J. Quetier, aged 40, wife of Charbonier, ex-clerk to the aides.

P. Laligrand, aged 36, ex-commissary of the Committee of Public Safety.

M. F. Launay, aged 25, wife of Burke, an English doctor.

F. Bridier, aged 72, widow of Aurai, servant.

C. L. Sauvage, aged 26, mate of merchant ship at Toulon."

How intense a light does this one extract throw on the wild hellish wickedness of those demons, whom men like Louis Blanc hold up to us as angels! Did Robespierre tremble at the poor old widow servant of seventy-two? or at the young wife of five-and-twenty? That he was cruel because he was a coward, may be true. But if so, what intense, loathsome cowardice it must have been! Is it a plea for him, or a more damning confession?

'153 To enjoy life more, strive to enjoy it less.

'154 The good in us is also the bad in us. And *vice versa*.

'155 Alas! alas! for the mere trifle that threw us in the way of our misfortune! How ineffably small a change

would have saved us ! It cuts us to the heart to think that a friend's call, a word lightly spoken, a chance meeting, gave us the petty shove into the bottomless abyss !

In each separate case this is so. And yet there is a want of manly good sense in this lamentation. For are we to expect no calamities ? And if they are to come, the chain that ends with them is sure to have links as feeble as those we are bewailing. Our regret is, practically, a regret not for the smallness of the cause that brought this evil upon us, but for the existence of evil itself.

Moreover, 'tis as broad as it is long. If our misfortunes were tumbled upon our heads by trifles—so too were our fortunes. You may trace your present happiness, not less than your unhappiness, along a line of incidents, which, at some points, a fly's weight would have snapped asunder.

156 No original thinker has a trustworthy judgment.

157 Those thinkers who have told most on the world, have mixed solitude with society in fair proportions. A man must live by himself to know *what* to say ; but in the world to know *how* to say it. Wordsworth is in point. He learned deep wisdom on his mountain sides. But too much mountain side made him (not seldom) prolix and puerile. A man whose talk consists almost wholly of his own talk to himself, naturally grows tedious ; for of course he is always a rapt listener to his own fiddle faddle. Had he to listen to others, he would know the pangs of boredom. Had he to talk to others, he would, perforce, be driven to make his talk bearable.

Then a man loses humour by being much alone. The electric sparks of wit and humour must pass from one body to another to be seen. There is no fun in nature. She smiles, but never laughs. Hers is only a serene cheerfulness.

158 A pine wood is like a battalion in square with the

front ranks kneeling. The outside pines have their outer branches down to the ground, the inner only at top. Hence, so long as the outside ones stand, they keep the whole wood safe and sound. But once break the outer rank, and the cavalry of the winds rages through.

159 "To him that hath is given," everywhere and always.

In manners it is so. The pleasing man, finding that he pleases, and being therefore pleased himself, grows still more pleasing. The painful man, finding that he grates on people, and being thereby stuck up, grows still more painful.

In health it is so. The healthy man hunts, rides, shoots, swims, and grows healthier. The unhealthy stewes in bed-rooms, and grows seedier.

In wealth it is so. All people and all things "give their sum of more to him that had too much." 'Tis the capitalist to whom gain comes of itself.

160 Many and many and many a man and woman lies under the cruel calamity that being ugly, or unpleasing in manner, they must all their days feel themselves shunned and spurned by their fellows, for whom they could feel such warm tenderness. To them how thrice happy seem those whom nature has endued with grace and charms! What would they give to be able to win, not admiration, but bare kindness, from their kind! But it may not be. This heavy, black cloud must rest evermore on their hearts: they can never hope for the endearments of friendship: nay, too often, they cannot even win for themselves those home ties for which they yearn all the more for the coldness of the world. Surely the bright, and beautiful, and joyous might sometimes give a glance of pity on these sufferers. No benevolence could be so benevolent as the simple benevolence of trying to please the unpleasing. And how often do they richly merit, and richly repay such kindness! After all, the nastiest face and the grumpiest manner is, as likely as not, the crust of a true heart and a lofty mind.

On the other side, there is nothing nobler than this : that he who has found coldness where he might have looked for kindness—spurns, neglects, insults, where he might have hoped for esteem and fellowship, instead of being soured, and doing to others what had been done to him, should all the more sedulously strive to bestow on all around the utmost blessings of thoughtful tenderness. This indeed were noble, And, verily, it would have its reward.

- 161 Cruelty evidently exasperates the cruel man still more against his victim, else how could men go on so swiftly from height to height of savage barbarity ? Nor is it difficult to imagine that the cruel man has a secret feeling that his victim is abhorring him, and that justly. Hence, the more he punishes, the more he has to punish.

That is not all. There is excitement in cruelty, and all excitement craves increase.

- 162 The law of love would stretch beyond the reach of the human will, did it require us to feel *emotions* of affection towards our neighbour. It is not within our range to make ourselves glow with love at the bidding of our conscience or our judgment. All the law of love can ask of us is that we should *do* what is kind, not that we should feel kindly. And the endeavour to force emotions in the heart, has led, and can only lead, to self-deceit or despair. Happly the *indirect*, ultimate, effect of acting kindly is to stir up kindness.
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- 163 However well we do, our shortcomings are blamed, more than our successes praised. This makes us indignant ; we think men unjust. But this is of a piece with the whole plan of nature. She has laid it down, (and how wisely !) that where there is evil there is outcry ; while good is noiseless. The man, whose leg is broken, howls and groans. The whole man does not keep on saying, Oh, how well I am : both my legs are

unbroken ! The good need not cry aloud. It wants no eye drawn to it. The bad ought to call forth notice ; else, were we easy while things were out of joint, we should let them go on so till they were dead lame and done for. Certain it is that all men, like Cowper's hares, smell and scratch at any hole in the carpet, while the rest of it lies unmarked. This is why history seems such a Newgate Calendar. This is why our own lives seem so darkly chequered. This is why we think man's lot so black with misery. The pleasant-and-good excites little emotion. Its effect on our imaginations is little more than negative. It is a great coat to keep the cold out—not a fire with warmth in itself ; whereas evil stings us into trying to kill it.

- 164 Now and then one gets a glimpse, an astounding glimpse, (and yet a somewhat pleasant one,) of the unfathomable abyss of stupidity and ignorance in which many of our neighbours are buried—and those not poor people either. I believe that we people of ordinary wits and education really have no conception of the depths of Egyptian darkness in which a considerable body of our countrymen are content to pass their lives !
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- 165 I wish somebody would put together the descriptions, given by historians and by travellers, of the modes in which half barbarous societies are organized. It would be highly interesting to trace the distinctions, and still more the likenesses, in the organization of different nations in far distant lands, in far distant ages, during the corresponding periods of national growth.

There is one stage through which nearly every one of them would be found to have passed,—the stage of feudalism, in which society is an agglomeration of clans or tribes, each under chiefs to whom it owed service, and who gave it protection. This stage has long since been left behind by most European nations, lingering latest perhaps in the Scotch Highlands. But at this day we find society organized in precisely this manner in

the most diverse portions of the globe. The Zemindars of Oude are simply feudal barons, like Front de Bœuf, or Cedric. Stretch across to West Africa—as alien a country as need be—and you find there too that the people are broken up into small clans, each with its “Head Man,” who rules with despotic power.

The forces that thus shape society while young are plain enough. Where the nation is not so far organized as a whole, as that it can protect each of its members by its constituted authority, it is natural that these should run for shelter to any one who, by his greater wealth, strength, or force of character, seems likeliest to aid them. Then this protector of course, as the *quid pro quo*, exacts reverence and submission, and probably tribute too. And thus in time you have the dignified chief, rich and powerful, with poorer and weaker neighbours, not merely surrounding him as at this day they surround the duke’s castle in England, but with a close relation to him as the chief of their clan. Clanship begins, like most human relations, with a bargain. The big man sells protection, the little man sells obedience.

But nature beautifies all her works. And so this mere bargain quickly becomes buried under the luxuriant foliage of the gentle and gracious feelings of loyalty on the one side, paternal care on the other.

And were it not that these feelings of loyalty and *esprit de corps* strike their roots into the soil, in a brief time the power of each chieftain would increase or decrease, till the one potent lord had swallowed up all the rest. For else, as soon as one chief’s retainers saw that another chief was more powerful, they would go over to him in a body, and each accession of strength would be a motive for others, and thus society would continually be in a state of extensive movement towards the centre, to be followed probably by as extensive disintegration at that one man’s death. But, whether this would be a good or an evil in such periods, it is not practically the case. The feelings of allegiance are stronger than those of self-interest. The Macgregors and the Macphersons held their own for ages, unabsorbed by the Gordons and Campbells.

166 Among war's evils is this—that it is the saviour of abuses ; for it does not lessen the grasp of those that live by them, but it does lessen the grasp of those that assail them. In war time men's hearts are with the army. Abuses at home seem trumpery ; men do not go at them with their whole might ; and nothing less can slay them.

167 It would largely add to our happiness if we made it a habit to set our lot beside that of those underfoot, not of those overhead.

But how can we ? Those above us, because they are *fewer*, strike us more than the throng below. And again, they catch the eye more by reason of their greater splendour. The marquis stands out from the level ; the fifty shopkeepers are seen dimly. Hence it comes that we hit exactly the wrong nail on the head. We ought to compare our circumstances with those below, our characters with those above us. In reality we compare our circumstances with those that are better—ourselves with the worse. But after all, this instinct of discontent is invaluable to mankind. To it we owe half our energy.

168 Those communicative egotists who pour out for ever about themselves, always choose reserved persons as their confidants. For they cannot stand their listeners trying to reciprocate. You can always choke them off by expatiating on your grievances, as they expatiate on theirs.

169 Advice leads a hard life of it. Either it is taken and blamed : or taken and forgotten : or not taken at all.

But no one has the right to lay the blame on his bad adviser. He has himself, and only himself, to be wroth with. Why did not he set his own judgment to work, and weigh the advice ? He had no business to dethrone his own mind and give its sceptre to another. If he did, what comes of it lies at his own door.

170 I envy the Turks their serene fatalism. How comfortable it would be if led out to execution, to be able to say, "It is written!"

Very, no doubt. But who could have believed that human nature could possibly so enslave itself to *any* theory; much less to a theory so plainly contrary to the real way in which the world is governed. Depend on it, there is an awful history at the bottom of that fatalistic belief. It could only have been the last refuge of comfort for men who, from generation to generation, had been sunk in hopeless sufferings, and who at length framed a theory which saved the vain struggle after relief.

171 It is only fair that we should love ourselves best. Who has done so much for us? To whom are we so dear? Have not I been my own companion, say fifty years, man and boy, come next Michaelmas! Myself and I have known great happiness together, and great sorrow. We have shared every thought and feeling: we have clung together for richer and poorer, for better for worse. Of what other human being can I say a thousandth part so much? And then, forsooth, I am told to love others better!

172 The question whether it is well for bishops to sit in the House of Lords should be brought to this plain test—What are bishops for? Are they not simply for this—to spread religion as widely, and as thickly, as ever it can be spread, among the people? And would not they be likelier to help this forward, were they at work in their Sees, overlooking their clergy and every good work, than dawdling in the House of Lords and in London society? The Bishop is to be the driver of his diocese. And how can he make the crack of his whip be heard, when he is two hundred miles away? Would not any bank, any factory, any farm, go to ruin, if its manager's eye were withdrawn for six months in the year? And yet there is no bank, no farm, no factory, requiring more ceaseless

and strenuous overlooking, than the clergy in a Bishop's See. We pay Bishops splendidly. We give them greatness as well as wealth. And then we are weak enough to let off half their force, instead of turning the whole on to the promotion of piety.

Do we want Bishops as legislators for the Church? Nay. They never move a finger to legislate for her. If the Church wants more direct representation in Parliament, increase the members of the universities: they represent the clerisy. But, in truth, every M.P. who also belongs to the Church, is interested in legislating for the Church, and in staying legislation against her.

- 173 Many, many, people (especially, I think, women) are exceedingly pleasant in daily life; but society seems to warm up all their latent silliness, and they frisk about and are as tiresome as those horses who are steady enough when alone, but kick and jump in company. The reverse, however, is to be borne in mind. The silly people of society may be sensible enough at home.
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- 174 The thoughtful teacher's aim will be to cherish John Smith the bud, into John Smith, the blossom: not to turn John Smith the rose, into John Smith the fir-tree. In other words, he will try to make the most of the child's special nature: not to squeeze it into the shape of some fixed model. But how is that possible with this dead weight of Latin grammar to be borne by all the boys? Special cultivation of special natures is scarce possible without a greater variety of studies, so that one could be set in the way of studying natural history, another geometry, another history, a fourth language, and so forth. Still much might be done even now, and especially in drawing out the thoughtfulness of thoughtful boys, and the taste of the tasteful. Three boys out of five have in them a considerable natural capacity for thinking, which is left utterly waste. If their teacher would stimulate them to look into the causes of phenomena—if he would put them in the way

of asking, "Why is this?" "How comes that?" an astonishing degree of spirit and vivacity would be given to their minds; and their enjoyment of life, both at school and afterwards, would be largely enhanced. So might their sense of the beautiful be immensely developed, by their teachers sedulously drawing their eyes to mark the grace of all natural forms, and the loveliness of all natural hues; and making the study of English poetry a large portion of their work. How far brighter, and how far more telling, would school teaching be, if it aimed at thus drawing out the powers of imagination and reflection, instead of solely seeking to teach application of mind by the driest of human studies.

- 175 It would be well worth a man's while, once for all, resolutely, calmly, deliberately, to set himself face to face with the truth, that in the journey through life, he must, inevitably, have to push through a multitude, not of calamities only, but of aggravations. To some extent, most of us feel this about great ills. We bear them, feeling that "man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward." But we regard ourselves as cruelly outraged by the petty vexations that scratch us: and we should cast them aside more easily, if, instead of being taken aback by small unpleasantnesses, as by unlooked for things, we could say to ourselves, "Well, well, this is only what I am prepared for. My mind is made up to my being rapped over the knuckles at proper intervals, so I'll e'en take it easily." Much petty fretting would be saved, had we grappled with—had we mastered—the truth, that *a thousand vexations have to be gone through*: so their kind matters little.
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- 176 There is this radical fault in making dead languages the one grand subject matter of school teaching, that after all in learning them, the boy's mind is never striving to make out *truths*. It is solely occupied in moving words about; trying to say,—in the words which dead gentlemen of two thousand years ago would

have used,—things in themselves often of no moment or interest whatever ! Surely, surely no education is really good, unless it sets boys seeking after truth, and teaching them to handle it.

People say, “Look at the result ! What fine fellows we English are !” True : but not finer than our other advantages—our sturdy breed, our invigorating climate, our plentiful animal food, our manly habits, our wealth, our vast commerce, our freedom, our religion—would entitle us to expect. And to say truth, in point of intelligence, an English gentleman can rarely hold his own with a foreigner of the same rank. That *is* so, and not pleasant to think of.

177 Experience shows that it is the trading, and therefore the wealthy, countries of the world with whom literature most flourishes. And it would *à priori* have seemed indisputably obvious that the reason must be that, by the accumulation of wealth, a leisure class was created, with time and energy free for the procreation of literature.

This turns out not to be so at all. The leisure class is, it is true, essential ; but it is only as readers, not as writers ; as consumers, not as producers. Almost without exception the writers whose writings have told on the world have been poor men, forced to slave for their living. The leisure class has scarcely produced a dozen first-rate authors.

178 It is fine to see a man turn about and fight a bold battle with his circumstances when they are trying to throttle him ; and that, whether 'tis done in little things or in big. We all admire a man who dashes his way up to fame from obscurity, who climbs the heights of greatness, or of knowledge, out of a low estate, or even one who achieves wealth from poverty. But it is a pretty thing, too, this battling against circumstances, when it is merely the servant girl's endeavour to keep hold to the country in town, by cherishing a few flowers at her window, or a busy man's long-lasting, long-baffled struggle

to squeeze study and thought into his life, despite its turmoils. In a thousand trifling matters, how much happiness and how much good each of us loses by folding his hands and saying, "I must be content," where a little pluck would wring the boon out of the hand of fortune !

179 *Παθήματα μαθήματα*, said the Greek. "Experience is the extract of suffering," says Mr. Arthur Helps. And yet we see every day that those who have suffered will go on blundering and blundering as much as if mother Nature had never laid them across her knee and whipped them for the blunders they made before. It is quite wonderful how little sound judgment is given by experience ; how much more it is a gift with which a man must be born, just as a poet with his poetry.

But the reason must be that we do not take pains to get out of suffering that extract. The wide difference between the fool that one is, and the sage that one might be, lies in this, that the fool one is, does not set his mind to work on what befalls him, to get the wisdom out of it. Whereas, to become the wise man one might be, one ought to watch each incident, and reflect—bend the mind back to note the truth it is ready to teach.

The difference in the value of the same incident to different men might be exemplified as follows :—a gentleman out hunting, saw a horse, admired it immensely, bought it on the spot, and found the day after that the horse was dying ; his tongue had somehow been pulled out, and this was why his scoundrel of a master had sold him.

Now, one man would learn nothing at all from this. Three weeks after he would buy another horse in just the same hurry.

A second would take good care never to buy a horse again without looking into his mouth to see if his tongue was all right. He would have learnt a lesson from experience ; but a poor and paltry one.

A third would rise a little higher, and resolve never to buy a horse again in a hurry from a stranger, for fear of some hidden fault.

But the fourth would gain the still more valuable inference, to act with more slowness and caution, not in buying horses only, but in all affairs. To him the tongueless horse has taught a maxim applicable to the whole conduct of life. And he (and he alone of the four) would, by going through the same process in a thousand other cases, gradually build up in his mind that body of principles, applicable to the conduct of life, which goes by the name of practical wisdom.

- 180 One of those unique traits of Christianity which set it far apart from all other religions, is its bold thwarting of the high-churchism of human nature. By that I mean the strong bent in man to make religion an affair of observances, of hierarchies, of buildings, of forms and ceremonies, of days and feasts; not of the soul itself, and of the life led. All the heathen world over, you find that religion is a thing to be *performed*, not a thing to be thought, felt, and *done*. No doubt we see this almost as much in Christendom. But that is the corruption, not the essence, of Christianity. The New Testament lays not the smallest stress on the dignity of the hierarchy, on the sacredness of buildings, on modes of worship, on the organization of the ecclesiastical commonwealth, on days or ceremonies or forms of any kind. No. It simply bids us believe, and *act well by others*.
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- 181 I wonder clergymen do not more sedulously dwell in their sermons on the unspeakable loveliness of Christ's conduct in His daily life. Surely they confine themselves too much to the preaching of doctrine and morality, and lay disproportionate stress on the subject of redemption. Surely they would tell more on the popular mind, were they more given to illustrate from His history the ineffable wisdom, tenderness, self-denial, and courage, the exhibition of which, doubtless, was meant to awaken in mankind a more fervent love of goodness.

182 Give self-control, and you give the essence of all well-doing, in mind, body, and estate. Morality, learning, thought, business, success—the master of himself can master these.

Every one allows this. Every one sees that it is self-control that bestows the blessings of perseverance, punctuality, due observance of all duties, kindness, courtesy Why then is it not one of the first aims of those who bring up youth, to teach self-control?

How can it be taught? Never, at any rate, unless with government there is freedom. If a boy's life be always squared for him, if his dread of punishment alone be appealed to, if his own judgment and conscience be never left free to choose between the evil and the good, how shall he learn self-government? Depend upon it, neither boys nor nations can grow into the fulness of manhood, of self-reliance and self-mastery, unless they drink deep of freedom. He, whose eye is always on that of a director, can never learn to direct himself. A few mischiefs for the time would be well made up for in after-life, if, in school as well as out, discipline were combined with larger liberty.

183 Quite amazing are the flat contradictions as to bare facts which respectable eye-witnesses will give. Try, for example, to make out from those who have dwelt in a strange land, what really is the mode of life there, or any other outward matter which the eye can see and the hands handle, and whatever Smith has affirmed, Johnson will be certain to deny. We know nothing—not even what we ourselves have looked at.

184 In order to do right, a man clearly must have three things :

(1) The wish to do it.—This is goodness.

(2) The knowledge of what he ought to do.—
This is wisdom.

(3) The force of will to make himself do it.—
This is strength.

No one then can do right unless he is good, wise, and strong ! What wonder we fail !

185 Cursed be chatter-boxes. They are the pest of society. Blessed be chatter-boxes. They are the salt of dull lives.

186 Among the things that make a portentous difference between the happiness of one man's lot and that of another's, talkativeness is one of the largest. Very striking is the excess of enjoyment of life in one home over that in another, arising simply from this, that in the one, the meals are scenes of chat and laughter, among the father and mother and children ; while, in the other, each repast is merely the solemn funeral of so much food. I believe we English are poorer in this kind of wealth than we need be. Chat can be grown like other things. Dumpishness thickens under neglect.

The man most likely to keep his home lively is the man of quiet humour, for that has a knack of bubbling up on all occasions ; whereas wit requires the collision of flint and steel. Humour can strike the driest incident, and make the stream of fun flow down from it. And the quieter it is, the more perennial.

Humour certainly is an excellent family quality. Besides its gaiety, it shows kindness—as we see from its being the twin sister of pathos.

Humour, moreover, is an infallible sign of sense. A silly man cannot be humorous. Nay, high humour often implies thought and imagination.

187 Wonderful is the power of epithets. Hear the one word that paints him, and your bad (or good) opinion of a man leaps, as it were, into life. You have liked A. B. pretty well for years. At last some one calls him a milk-sop. It irradiates him like a flash of lightning. Thenceforth you know him for what he is.

188 The principles on which bishops should be chosen do

not seem to me to be well understood. The common feeling appears to be that if a man has shown exalted piety, mildness, gentleness—if he has written some profound theological works, or preaches very eloquent sermons, he is the fit timber to make a bishop of.

Now these are very good things, but they are not the essential qualifications for an “over-looker.” What is a bishop’s work? He is not to be himself the parish priest, the preacher, or the teacher; he is not to fight God’s battle as a common soldier. His work is to see to it that others are fighting—to stir them up to the strongest labour. His business is to get the maximum of good preaching, good living, and charities of all sorts out of the clergy under his charge.

Clearly then, what you want in him are powers of command, force of will, a clear, strong judgment, promptitude and rapidity, with a kindly temper and courtesy; in short, the power not of *falling on*, but of *setting on*. He must be such an one that the clergy will ever feel a keen eye and a strong hand over them; which will be down upon them if they relax.

Now a mild bishop of strong literary tastes, is the very man who would be least likely to be of this vigorous and invigorating sort. He would be reading the Fathers, or preparing his grand sermon, when he ought by rights to be deep in the details of the Rev. ——’s squabble with his parishioners, or the Rev. ——’s complaints against his rector.

In a word, you want a bishop to be a General, who can lead others—a man of business who can handle tangled trifles with decision.

At the same time he must not be without the nobler moral qualities; he ought to set his clergy the example of a true Christian life, and show the world that the Generals of the Lord’s army breathe the spirit of their King.

189 Good-natured, easy people are mostly weak-willed. Hence they are often somewhat harsh. For they enjoy being so from its giving them the sweet rare taste of

wilfulness. They delude themselves for the moment with the idea that they too can be stout on occasion.

190 To get all the work out of subordinates you must praise them ; but your praise to be drastic must be painstaking praise ; not vague approval, but the showing of definite insight into merits. Give your subordinate the idea that his doings are not merely looked over, but looked *into*, and the good in them admired, and you double his force.

191 I am coming to the conclusion that, if all their circumstances could be taken into account, we should find that men's modes of life, however stupid they look to us, are upon the whole the most comfortable they could have adopted. To improve upon them they would have had not to mend them here and there, but to get further off, and alter the conditions that gave them their general character. Those distant conditions remaining as they are, those modes of life are the happiest.

192 In *extent*, sorrow is boundless. It pours from ten million sources, and floods the world. But its *depth* is small. It drowns few. Every one has many griefs to buffet with. But it is rare to find men, or even women, *overwhelmed* by calamity. We live on—nay, as a rule, we are cheerful.

193 No prudent man will embark on an undertaking till his first enthusiasm about it has gone off. It is painful to find oneself a stranded jelly-fish.

194 If you dislike anybody, you may justly feel aggrieved if he will give you no reason for disliking him. It is a fair ground for disliking him still more.

195 The usual escape from the unfathomable mystery of the existence of evil, is by pretending that evil

does not exist. It is said that suffering and sin do but bring about a still higher good than could have been without them : so that in fact they are *not* evil but good.

But common sense is too strong for this verbiage. We know too well that misery is misery : that death by starvation, cancer, the loss of a child, murder, adultery, *are* evils : and that, even if things be set right some day, still the wickedness done, and the anguish borne, have been things to deplore, not to rejoice over. In other words, there *is* evil in the world, however it came there.

If so, logic exclaims, it must follow, either that God is not all good, or that He is not all mighty.

But reason replies, that logic argues well so far as she sees : but that above her ken there is a third alternative—the alternative that she knows nothing about it. And only in that humbling alternative can the mind rest.

196 There is a profoundly intimate bond between vanity and love. No small part of the deliciousness of love (to young lovers, if not to old ones) lies in this, that in building castles in the air, the lover can not only imagine himself the hero of a hundred splendid deeds, but can provide himself with *a spectator whose admiration is worth winning*. He draws romantic scenes, in which he displays prodigies of genius and valour, and always there is Fanny standing by, giving zest to his exploits by her smiles. Has not the beginning of all romance writing been just this, that the story-teller told aloud the glowing tale of glorious exploits, of which in his castle-building he had himself been the hero ? Does not the hearer relish it mainly because he becomes himself incarnate in the hero of the tale, and he finds his own castles in the air reproduced in more brilliant colours than those that he himself could paint with ? And the heroine is there, more to give piquancy to the hero's self-admiration, more as a spectator of his heroism, than as the absorbing idol of his affections. Which of us in youth did not *become* Ivanhoe ?—he was not an object

outside us for our admiration and interest, he was ourself, clothed in armour, and living six hundred years ago. And the Lady Rowena's value lay mainly (I do not say wholly) in her being such a spirit-stirring admirer of our achievements. The fair rewards the brave, not so much by gratifying his love, as by gratifying his vanity, with applause the flavour of which is exquisite, being the applause of the beautiful.

- 197 History ought to make you see the people and the events that are gone, even *more* truly, and even *more* vividly, than if you had stood by at the time. This seems, perhaps, extravagant. It is not so. We ought to judge more truly, from afar, than at hand : because our view ought to be a larger one. The beginnings and the endings ought to be clearer. The *pros* and the *cons* may have made themselves heard. The men themselves may have been more unfolded by their letters and other documents than by their talk. Yes, history ought to be able to give a truer picture, than any one bystander could draw. And a history that does not do that, or nearly that, is not first rate, however agreeably told, however elaborately composed.
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- 198 A proposed reform should not have the whole mass of reasons on its side. When the struggle lies between reason and reason, the stronger reason may win. But when it is a struggle between reason on one side, and sheer stupidity on the other, the stupidity is very apt to hang on like grim death, till reason drops back exhausted.
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- 199 I see that very many persons hold that the evil in the world comes from an Evil Power—(say the Devil)—which is warring against the Good Power, and gains the upper hand for a while, though some day to be defeated. And this doctrine is a comfortable one, inasmuch as then we have not to puzzle ourselves with the thought that a Good, Wise, Almighty God is the author of suffering.

But here seems to be a fatal objection. Some of the sharpest evil in the world is clearly a *part of a beneficent system*:—not a breach of the system, as it would be, were it shot from the bow of a devil.

Pain, for example, is unquestionably a large black branch of the great tree of evil. And yet, clearly, pain is merely an instrument for keeping man from harming that exquisite machine, his body. The dread of pain withholds him from breaking that machine. The presence of pain drives him, when it is broken, to get it mended. Here, then, we see that pain, though a grievous evil, yet has been invented and provided by the Maker, not by the Murrer, of nature.

So, too, with fear. No greater agony, no evil more unbearable, than the torment of fear. Yet plainly this instinct was set in us for our good, by One who wished us well, and not by one who wished us ill.

A large part then of the suffering in the world tends to good, and is owing to the wise and kindly laws of our Maker, not to the interference of an Evil Power.

200 Most persons' religious feelings would be shocked, if they were told that the whole man, body and soul, was developed by a natural process from the original germ, as much as an oak from the acorn. The common belief is, that the *soul* is breathed into man by his Creator as it were from without: that the immortal spirit is, so to speak, taken and put into him.

By the soul I mean that higher spiritual part of us which reasons and which gives moral law to us, and which looks up to a God,—in short, that part of us which distinguishes us from the animal creation.

But now is it not indisputable, that these moral and intellectual faculties, no less than the physical features of our bodies, come down from father to son? that (with individual variations of course) each generation take its moral and intellectual features from the generation by which it was begotten? Influence from without may in time raise or debase the individual; but, barring that, men are as strongly stamped with a likeness to their

fathers in spiritual respects as in their bodily characteristics. The Englishman inherits from the Anglo-Saxon race manliness, openness, honesty, truth, and therein may be contrasted with the wily Greek, or Oriental. The Fiji Islander as much resembles the Fiji Islander of thirty years ago in his mind and morals as in his body. Now will any man say that this is merely the effect of education? No; it surely is the effect of generation. Education no doubt moulds, but that which is moulded comes from the race.

Well, but if this be so, it surely follows that the spirit of man is not breathed into him, but is passed on from father to son. Clearly, if all those traits, by which we know the soul of man, pass on from father to son, then we can only conclude that the soul itself is begotten, as well as the body.

It will be said, How can this be? But what do we know about the cans and cannots? Nothing is more shallow than to argue that this cannot be, when we are utterly in the dark as to all the conditions and nature of the case.

201 Here is a thing that strikes one in dealing with men. Several gentlemen are associated to carry through some business; most of them, though able perhaps, and with their hearts in the work, yet go to it loosely,—they attend when they conveniently can—they pick up their knowledge as may happen—merely glance at the papers, and form their opinions about the matter in a chance sort of way. But some one fellow, perhaps below them in real wisdom and ability, will go at the thing tooth and nail. He never fails to be at the meetings, whether he can or not: he lets nothing slip past him: he *studies* every paper: he writes down his remarks on each: he thinks the matter over thoroughly, and has his mind already clear when the discussions come on. In fact he masters the business, and so it comes that he is master of the business, not only in the way of knowing it, but also in the way of guiding it. Aye, and he also becomes master of his co-mates. They all by degrees lean upon him, and yield to him, and throw the pack more and

more on the willing horse. At last he comes to bear the whole burden. Yes, but then he bears it where he will ; and can feel that he has done his work like a man instead of like a dawdle ; and he gets a good name as a strong handler of business,—three things even pleasanter than self-indulgence.

202 The most delicate question in morals that people in general have to solve is, how far kindness justifies falsehood ? How far may you veil or colour the truth, in order to spare people's feelings ?

In the short run, taking the one case by itself, tenderness seems better than truth. It seems more right to save your friend from pain, than to tell him how things really stand. But, in the long run, I fancy, pure truthfulness would give the most pleasure and save the most pain. Not of course that you need go about telling uncalled-for truths ; but all you do say should be unswervingly straightforward. What comfort there is in a man or woman in whom you know that there is no guile ; in whose words you can wholly trust, without having to take off an unknown quantity that may have been put on to please you. On the other hand, people, like the Irish, who are so kindly that they will be always garbling the truth into an agreeable shape—how they vex your soul ;—how you long for a little rough homely truthfulness, instead of such “ making things pleasant.”

203 The fact that in all animal (and in all vegetable ?) life there is no such thing as a perfectly straight line—that all lines are in curves—is one of the most curious and interesting that the microscope has brought out. And now cannot it be applied in architecture ? We know that in the Greek temples every line had a curve however gentle. Would not Gothic architecture also be wonderfully softened and enriched by the application of the same principle ? Would not a window be more graceful if its lintels were, however faintly, bowed outwards ? if its mullions were round, and had the least

imaginable swell towards the middle, as all Greek columns have? Might not even the edges of a tower be brought down in curved lines by buttresses formed of a succession of curved props? At least, this is worth thinking of. Certainly there is a *hard sharp* look about even the noblest modern buildings.

- 204 Novels should be pictures of life. They should not aim at a moral any more than a Claude or a Raphael does. The moral may of its own force breathe upon you from them. You may be the better for looking at them, as you are the better for looking at a lovely view. But the feeling should come of itself. And on the same ground novels are radically wrong which aim at laughing down the foibles and follies of mankind. Even *Pickwick* would have been more charming, if the satirical vein had been kept out. In fact it is admirable in spite of its satire, not by reason of it.
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- 205 People usually make it a point of honour to fire up when a friend of theirs is attacked, and bluster a great deal, as if they had been themselves laughed at; but they would serve their friend far better by quietly putting forward what may be said for him, and even by making some fair admission as to his failings. By storming that you won't hear a word against your friend, you stop his detractors' mouths for the moment; but you have not made them like him a bit better.
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- 206 Boswell quotes, as an example of the very "perfection of language," the following sentence from Johnson's Dictionary: "When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of series in their own nature collateral?" The sentence is a decidedly dark one, till it has been looked at two or three times; and to speak of a *root branching* out into *parallel ramifications* is one of the most awkward images in literature.

207 There is no lack of strong talk, really sound, sensible talk, and clever talk, and witty talk, and humorous talk to be had—no lack of it at all. But might there not be more of a gay, reckless, easy-going converse, with good stuff in it as well? The manner of our talk is all too sober; it wants more dash, it wants brighter colour.

208 The problem, why should mankind be so bad, so selfish, so silly, is brought home sharply to one's heart, if one sees a fine, sensible, honourable, warm-hearted man; a lovely, gentle, intelligent girl; a sweet, good, wise mother; joyous, spirited, yet docile children. Then one can't help feeling, the thing *was possible!* There is nothing in the nature of the case, then, to prevent men and women from being sweet, wise, and good. If some are so, why not all?

209 People abuse Parliament as if the speechifying were all mere windy talk. Bear in mind that the talk talked in Parliament has talked us into being the richest, mightiest, safest, happiest people on the face of the earth. The cant now talked by Carlyle and others against talk, strikes me as fudge. Why talk is the greatest *lever* in the world. In all business talk gives the impulse and the teaching.

210 One ought to like a man for subjugating himself wholly to principle; but some men are so close-reefed, that you cannot help longing to see them shake their sails out, and run before the breeze of worldly motives.

211 What is the essence of tiresomeness? Some of the cleverest, most animated, and best-hearted people get all almost beyond endurance, when you see much of them. Not that they are bores. It is an altogether different thing. They are not dull; they are not bores. But they take your head and rattle it about as Punch does the hangman's.

212 I can imagine divine talk, where an original man should just fling out his thoughts of all kinds with absolute ease and gaiety—not seeking to dazzle, yet enjoying the effect he produces; charming the minds of all round him to fly with him after his fancies, and to think with him his deeper thoughts. But, to make up my ideal, the talker must be a very *genial* man; not swallowed up by his own talk, but eager to draw out the minds of those round him, and to hear them chime in.

213 How in the world can any one, who has lived much with animals, fancy that they are driven only by a blind, inevitable instinct, compelling them to do what they do, without any play of mind or will? Why, not merely in dogs, but in birds, a constant exercise of judgment may be observed. You can see that they feel doubt—that they are not sure what to do; and that it is by looking at the state of things before them, that they decide how to act.

214 Is not the fact that such a tale as that of the saving of the animal creation by Noah's Ark, is still believed wholly, and without any effort, by nearly all Christians,—is not this fact alone enough to show one the vast *swallow* of human nature? Let people but fancy that it is a part of their religion to hold such or such a notion, and whatever the notion is, they can gulp it down.

215 We puzzle ourselves by looking at matters too much in the abstract, especially religious matters. Thus we are revolted by the idea that the Maker of all things can hate any of His creatures, or condemn them to misery hereafter. Such a notion seems preposterous in this abstract form.

Now read the following passage. “In the midst of his degradation, the child (Louis XVII.) had some memory of his former feelings and habits. Simon detected him one night kneeling in his bed, with his

hands joined, and appearing to say his prayers. The impious wretch seized a pitcher of water, icy cold—the night was the 14th of January—and flung it over him, exclaiming, ‘I’ll teach you to say your paternosters, and to get up in the night like a trappist!’ Nor was that all: he struck him on the face with his iron-heeled shoe The child, shivering and sobbing, endeavoured to escape from the soaking mattress by sitting on the pillow, but Simon dragged him down, and stretched him on the bed swimming with water.”

I want to know, is it possible to believe that a perfectly holy, just, and loving God could look upon Simon without abhorrence of his unutterable cruelty? If we choose to imagine the Most High to be a mere abstraction without feeling, then no doubt we may believe that such atrocities do not awaken His wrath, or meet with the penalties they deserve. But, if we believe Him to feel love for man, then it seems to me that we must believe Him to feel hatred of villains.

Again, take the case of a mean, sneaking, cowardly rascal, who spends his life in cheating. Is it not a tax on our credulity too great to be paid, if you tell us that such an one as that is looked upon with perfect love by the all-holy God? Do we not feel that it is by reason of all that is godlike within us—by reason of our justice, of our mercy, of our truth—that we shrink back with loathing from such wretches as Marat or Fouché?

I am not touching on what is really meant by hell, or on the eternity of punishment. But this strikes me as clear, that if our Lord and Master has any feeling at all towards men, He could not but drive from His presence such fiends as those I have mentioned. I cannot but regard it as a theory without facts, to say that God surely would not have created any one in order to torment him, and that, accordingly, He cannot but receive *all* men into happiness hereafter. On the contrary, I see that the more pure and holy our God is, the more must He abhor those who are base and cruel.

217 So strongly does man tell upon man, that even originality is increased by being with the original, and dulness by being with the dull.

218 It seems to me that we usually misunderstand the meaning of sacrifices. We think that the nations who make them, do so in the trust that the wrath of their God may be spent upon the victims they offer, instead of being poured out upon themselves. And we strengthen our belief in that interpretation of Christ's death on the cross, by pointing to the almost universal and perhaps instinctive tendency of human nature to offer sacrifices.

But is it not the fact, that the sacrifices of the heathen in reality are merely a sort of black mail paid to a grasping and fierce deity?—an offering to him of what the people love best, in hopes of satiating and soothing him? I believe their feeling is much that which leads a small boy at school to give his apple to the big tyrant of the bed-room. This has not the faintest likeness to our usual idea connected with a sacrifice, viz., that the wrath which should fall on the man, falls on the offering.

219 Many persons actually think they are committing sin, in doubting the truth of the religious dogmas they have been taught; they will ask pardon for having had their minds fouled with such wicked questionings. Whereas, in fact, it is a good thing in itself, and a good sign of a man's mind, that he should ask himself boldly, "Is there not a lie in my right hand? Are these things, that I have sucked in with my mother's milk, true, or are they false?" Of course he should ask himself this in a spirit of truth-seeking, not for the pleasure of looking down upon what his betters look up to.

220 In looking forward to the world to come, we can't help hoping (not that it is anywhere so set down by the Word of God) that we shall there become masters of all

knowledge and wisdom. Yet, after all, the great pleasure of knowledge is not in having knowledge, but in getting it. Would not then a perfect intuition kill, instead of quickening, our delight.

Why, very likely we shall have to search for truth there, as well as here; but the search may be more charming, the truths found more wonderful?

And further, though nature spurs us on to seek knowledge, by making the chase itself enjoyable, yet this pleasure is not the *end* of the pursuit—it is only meant to cheer us on. The real good to be got, is that we should raise ourselves in the scale of being by widening, strengthening, elevating our minds. The case is just like that of our bodily appetites. How delicious is a draught of cool water to a hot and dusty wayfarer! but the delight is merely given, by the way, to set him drinking. Nature's real aim is, not to tickle the palate, but to keep the body going. It is the same as to knowledge.

221 It is an every-day thing to hear people say, "What a shame!" "What a cheat he must be!" "What a rascal he is!" &c., &c., because Mr. Smith sets what seems an extravagantly high price on the thing he sells or lets. So natural is it to feel this moral indignation, that it is a hard matter to persuade yourself or anybody else, that Mr. Smith is not to be blamed at all—that he is perfectly right to get as much as he can, so long as he gives you full and fair warning of what price he means to ask, and also so long as the thing he vends is really as good as he says it is. Of course, if the thing is worse than he would have it seem, or if he allows you to buy a thing under the idea on your part, from common usage, that it will cost one shilling, and then charges you two, he is a cheat; he has deceived you, in order to get something out of you, which is the sound definition of cheating.

Perhaps, too, if he has you in his power, if he knows that you must have the thing he has got, he is not acting as he ought when he greatly enhances the price of that thing. It seems to me, that he may fairly enhance

it a little, for your need of it makes it actually of more value to you—it is worth ten pounds to you now, though, under ordinary circumstances, it would only be worth five pounds. But he ought not to press hardly upon you from your being in necessity. It would be ungenerous ; but it would not be rascality.

222 I scarcely know any very hard working men, in any line of work, who are lively talkers in general society. Such men are often very delightful in a tête-à-tête, but rarely indeed are they diners-out of the first, or even of the second, water.

223 There are those who, with no advantages, with no rank, or wealth, or charms, yet somehow slide into all society with an ease quite amazing ; while people of a hundred times their charm, to say nothing else, find a glass pane between them and the world. How comes it ?

224 I suppose every man who lives in a whirl of work and pleasure is for ever haunted by a dim longing for peace and ease by a running stream, with bees and all that. But what I want to know is, whether the converse is true ? Are the quiet people feverish for excitement ? Do the tench wish they were trout in a mill-stream ?

225 How provokingly stubborn people are against the clearest arguments ! Yes, and not wholly without reason. For, though you have set forth your side with almost irresistible force, how can your hearer be sure that, if he were as clever an advocate as you, he might not be able to upset all your strong reasonings ? It may be, not his lack of truth, but his lack of skill, that makes your cause seem triumphant.

226 De Retz remarks, that Envy is a far more universal feeling than is generally imagined. Is there any one who does not at times think bitterly, Why should not I

have had So-and-so's charm of manners, or sweetness of temper, or wealth, or rank, or leisure, or industry? What an unlucky dog I am, while others are flourishing like a green bay tree! Even David—king, poet, prophet, husband of numbers of beautiful wives, father of beautiful boys and girls—even he was tormented by this feeling.

It is a good way of meeting it, to say to oneself, Come, now, what individual is there with whom you would like to make a *complete exchange*—to give him the whole of your nature and circumstances, and take to yourself, instead, the whole of his mind, body, and estate? If not—if there be no one with whom you would like to make a thorough *swap* like that—it is plainly absurd for you to envy another, when, upon the whole, your case seems to you better than his; when there are such drawbacks to his good luck, that, taking him altogether, you would rather be yourself than he.

Another good way of meeting that feeling, is to *form a habit* of laying your circumstances alongside those that are worse; whereas one's natural tendency is to lay them alongside those that are better.

- 227 You sometimes see a man delighted at his own freedom of thought—at having broken the bondage of “superstition,” quite unaware that in doing so he is a mere slave to vanity, or perhaps to the opinions of the clique into which he has fallen. He alone is really free who heartily seeks after *truth*, untrammelled by tradition on the one side, and by the pride of walking alone on the other.
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- 228 How close the likeness between the weather and the moods of the mind. Now dull and overcast—now brilliant gleams—and then, perhaps, a whole day of unclouded sunshine.
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- 229 That “life,” the vital principle, is merely one form of that physical force with which the world is filled, seems clear from this—that else, when a living thing dies, be it animal or vegetable, there must be an actual *extinction* of

its life—its vital principle must fairly vanish. For we cannot fancy that its life is hanging about in the air, ready to be caught up and put into some other body. If it turns into some other of the unnumbered forms of force, it is accounted for ; but else, in death, there must be an end of it. Now, to suppose that each year there is a new creation of a vast quantity of animal and vegetable life, and that each year there is an extinction of the life which had thus been brought into being, is absurd. Suppose, on the other hand, that, as each creature dies, its "life" turns into heat, light, electricity, or what not ; and that, as each creature is born, a certain quantity of heat, light, electricity, or what not, is resolved into the "life" requisite for that creature ; then you see at once that the equilibrium of the world is maintained.

- 230 To take an old diamond out of the casket in which it has lain forgotten, is as good as to find a new diamond. So with truth. To strike men's eyes with an old maxim, is as good as to think out a fresh one—nay better ; for the best truths are old.
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- 231 Meeting again with long-parted friends is not all pleasure. You feel some little embarrassment, hardly knowing where to begin. You and he can't be hitched into gear again without an effort. Such heaps of things done, and happened, yet none seem worth telling just then.
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- 232 It is much more interesting to a thoughtful man to be thrown into the broad stream of life, in middle age, than to have been familiar with it from the first. It comes before him more strikingly, more freshly, when he has been shut up far away, till he is of an age to mark the strangeness of the scene, and ponder it.
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- 233 It may be as well for an author, artist, orator, or what-not, to assure himself of this : that, be his work as good

as need be, yet, if half the world likes it, the other half won't. What hits the fancy of A.B. M., must and will hurt the fancy of N.O. Y. Z. For one half the world has a different sort of soul from the other half.

- 234 Putters-off till to-morrow have joys of their own that the world dreams not of—not merely the delight of putting-off (in itself exquisite), but the radiant glow of self-admiration, when, arrears having gathered beyond all bearing, a rush is made at them, and they are cleared off in no time.
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- 235 I should like to know from young ladies : Which is best ? to be flirted with and forsaken, or not to be flirted with at all ? I suspect the former ; they do so dearly love being made much of.
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- 236 We pity people too much. We forget the *vis inertiae*,—the power of bearing—in human nature.

We pity people too little : only he who has the wound, knows its agony ; pain can only be felt for, when felt.

We pity people too much. Life has a thousand interests, always growing, always bursting into leaf and flower, which will soon cover the gap.

We pity people too little. All bright things now add to the blackness. All delights are now laden with bitterness. He is gone who would have shared them.

- 237 Seven years ago, I see, I noted down——as being the happiest man I knew. Two years after, he died of a broken heart !
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- 238 What an exceedingly useful and powerful influence on human arrangements the idea has, that *people will expect you to do so and so*. What a world of expense, labour, and self-sacrifice gentlemen will go through, to satisfy this expectation. Every day you hear somebody say,

“ Oh ! I *must* do this, I *must* do so and so, it can't be helped ; it's a great bore, but of course I must. . . people will expect it of me.” On this ground alone one man stands for his county, though he hates parliament, and wants the £10,000 ; another gives great banquets to guests who bore him ; another subscribes to charities he does not care for. . . each acting not from any good he expects to get, nor from the fear of any harm he seeks to avoid, but from a kind of association of ideas. People will expect it, therefore of course it has to be done.

239 The years of life seem like the hops of a “ duck and drake ” on a pond—the first much the longest.

240 Far the best part of a man's thoughts are those which are for ever coming and going again and again in his mind, as he looks on the world about him ; but which he never dreams of putting into words, because they are almost too much a part and parcel of himself to be set apart and looked at. The unconscious study of human nature, the unconscious deepening of his knowledge and insight, the unconscious formation of principles and rules of conduct, these are of far more value than any conclusions he sets forth in words.

241 The grandest quality is magnanimity ; yet this is just one of the priceless jewels that may lie hid under a dunghill of bad manners, cross tempers, oddities, vices, and what not, and no man dreams it is there, till one day out it shines.

By magnanimity, I mean that largeness of soul which enables a man, even when he is hurt, to see both sides of people's conduct, to own the justness of their motives, or the force of their temptations ; and which also keeps a man from taking for granted, that to have fallen foul of ME, the glorious John Smith, must, of course, be the most heinous crime in the world !

242 Not only is there no rose without a thorn, but it is the rose that has thorns. The very thing that was to have been your delight,—that very thing proves your plague.

243 A great deed, a striking book, a noble speech, sets a man up high before the eyes of all the land ; and he deems his fame made. It is made. But that very hour it begins to be unmade. In a month it is faded : in a year it is gone. If a man would keep himself aloft, his wings must make stroke upon stroke.

Success soon palls. The joyous time is, when the breeze first strikes your sails, and the waters rustle under your bows.

244 A man, yes and a woman too, may be highly irritable, and yet be sweet, tender, gentle, loving, sociable, genial, kind, charitable, thoughtful for others, unselfish, generous. This is actually so.

245 You give less offence by paying no civility at all than by paying it disrespectfully.

246 How often we see men of ability and ambition, who could strike out a career, chained down ; while mere *fainéants* are in Parliament, or in power, with the openings before them, uncared for, which to those would be heaven itself !

247 Tennyson is the bard of dull scenery. A ditch with marigolds, a fen, a bare down, these touched by him glow with beauty.

248 Novelists have left almost wholly waste one large and interesting field. Why do none of them give us a vivid picture of *servant* life, as seen from within ? Servants come into novels freely enough, but merely as a chance

help to the tale. What I want is, that some genial man should go about amongst them, should really lay hold on their thinkings and feelings, and not merely give us an odd character here and there, but let us into the general idea of servant life. Let us feel ourselves to be butlers and ladies' maids for the time, instead of masters and mistresses.

If well done, this would teach us much worth knowing. We do not stand as we ought towards those who work for us. We have not enough fellow-feeling with them ; and one reason is, that we and they rarely talk together easily. The novelist then would do well to draw up the veil, which we cannot raise for ourselves.

Be sure that if we saw our behaviour towards them as they see it, we should find plenty to mend therein. There are throngs of petty grievances, of small but vexing discomforts, which masters and mistresses inflict on those under them from sheer want of knowledge, as well as from want of thought. For example,—a trifling yet real one,—how very few gentlemen take the trouble to avoid ringing the bell from 9—9.30 in the evening, though every one knows that that is servants' supper-time ? One can easily fancy how aggravating it must be, to be called away with the meat yet in one's mouth. But this is merely one out of ten thousand little but pricking hardships.

In greater matters, how bounden a duty it is upon masters, now and then, to allow their servants, especially young ones, to go home to see their families and friends ! So too, it would be right in a master to urge them to lay by part of their wages, and to take charge of it for them, and give them interest. It would be right to lend them books of an amusing yet useful kind. It would be right to see that all is done to make their rooms comfortable and healthy. To avoid hasty and severe fault-finding is too plain a duty to need dwelling upon. But, above all, is to be resisted the temptation to send them away on trifling grounds. Imagine how one's own soul would burn with indignation, if one were turned off, disgraced and perhaps even to be half starved, for some fault which would have been amply punished by a scolding.

- 249 Many things help to make a nation rich. Safe harbours, deep rivers, rich soil, fine climate, wise laws, long peace, and so forth ; but no one thing fills the bag so fast as *truthfulness*.
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- 250 The aim of education should be, to make the boy think right, and feel right.
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- 251 One of the chief arts in governing men, is to *humour their sensitiveness*. It is beyond belief how jealous people are. Tell A. to do what it is B.'s place to do, and B. will be wrapped in gloom for a week. If you want cheerful, active, good-tempered service, you must be nice, to a degree, in your observance of the boundaries between those under you, and not put one stickleback into another stickleback's water.
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- 252 Crossness, gloom, anger, bitterness, hatred, are sins. Here then is a strange thing, that sin may be purged away, as well as it can be preached away. Magnesia does more against it than sermons.
- Nay but, on the whole, sinners are as healthy as saints. Wickedness does *not* come of physical misconstruction, for murderers are robust, eupeptic men.
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- 253 That on a great scale, taking men in millions, good feeding helps both mind and morals, is clear. Man is one being. What sets his body right, in the long run sets his soul right. Beef and beer turn into manliness. There was never a brave, self-reliant, wise people, with pinched bellies.
- This might seem low to some : but I believe that the conception, not of there being a close tie between body and soul, but of *the body and soul being one*, is a truth which lies deep down. The idea that our bodies are mere shells, in which the soul lives, as a hermit-crab does in a whelk, is not only a mistake, but a *radical* mistake, the root of a thousand errors.
- But how about the world to come ?

The Church gives the reply—"I believe in the resurrection of the *body*," not, of course, of this very flesh and bones, but of a glorified body.

- 254 How many of the things that we dreaded and hated, have turned out to be comforts and pleasures! Wonderful is our power of assimilation. We can swallow oyster-shells and digest them, as sea-anemones do.

Really, when anything happens which seems to be a sheer unalloyed mortification, the strong likelihood is, that in after-times we shall look back to it with a smile, rejoicing at the good luck it brought us. There is such a ricochet in our life. Life bounds away off one event, and lights down again on another, which we should never have touched, had we not struck on the first. And thus—

“ Each substance of a grief hath twenty shadows,
Which show like grief itself, but are not so.”*

The converse is likewise true. The breeze we hail with joy may bear us on the rocks.

- 255 The nose is not meant to delight us, but to be a watch-dog against stinks. And stinks, in their turn, are light-houses to warn us against bad and unwholesome air.
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- 256 Science is resolved to destroy the whole romance of rural life. Not only has it taught us to stall the cattle, and to do away with farmyards—to cut down trees and fences, and so forth: but it even slays the old poetical images. Thus we used to hear of a milkmaid's breath being as sweet as roses; but we are now taught that the only change the air in her lungs *can* have gone through is that of becoming laden, more or less, with *poison*?

- 257 Weary, doubtless, comes from "to wear." It is the same as worn away. How much more alive with meaning such a word is, than "fatigued."
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- 258 It is a daily surprise to me, to see how shallow, poor barren-minded, men may still be, after the most prodigious amount of education—all the education that can be given not by Eton and Oxford alone, but by Parliament, society, travel, reading, pictures, talk. But the truth is, that there is one path to wisdom—and only one—the path of *thought*.
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- 259 What a feeling some men give you, that their moral character is barren sand. They may live cleanly, and never say or do what could displease you ; and yet you feel, by a kind of instinct, that no noble feeling could grow in them. While others make you aware, the first hour you are with them, of a deep and rich soil in their moral being.
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- 260 Reading spreads facts, like manure, over the surface of the mind ; but it is thought that ploughs them in.
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- 261 There are abundant evidences, from within and from without, of the truth of Christianity ; but what assures me thereof is this—that, if Christianity had its way, the world would be made happy. Were the law of Christ carried out by each of us, in each detail of our lives, this earth would be a heaven. Were His bidding obeyed, there would be an end of vice and crime. There would be an end of selfishness, an end of meanness, an end of lying, an end of drunkenness ; an end of quarrelling, backbiting, envy, falsehood, family strife and wretchedness ; an end of violence, an end of war ; and the mass of outward misery would disappear, when this mass of wickedness had gone.

How can I refuse to believe a religion, which, if all men would drink it into their very souls, and do what it

bids, would drive all sin and most suffering out of the world? And how shall I refuse to believe this religion *alone*, seeing that this one, and no other, would do that? Many persons seem to think that one religion is about as good as another, if believed in sincerely. I take a more practical view. I would test religions by the results. Are they fig-trees or thistles? Look at their fruits. See what the world would get by a hearty reception of the Gospel of Jupiter, or Juggernaut, or of Mumbo Jumbo, or even of Mahomet himself, and then see what we should gain, in nobleness and in well-being, by a hearty reception of the Gospel of Jesus.

262 Men *will* trim their boat; if over-bibled on one side, they will throw all their weight on the other. This was seen on a large scale in the reigns of Cromwell and Charles II., and now-a-days shows itself on a little one in many and many a rectory.

263 The man of business has a pull over the professional man in this, that while the preacher, the pleader, the author, the statesman, is always pressed upon by the question, what will be thought of me?—the manufacturer or merchant works at his business without any such irritation to his vanity. The author writes, and asks himself at every word, will this be admired?—the preacher asks that as to his sermon;—the statesman as to his speech;—the pleader as to his pleading; but the tradesman does not look for praise.

264 You hate a vain man? Nay, rather pity him; his life is a life of nettle-stings.

265 Nothing interests me more than to observe the mass of *latent wisdom* in the mind of a well-taught community. What a multitude of sound opinions on a vast variety of subjects lie stored up in the national mind, never,

perhaps, set forth in words, but exercising a powerful, though unseen, unheard influence.

For instance, the opinion that offensive war is wicked and hateful, has been slowly formed in the English mind: though certainly three centuries ago no such opinion was to be found there. This opinion is *latent*; it quietly withholds us from quarrels which (as history shows) we should else be ready to go into.

The free trade principle, again, has become a part of the texture, as one may say, of the British mind, not talked about now, but sovereign in power.

266 Depend upon it, nine boys out of ten might be made in a fair degree thoughtful. They only want a man to train them that way, and they would readily learn to mark (and re-mark) what passed before them. They have it in them, but so few teachers know how to draw it out.

267 Of the wonderful works of God, none is more wonderful than the institution of marriage. The quiet way in which it calls forth all that is best in human nature—self-denial, judgment, diligence, tenderness,—both in the man and in the woman, for each other's sake, and for the sake of their little ones, is most beautiful. In a happy marriage there is an influence always at work, to keep the husband and the wife at their noblest.

268 How religious doctrine rises in nobleness with the increasing force of the nation's mind, you may see rather strikingly in this case—the belief as to the devil. In the dark ages all men looked on him as a grotesque *man*, malignant and wicked in a transcendental degree, but still a *man*. Now-a-days we regard the devil as a pervading influence towards evil,—as a principle, not a person.

269 Government may be sluggish, careless, wrong-headed ;

but rarely is *silly*. One abuses ministers for what may seem absurd follies, but it turns out that they had fair reasons; though, upon the whole, what they did was a mistake. Why of course, a minister must be somewhat able, and somewhat versed in business; he is not likely to behave with childish unreason.

- 270 The dulness of our imaginations is our best shield. Every one says, when a great blow falls on him, that he feels as if in a dream. He cannot realize it. His misfortune seems to be under a veil, not to be touched or seen clearly. But at times the veil is lifted, and the dreadfulness of the calamity is seen as by a flash. An empty chair, a plaything, some one's laughter,—and the scales seem to fall from the mind's eye.
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- 271 We want more convenient names for the two divisions of society, above the working-class. "Aristocracy" and "middle class" are not definite enough. No one knows what is meant by a middle-class man. Some would not apply the term to a rich banker or merchant living in splendour, but only to tradesmen and farmers; others count the country squires as middle-class men, and confine the word "aristocracy" to the nobility; others keep the term "middle class" for the whole trading class, but would not include under it the clergy, barristers, or officers of the army and navy. It would be a help to get a clearer definition; and this might be done by calling those two great divisions, respectively, the "active class," and the "leisure class;" the former consisting of all who are still working for their bread (though not with their hands), whether in trade or professions; the latter denoting those who live on realized incomes.

Mark the change in the way of speaking of the working class. They are no longer the "poor," "the masses," "the lower classes," but the "working class." This shows the greater respect felt for them.

272 Workers are the wheels—thinkers the steam engine. If society moves forward an inch on any line, that is wholly owing to the thoughts of thinkers. The history of the world shows that men crawl on, one doing as the rest do, for ages and ages, and, at the end of that time, things are as they were at the beginning. This is the way with all savage people, where the power of thinking is not drawn out; and it is also the case with many civilized societies. When the thinker comes, then a step is taken onwards; and not only is it the great thinker,—such as Bacon, Newton, Burke, Johnson, Coleridge, Wordsworth,—who gives society an impulse; but infinitely more motion is communicated by the stir of the mass of smaller minds. The thousands of small minds that are at work, driving on in mechanics, agriculture, medicine, &c., &c., &c., &c., do far more than any one mind can, however mighty. But the thing to note is, that the advance of society in knowledge, morality, religion, and outward comfort and conveniences, *wholly* depends on the amount of thinking that is thought. The thinkers do the whole *pushing*, the worker merely does as he has been wont to do—till the thinker tells him some better way. All progress is due to thought.

273 And I believe that the power of thinking, latent in the national mind, is almost infinite; that there are no bounds to the positive increase of mental vigour, and therefore of progress, in a nation. But this is to be done, not so much by making thoughtful men still more thoughtful, as by calling out thoughtfulness in the mass of minds. If a million of men and women were each made but ever so little stronger reasoners and more active inquirers, why what an addition to the sum of intellectual power! But even the thinker himself might be more stalwart. What a weak flight of thought, after all, he takes, even at his best. But when, by a better training in youth, you have called out some power of thought in nearly all men, and greatly increased it in those who would have displayed it, your country will grow in all wealth, of mind and pocket, beyond the most golden dreams!

- 274 His own blunders *scratch* a man's vanity ; but the thing to *tear* it, is for a near relative to have made a fool of himself.
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- 275 I think the essence of the difference between the Evangelicals, and Maurice with the Broad Church, consists in this—that the former have always regarded God as looking upon us with anger on account of our sins, and requiring to be propitiated by the death of Christ ; whereas Maurice strongly enforces the idea that God tenderly loves us, through all, and that, if we turn to Him, we shall find Him waiting to be gracious to us. It follows from the latter view, that Christ's death is not to be taken as an *atonement*, but is simply an *expression of the love of God* to us sinners. In fact, Maurice regards the Deity, not as a Judge, whose justice must be satisfied, but as a Father, who will rejoice at the return of his erring children.

Further, Maurice's view is, that the penalty of sin lies in the being sinful—in being not one with God, but alien from Him, whereas the righteous man's reward lies in being righteous, in being a pure, holy, faithful servant of his Lord, not in being paid with certain pleasures, and escaping certain pains, in return for his good behaviour or his faith. A man is not to be good in order to get something by it ; but the being good—the being a child of God—this *is* Heaven ; to hate God—that *is* hell.

- 276 I do not know anything more preposterous than the abuse which has in all times been lavished upon the "avarice" of money-lenders, as if they sucked the life-blood of the distressed. Even Lord Bacon speaks with horror of usury ; and to this day the same fallacy stands its ground. I see that even so judicious a writer as Kaye, speaks of the Ryots suffering from the avarice of the Mahajuns or money-lenders ; whereas, it is as plain as daylight, that the man who lends to a man who wants to borrow, is just as much his benefactor as his butcher or baker is. And, if the lender asks too high a price for

the article he offers, why does not the borrower go to some one else? There is competition among usurers as much as among tailors; and, if the borrower has stipulated to pay even fifty per cent. for the accommodation, why is the usurer to make him a present, by not, exacting what is due to himself? No doubt people would like other people to lend them money for nothing; and it is very provoking that they won't lend it without being paid a fair price for the risk of losing it altogether.

- 277 I am struck by the good sense which prevails in the House of Commons; and also by their fair and easy temper. They are so ready to let any man speak, who has anything to say; but they find a man out who talks for talking's sake, and put him gently down if they can.

But what law governs their listening? Very often a man may talk good sense with a good manner, and the House will be a Babel of jabber; while at other times a man may talk mere bosh, and not a word will be said. The only rule by which their caprice seems kept at all in order, is this, that they are always attentive when their curiosity is awakened. If a man is an ass, and is very likely to say something absurd, then they are on the watch for the absurdity and hold their tongues. But, above all, if a man is known to say bold odd things, which will make a laugh, then every one is afraid to chatter, lest he should miss the joke. So again, if a man is known to be wise and original, they will want to hear his wisdom and originality; but unless they are on the look out for *something* to interest or amuse them, they do not listen. What makes them enjoy a speech is, that they should be like a sportsman at the edge of a wood, every moment hoping that a hare or rabbit, or even a woodcock, may pop out.

- 278 It sometimes strikes me as the strangest thing in the world to hear this man or that spoken of with absolute contempt, when, after all, *what* is this being who is thus

set down at two minutes' notice? What a boundless ocean of thoughts and images has flowed through his mind since the day he was born—what millions of feelings have swayed his heart—what a vast variety of incidents have made up his career—what countless good traits there are in his nature—what a future lies before him—what a sphere of action around him! Is this infinite, complex, unutterable, inconceivable being to be sneered down, because he is ill-dressed, or has clumsy manners?

- 279 It is curious to reflect, that had England espoused the cause of the Corsicans in the time of Paoli and taken their island under her protection, as they desired, Napoleon would have been an English subject, and might have done as much against France, as he did for her.
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- 280 It may be impossible to refrain from speaking angrily, but, at least, we could refrain from *generalisation*. Tell your friend that he has done a mean false, selfish, cowardly thing, and no great harm is done; but tell your friend that he is a mean, false, selfish, cowardly *man*, and there is no repair for the wrong. You will always seem to have spoken out, in haste, what you really think of him.
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- 281 A sensible and modest man values praise, not merely as an expression of the good opinion of others, but because it endorses his good opinion of himself. We *rather* think we are very good and clever fellows; but there is a horrid inkling of doubt down below. Praise reassures us.
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- 282 A man's character is not perfect, unless there is a horse-and-dog stratum in it. The strata of philosophy, poetry, and so forth, are not enough. We are cousins to the angels; but we are also consins to the animals, and we ought to love those our poor relations.

- 283 Happy people are the pleasantest. "A merry heart is a continual feast," to others besides its owner.
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- 284 People spend vast sums in making their furniture splendid—their places splendid—their carriages splendid, and so on ; but, if we take any individual and ask ourselves, do we like him the better for his grand furniture and trappings ? we find that we do *not*. We judge him as a man, after all, not as the owner of silk curtains.

Certainly we look up to a man the more for his rank or wealth ; but, when it comes to the details of the magnificence of his grounds, or of his equipages, about which he plumes himself so mightily, why they weigh nothing. We do not care one whit the more for him, we rather dislike and despise, than like and honour him, for the pomp he is so proud of.

- 285 Large people, especially large young women, suffer frightfully in society. How they envy light little girls, who can whisk about, and be as brisk as bees.
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- 286 Why is it that stupid people are always so much more anxious to talk to one, than clever people ?
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- 287 Nothing makes life so entertaining, as the habit of watching and then thinking over all that passes before you. If a man will take the pains to open his eyes and look hard at what is going on around him, as a spectator, not as an actor only, he has an unfailing source of pleasurable study, in all that befalls himself or others, in the personages he comes across, and, above all, in the marvellous history of his own mind and feelings. Mackintosh said of Wilberforce, "He is always interesting and amusing, because everything interests and amuses him." If the grand march of life goes by, without your running out to see it, you lose a vast deal of enjoyment.

This habit may be formed, though not in a day, and not without stiff work. Be sure that here, as elsewhere, the crop is as the toil is.

- 288 The value to a nation in mere pounds, shillings, and pence, of intelligence, is past all reckoning. Sharpened wits and strengthened sense cause fifty million things to be done quickly, cleanly, and well, that else would be done ill, or in a slovenly style, or not at all. On a great scale, knowledge is not merely power, but wealth. Were boys really taught to think strongly, the nation would be the richer, outwardly as well as inwardly. Well to be is well to do.

But a nation puts even more into its pockets by being good, than by being wise. Infinite millions of money are made by uprightness. Most true is that saying of Christ's, which at first startles one, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and all these things shall be added unto you." Hold by the law of God, you will rule the world. Hold by the skirts of the devil, and he drops you in a slough.

- 289 Add together the miseries that there have been under the sun since the world was made—the torn affections, baffled hopes, anxieties, fears, toils, pangs of remorse, disappointments, mortifications, horrible dreads, excruciating agonies, broken limbs, blinded eyes, hurt and diseased brains, horrors of the stone, of fistula, of cancer . . . what an Atlantic Ocean of anguish! what an unfathomable abyss, what a height, what a depth, what a breadth of sorrows!
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- 290 It would have been a fine thing for the country, had it been the way to leave a farm in fee to the younger sons of lords and squires instead of a fortune of five thousand or ten thousand pounds. What an admirable body of intelligent and gentlemanly yeomen would have been formed.

291 Revenge is sweet, not merely because it gratifies your spite, but because it gives you such a *sense of power*, to have got *him* under *your* thumb, who once had *you* under *his*.

292 Carlyle avers, that so long as a man has great force of mind, it does not matter to what he applies it—he will come out first in any line. Now I think experience shows that the man who thinks much can rarely do much. In fact, what instance is there of a deeply thoughtful man who was a great administrator? Napoleon may have been an exception; but Napoleon was not a man of a speculative mind, wonderful as his grasp was on the bearings of practical questions.

The instances the other way are numberless. In truth you can hardly name any great philosopher or poet, except Bacon, who was not a mere child in business. No; here as elsewhere, there is a natural division of labour. The thinker is not a doer, nor is the doer a thinker.

To be sure, the fact that so few philosophers have been also distinguished as practical men may be explained by this, that philosophers are very rare after all; and the chance is small that a man remarkable for thought should happen to be thrown in the way of conducting large affairs. Again by this, that the power of abstract meditation is a very frail and delicate growth; it soon droops in rough weather. It is astonishing how soon a man loses all aptitude for contemplative thought when he is much taken up with business. The power seems cut down to the roots, though it quickly shoots out again, when a calm time returns. But a man who has once taken a forward place in affairs rarely gets clear of distractions from that day forth.

293 On a still, sweet evening, how nature seems as though she had some deep thing to say to us, could we but hear her! But our ears are muffled, our hearts are dull: we can only feel that there is something beyond what we see in the landscape, beyond what we hear in the mellow *susurrus* around; but that something we cannot grasp.

294 A very curious trait in human nature is the enthusiastic loyalty of great masses of men towards their leaders in any strife. In war this is less seen now-a-days, because war is become a regular matter of business, and discipline prevents much display of feeling. But in a contested election you may still see it marvellously at work. The people on either side become frantically fond of their candidate, though he may be altogether unworthy of their affection. But each man's excitement acts powerfully on the rest, by way of sympathy, and hence such enthusiasm.

295 Nothing is more striking than the unconscious wickedness of men—the atrocious things done by the actors in history, without, as it should seem, either themselves or those who lived at the same time being aware that they were not excellent people. And if others can be so bad, without knowing it, may it not be so with us too? Who can say but what, some day, our goings on will seem scandalous to our more intelligent and more Christian great grand-children?

296 The one great practical truth that ought to be driven over and over again into his own mind by every young man, is, that he should not care a button for his likes and his dislikes: but should do what ought to be done, in spite of any disagreeableness. The lesson of self-denial is far beyond any other in importance. It must be repeated a thousand times over, before it is really learnt by heart: but oh, how well worth the pains! Happy is he who has learnt not to seek for what is pleasant, not to shrink from what is painful, but to go on doing everything that he knows to be good, and kind, and right, in utter disregard of self. How a man might ennoble and invigorate his life, if he would work this principle into the very grain of his mind, and strenuously act upon it—invariably striving not after what would be pleasantest, but what would be best. In fact it is the very essence of all that is good and great in human life; and not only so, but it is the true road

to happiness. This doubtless is what our Saviour means when He says that he that hath left house and brethren for His sake, shall receive an hundredfold even in this life.

297 The more I read, and the more I think, the more clearly do I see that war is all but the worst evil in the world; that, except in defence, it practically *always* turns out to have been the worse alternative.

298 This principle is making its way in the minds of men, and will in due time be victor: that it is wholly beside the function of Government to choose out any one creed or church for its special love and care; that Government ought to stand wholly apart from all ecclesiastical differences, and not, as a Government, become a partisan of any religious body whatever. This principle is, in my opinion, a sound principle, and one which must and will by degrees actuate our national policy. But the principle on which our institutions are partly built, is the principle that the Government of a nation is bound to find that nation in religious truth—to choose for it between creeds, and prop up the true one. Now what will come of the war between these two?

299 One of the most painful reflections in reading history, is to think what an amount of perfectly needless severity has been expended in the world, from sheer misjudgment on the part of its rulers. For instance, take the case of torture: no doubt it appeared even to the thinking men in the dark ages, that without the rack you could not get evidence enough to convict for crimes. But we know that much better evidence is to be got without it. Take again the sanguinary capital punishments of former times; we have discovered that they actually prevented the repression of crime; in other words, that they were not merely useless, but worse than useless. The same with military and naval flogging: our army and navy are in far better discipline, though that hellish punishment

has comparatively disappeared. The same too as to the rough and almost brutal treatment of boys by their fathers and schoolmasters, which the said fathers, &c., deemed to be entirely necessary in order to keep boys in the right way. In short, in old times all rulers went on the same principle which huntsmen used to go upon, who if a hound did wrong, tied him up and flogged him till he could not stand, whereas we now-a-days understand the principle, that a proportionate penalty is more effective than an excessive one.

300 Some of the noblest passages in poetry, both sacred and secular, hardly strike us at all, till some grief falls on us ; then their lustre comes out—then we feel their depth and beauty ; they shine like wetted cornelians. This is especially true of the Psalms,—read in happiness they please us well, but not much more ; but read in deep sorrow, how the voice of God resounds from them !

301 One of the ill effects of cruelty is that it makes the bystanders cruel. How hard the English people grew in the time of Henry the VIIIth and bloody Mary.

302 Moral courage is more worth having than physical ; not only because it is a higher virtue, but because the demand for it is more constant. Physical courage is a virtue which is almost always put away in the lumber room. Few persons now-a-days have any call upon their bravery. Moral courage is wanted day by day.

There is a moral courage, which arises from insensibility ; but the grand moral courage is that which shrinks, yet from the sheer force of principle, stands its ground.

303 There are female women, and there are male women.

304 The way the world, the flesh, and the devil beat one's religious principles is just the same as that by which

Napoleon conquered Europe. They bring an overwhelming force to bear on one point. Your whole line may be stronger than theirs, but at the point of collision they are superior.

305 We treat Fortune (it might seem irreverent to say Providence) much as the old women in the village treat the squire. They think their coals and blankets are as much a matter of course as their breakfasts. And we in the same way take our good luck for granted. It seems quite the natural thing that all should run smooth, and we flourish the whip and sing out to mischance to let the leaders go, and away we spin, caring nothing for nobody.

But when things are all athwart ; when our best laid schemes "gang agley ;" when our dearest hopes are baffled ; when the night is drear, and we have to be thankful for a lift in a donkey cart, then we recall those old days of gallant galloping, and we begin to know good fortune, how rare a thing it is, and how exquisite. It's a pity that we cannot appraise our prosperity while we have it.

306 I should like to put a little patch of Quakerism into our Church service. Ten minutes' silence in the middle of the prayers and instead of some of them, would be a huge good to the soul.

307 The chief lesson I learn from history is *the folly of fear*. What an infinite mass of vain terrors do we find to have died away, nothing remaining of them now but their dead leaves embedded in annals ! How vast an amount of reforms were hindered by the fear that such and such dreadful results would ensue, none of which have ensued ! If there has been any one thing which more than another has created dangers, it has been cowardice, *i.e.*, the dread of dangers which did not really exist.

308 Glass is one of those things which would have been incredible, if not seen. Would not philosophers have declared it utterly impossible that a substance whose particles were so tight together that nothing could cut it, would let the light slip through everywhere?

309 Women care wonderfully little for a man on account of his being *brilliant* in conversation. What they really appreciate is intimate intercourse of heart and soul. This is one reason of their priest worship.

310 There is no quality that runs through all the other qualities in a man's character, permeating and invigorating the whole, so much as *good sense*. Where that is wanting, you feel a strange want in every corner of the man's nature. You hardly know what fails, but there is something that mars even the noblest and sweetest traits. Sound strong sense is the best of all natural qualities, as a *basis*.

311 High pews certainly tend to allay devotional feeling in the congregation.

The natural tendency, when a great many people are brought together, is for every emotion to run through them all, and to kindle as it flies from one to another.* How much more, for instance, you are inclined to laugh, when a whole theatre is laughing, than you would be if you were alone. So too appeals of eloquence, how far more heart-stirring are they when hundreds or thousands around you are responding to them, than if only a few individuals were scattered here and there, yards away from each other, and if these others seemed quite languid and indifferent. How readily a crowd is made to boil with excitement, where each individual composing it would be utterly unmoved were he by himself. This *catching* nature of all emotion is in fact evident in a thousand things. Sadness seen makes you sad too.

* There are some good remarks on this subject in Whately's Rhetoric.

With the cheerful we grow gay, and glum with the gloomy. How irritable it makes one to be merely in the room when some one else is out of temper !

And the closer people are to each other the more apt are they to share in each other's feelings. How or why these things are we cannot tell. What feeling is we cannot tell. All we can do is to note the phenomenon, and act upon it.

And thus the high pews, which keep the people of a congregation apart from each other, and lessen in each the consciousness of others being present, and of what those others are feeling, actually do much to hinder those emotions of gratitude — of contrition — of interest in the truths preached, which it is the direct aim of the church service to call forth.

- 312 It has taken the light of some stars more than 20,000 years to reach us. The Mosaic chronology would make those stars about 6,000 years old. Well then, the Mosaic chronology is wrong. That is a fact, and it is no use to blink it.

Are we therefore to disbelieve the Bible ? Certainly not. It only proves decisively what we had reason to think before,—that the sole aim of the Bible is religious and moral, and that it cares nothing for facts that lie apart from its grand purpose.

However, one thing is clear. If the Bible makes mistakes, as to chronology or history, or any other matters, then the words that we hear cannot be God's *words*, and the Bible is God's mind borne to us through a human, and therefore, fallible medium : *i.e.*, Moses, David, Isaiah, St. Paul, did not simply write down sentences dictated to them ; but, their souls being filled with celestial truth, they gave it forth, each in his own way ; and, as to outward events, each seems to have told his tale according to what he believed to have been true, and not by heavenly revelation.

- 313 Nothing is a greater disappointment in this world, than its being so hard to see much of any one whom you

love and admire. It is so mortifying to fall in with charming people, full of thought and feeling, and just what you like and love, and, perhaps, to meet them twice a year, and then in such a way that you can't exchange a word worth having. This used to make me restless and unhappy ; but now I have learnt to wait for the delights of communion of soul with soul, till I meet the best of all ages, and of all lands, in the world to come.

314 They say, half scornfully, that enthusiasts are men of one idea. True. But they stand apart from the mass in that very thing, that *they have one idea* ; whereas, the rest have no ideas at all. Common men may have information and intelligence : but no one idea is *so rooted in their minds, that it grows and bears fruit*. Their thoughts are not acorns, but pebbles.

315 Luther held the doctrine, that even our best acts of piety and of benevolence are sinful in the sight of God, and actually require His forgiveness : and this is the belief of multitudes. Yet, just see what we are told about Cornelius : " And he said unto him, thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God ; " and God sent Peter from Joppa to teach him, as a reward for these endeavours to do right. In fact, if you strip away the mere words, and ask what you really mean by a thing being " sinful," you see the folly of this dogma : for of course, by its being sinful, you mean that God looks upon it with displeasure. Now, can even the feeblest attempt, if sincere, to do what is right, to worship God aright, or to help our fellow-men, be *displeasing* to our Father in Heaven ?

316 The pain of losing dear friends, often is not that we feel the loss so much, but that we feel it so little,—unless indeed it be the loss of any one who formed part of our daily life, and then the pangs are sharp enough. But if a friend or relative has not been an element in

one's every-day existence, how faint the sorrow ! how soon are we again lighthearted ; how soon is all as it used to be, except now and then an almost sweet melancholy in recalling some incident of days gone by ! You feel anxious to cherish your grief—to feel it deeply ; but it flies away, and your heart is cold again, ere your friend is laid in the tomb.

317 In sorrow, it seems impossible to imagine happiness. One cannot recall or realize what enjoyment means. A few hours pass, and one cannot realize the meaning of grief.

318 Religion brings comfort ; time brings comfort ; but the greatest shield against grief is the dulness of one's own soul. We see things so dimly. Even the most fearful loss seems hidden from us by a kind of mist. We cannot really lay hold of it and take it in, except at moments. It flies us : it slips out of our grasp ; but at a touch the earth seems to open, and we do see and feel that our loved one is dead—*dead*, and the dreadful meaning of that word, *dead*, rushes over the soul in a storm of despair.

319 If you thoughtfully set yourself to look right into the character of one whom you know well,—if you make yourself master of his or her nature, not stopping at a mere list of goodnesses and badnesses, but getting down to the inner qualities from which faults and virtues shoot forth together,—you always find that there is far more to love, to reverence, to admire, than to dislike and despise. Seen as a whole, every character has a beauty of its own, just as any tree or any animal has a beauty of its own ; and this beauty predominates still, however twisted and decayed some parts of it may be.

To be sure one's intimate friends are not rascals.

320 How long is the list of good things which are as truly wealth as lands and houses, and yet cannot be bought

with money ! For example, a sweet temper, a good heart, sense, health, humour, cheerfulness, taste for the beautiful, love of reading, thoughtfulness, talkativeness, work, wife, children. With these, and many other like possessions, may not the poor man be actually a man of *larger property* than the lord who lives hard by—not metaphorically, but literally, a richer man ?

321 What a stand-still world it would be, if all men, like most men, were afraid to turn round upon the system in which they have been brought up, and ask, Is there not a lie in my right hand ? It is this audacity that sets the world right again in religion, in politics, in science, in philosophy, in everything. Without it, the world slips on from bad to worse, and from worse to worst, as we see a thousand times over in history. He who would lead his age forward must be a questioner of his age. He must ask all things, Why are you here ? Is it well that you are here ?

322 The high-church dogma, that no one has a right to preach unless he has had hands laid upon him by a bishop, has something to say for itself, from early church-history, and from reason too. But then what about Chalmers, Mrs. Fry, Robert Hall, John Foster, and a vast multitude more ? Were these persons not called of God to the ministry ? But if they *were* called, it shows that in the eye of Heaven the Apostolical Succession is mere trumpery.

323 Money is a kind of manure to one's expenses. The more you lay on, the thicker they crop. It is wonderful how expenses spring up and fill every corner of one's income, let it extend as it may. Why, dukes with £100,000 a year, are sometimes more pinched than clerks with £300. In fact the expansive force of your income never equals that of the expenses it calls forth. Every new outlay is as it were a queen-bee, which brings a whole swarm of others along with it. Your receipts have increased, so you set up your carriage. This involves not

merely, as you might fancy, the cost and keep of coachman and horses, but a whole host of smaller bills, which you would never have thought of, but which soon mount up frightfully, for shoeing and medicines, and top boots, curry-combs, and what not ; so that you may be poorer with £800 a year, which has led you to set up your brougham, than you were before with £600 a year. To be sure you get your locomotion.

324 Instinct in man as in brutes is ineradicable. Even when cut off from its natural ends, it still seems to work away in full force. For instance, what a vehement appetite the popes had for family aggrandizement and the accumulation of property, though (except in some cases) they had no children to succeed them. Well and again, how fond almost all men are of sporting, yet the instinct of the chase has in reality lost its uses since man has been able to buy a chop at his butcher's, instead of having to kill a buffalo for it.

325 Happiness is just like a city beleaguered, as Thebes was, by seven allies, each of whom has sat down before one of its gates. Poverty is encamped on one side : against him we have thrown up the earthworks of wealth, with infinite labour. Ill health, with an army of diseases, is making an everlasting series of attacks on another side : against him we fortify ourselves with exercise, and air, and diet, and drugs. Loneliness comes down upon us from another side, and we fence ourselves against him with friends, and wife, and children, and so on. Well, we think we are well protected against all our foes ; but the day comes when we find that, if but the least of them forces an entry even through a postern, our happiness is taken—the black flag of sorrow waves from our citadel.

326 Rudeness and obsequiousness are both ungentlemanly, for this reason, that the first arises from want of respect for others, and the second from want of self-respect. The true gentleman respects both himself and others.

327. The habit of reflection is of great value as leading us to originate new thoughts, but, perhaps, still more, because it gives us such an effective understanding of the old jog-trot truths, that are the Lares and Penates of all our minds. Old truths, which are mere ditch-water to the non-thinker, become alive with interest to the man who ponders them. They cease to be husk, and become full of kernel.

328. Enormous quantities of intellectual capital are lying idle just because no opportunities present themselves for its investment. What noble minds, in both men and women, have I seen rise to their full stature, and fall at last, like those huge Himalayan timber trees, unadmired and unused ! I have known many individuals—but more women than men—who have been rendered almost wretched by their great abilities, which had no scope for employment. It must be a hard case to be conscious of great capacities, but to feel one's limbs tied down, like Gulliver's, with puny threads, yet strong enough to prevent all exertion. It is very well to say, Oh, but such a man need not complain ; he might have made a field for his talent had he chosen. No, no, outward things are very mighty in this world. Had Shakespeare been a coalheaver, forced to work twelve hours a day at his hardest, and to drink two gallons of beer, could even his genius have pushed its way through ?

329. You must peel the indigestible outside off Carlyle's sentences, as if they were shrimps ; then you find splendid meat within.

330. I like the word *works* as applied to an author's writings. Works they are truly, aye, and hard works too. How little does the public dream of the toil of mind and the hopes and fears, that have gone to the making of that book which they order from Mudie's, and skim through, and then say, It's not worth reading !

- 331 I am very glad that I have myself known Roman Catholics, Puseyites, Unitarians, Wesleyans, Quakers, Baptists, and Evangelical Churchmen, who were severally men of real heart in religion,—men who loved God and their neighbour, and strove to do His will, and believed His word.

Now it would be pleasanter, perhaps, to fancy that all who think otherwise than we do on these matters are going along the broad and flowery path to destruction; but what excuse can we have for this “jubilant expectation that all who differ from us will be damned,” (as Southey says), when we have, in the lives and characters of others, ocular demonstration of the truth that *man may be chin-deep in error, yet not drown?*

- 332 What a vast quantity of power lies hid! Men are Californias—mere deserts, though untold treasures are buried below. What might not each of us do, had he but the *will* and the sphere?
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- 333 “I hold my duty,” says Jean Paul Richter, “to lie not in enjoying or acquiring, but in writing,—whatever time it may cost, whatever money may be forborne,—nay, whatever pleasure—for example, that of seeing Switzerland, which nothing but the sacrifice of time forbids.” And again, “A poet, who presumes to give poetic delight, should condemn and willingly forbear all enjoyments, the sacrifice of which affects not his creative powers, that so he may perhaps delight a century and a whole people.” In Richter’s advanced years, it was happy for him that he could say—“When I look at what has been made out of me, I must thank God that I paid no heed to external matters, neither to time nor toil, nor profit nor loss: the thing is there, and the instruments that did it I have forgotten, and none else knows them. In this wise, has the unimportant series of moments been changed into something higher that remains.” “I have described so much,” says he elsewhere, “and I die without ever having seen Switzerland and the ocean, and so many other sights; but the ocean of eternity I shall in no case fail to see.”

- 334 Texts of Scripture are not the foundation stones upon which our beliefs are based, but the battlements which defend them from assailants.
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- 335 In the 17th century, the religious sects were in the same state as the feudal barons five centuries earlier, who were each at war to the knife with his neighbour. Now the sects are better employed. They may often look at one another with an evil eye; but they are more engaged in cultivating their own ground, than in plying the battle-axe.
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- 336 The public is always unjust in this,—if the wrong general, or admiral, or other officer, is appointed to an important post, it always flies out at the man so appointed, whereas, clearly, it ought to abuse those that set him there. You cannot fairly expect a man to know his own unfitness, or to sacrifice the chance of fame and the certainty of emolument in the slender hope that, if he refuses the place, some better man will hold it. The real fault lies with the person who had the want of patriotism or of moral courage to put the waiter on the coach-box.
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- 337 How strongly enforced by the example of Scripture is the principle of teaching by image and illustration. In the prophecies, for example, how invariably the prophet is told to set forth before the eyes of the people by some sign the truth that is to be urged upon them. The whole system of types in the Jewish dispensation rests upon the same principle. Then again, observe how, in the New Testament, any one abstract doctrine is made clear to the mind of man by images. Thus the regeneration by the Holy Ghost is set before us by the following, (1) a second birth; (2) a change from darkness to light; (3) a stony heart being taken away, and a heart of flesh given; (4) putting off the old man, putting on the new; (5) being blind, and seeing; (6) washed with water; (7) buried, risen; (8) dead, quickened; (9) bond, free; (10) poor, rich; (11) deaf, hearing; (12) wilderness, garden;

(13) illness, health ; (14) pollution, cleanliness ; (15) parched, watered ; (16) scarlet, white ; (17) ore, pure metal ; (18) filthy garments, new ones ; (19) barren, fruitful. What a series of familiar images, to shadow but one high truth.

338 It never answers for a grown-up son to live under his father's wing,—especially, of course, if he be married. The eagles understand this ; they always drive off their young ones as soon as they can kill their own mutton. A son who lives under his father's roof is apt to become wonderfully stale and dull, and, as it were, weighed down, even if his father be ever so tender,—just as young trees are sure to droop, if they grow under old ones. But fathers never will believe this : they think “parental care and influence” so useful for their sons ; whereas nature intends every man of five-and-twenty to be his own bungler, and so live and learn.

339 You hear people talk about the hurry and rush there is now-a-days, and attribute it in a great degree to railways, and to the rapidity of movement introduced by railways. Why now, it seems to me that the more quickly you get through one of the things you have to do, the more leisurely can you do the remainder. Thus, as to locomotion : instead of your wasting three days between London and Edinburgh—*i.e.*, a whole week in going there and back,—you now do each journey in twelve hours. Well then, you have four days saved for doing your business in London, so that you are in *less* of a scurry than in the days of slow coaches.

340 Bacon says that a man's nature runs either to herbs or weeds. Yes, and everything that he has does the same. Money, time, talents, study, just bear their own crop and no other.

341 It is singular that, though the eastern tropics were the cradle of the human race, their climate is less suitable to the human constitution than the climate of those regions

to which man migrated. A European's children are sure to die in India. An Indian's children live well enough in England. Nor have we fever and plague like them. Nor are we so feeble. One would have expected the human frame to find its maximum of health and vigour where it first came into being.

342 There is no more important piece of wisdom than that of looking at the good in things rather than at the evil. Nine persons out of ten have the eye of a vulture for carrion : but look without looking (to use a Greek idiom) at what is healthy and alive. I am sure we all lower ourselves by our eagerness to grub up faults in other people's characters, writings, doings, religious opinions, &c. It's a proud thing to pass one's hand down a horse's leg, and find out a splint. But it is really finer to cast a genial and skilful eye over the whole animal, and observe its perfect shape, its well-made shoulder, its broad flanks, and clean fetlocks. That is just what we all want. We all need a more magnanimous, generous appreciation of the *whole* character, whether of an individual or of a body, instead of snuffing at every blemish, and condemning virulently because we cannot find perfection. I say again, it is of the essence of Christian wisdom, to look to the good instead of looking to the evil. Of course we are not to say things are fair when they are ugly. Truth above all things. But, in reality, we are constantly talking and feeling *lies* in our invectives and irritations. The *truth*, if it spoke, would say, There is such and such a fault ; but there is a greater excellence. And, more often than not, the excellences, which we won't look at, are the rule, and the stains, which we stare at, are only upon one petal of the rose.

In fact, it requires a higher kind of wisdom to sympathise and approve, than to carp and criticise.

343 It is remarkable that Herodotus and Froissart should both be first-rate historians, though each wrote when

writing was not felt to be an art, and merely meant to tell people what had happened, just as we tell stories in table-talk.

- 344 "Fears of the brave and follies of the wise,"—how true ! And equally true to say, "Courage of cowards, cleverness of fools."
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345 It seems to me that the *existence* of evil is not the insoluble problem ; but the *extent* of evil. It is not, by any means, inconceivable that a perfectly wise, good, and powerful Creator should have admitted so much evil into the world, as would leave man a free will, and the necessity of working his reason and other faculties hard. Clearly, if man had been created absolutely free from all possibility of going wrong, either morally, or in his affairs—*i.e.* if he had been created entirely safe from all sin and from all sorrow—then there could have been no such thing as the exercise of choice or of self-control. He would have been a mere animal. The *existence of evil* may be accounted for, and often has been accounted for, upon this ground.

But the real puzzle, as I think, is, that evil should have been allowed to get such a sway in the world. The mystery is, why it has been allowed such a crushing force that man *cannot escape* great sinfulness and great suffering, by any force of his mind, and will, and conscience. There lies the kernel of the difficulty. Look at the 20,000,000 serfs in Russia ; look at the slave trade ; look at the thirty years' war ; look at the barbarized East ; look at the degraded hundreds of millions in China and India. You cannot account for the *amount* of the evil in the world.

- 346 No wonder first-rate genius for the conduct of large affairs (such as the Crimean expedition) is so extremely rare.

It implies that the man—

- 1 has health to stand hard work,
- 2 delights in it,
- 3 has sound judgment,

- 4 has a clear head to see his way among perplexing details,
 - 5 has a good memory,
 - 6 has thought out the principles that should guide him,
 - 7 makes up his mind strongly,
 - 8 yet slowly,
 - 9 is rapid in execution,
 - 10 has no "to-morrows,"
 - 11 has a will of iron,
 - 12 is full of ardour,
 - 13 is bold—not cowed by difficulties,
 - 14 fears no man's face—or tongue,
 - 15 has conciliatory manners and good temper,
 - 16 has a strong sense of duty,
 - 17 is just—yet pitiful.
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347 To make pleasures pleasant, *shorten* them.

348 The English language not rich enough? Just see what a number of shades of meaning you may find expressed each by its own word, *e.g.*, I wonder, I marvel, I am surprised, astonished, amazed, confounded, thunder-struck.

349 The folly of wickedness is more strikingly set forth by Bacon's life than by that of any other man I know of. What a magnificent career he would have had, if he had been noble!

350 Even originality of thought is in some degree a matter of practice.

351 The rule in carving holds good as to criticism,—never cut with a knife what you can cut with a spoon.

352 The worst of principles is that one never *can* apply them.

353 To humble a man, treat him with reverence.

354 Gratitude is most intense, not for great favours, but for respectful treatment from a superior.

355 Those who have few pleasures envy those with many, forgetting the drawbacks. One of these is, that from each pleasure you have to deduct the pleasures which it has compelled you to give up. Your pleasure in society is lessened by the thought of the sunshine on the beech trees ; your pleasure in the nightingale's song by the thought of Lady ——'s rout : and so on.

356 A life of large and high-wrought interest looks more charming than a dull and plain one. But he who leads that life knows the disappointments, the self-reproaches, the painful doubts, the distressing difficulties which it involves. I believe you would find the man of a high career much gladder to lie down in the quiet grave than his less envied neighbour, who does nothing but farm and hunt.

Nor again would any one who looked on at such a career easily believe what *slight* things mar its happiness. It would almost seem that the thorn was in the further for being almost invisible—aye, and sticks the longer.

357 One mistake of managers is, that they do not trust those under them enough. They are too much afraid of not upholding their authority ; they are too much afraid lest those under them should get ahead.

358 People are afraid to give praise, fearing to stir up vanity. But nothing makes a man think about himself so much as the feeling that he is not treated justly ; that keeps him in everlasting hot water about himself, till self has overshadowed all things else in his mind's eye.

Whose self-love and self-talk is most wearisome ? That of the man with a grievance.

359 People say you are none the happier for being rich ; that the common labourer (provided he has good wages) is just as merry and content as the squire, and so on. There is truth in this. But it must be remembered that there are not only different quantities of happiness, but different qualities. The happiness which wealth gives (if wisely used) is of a finer kind, even if it be not more intense. The enjoyment derived from pictures, scenery, books, conversation, thought, is a noble enjoyment. The uneducated man may feel jolly : but his jollity is grosser.

360 How little pains are taken to tend and bring out in children a feeling for the beautiful ! And yet it may be doubted whether any one thing gives an enjoyment so intense, enjoyment so pure, enjoyment so at hand, without cost or pains, as a tender sense of beauty. To one man, the shadows on the grass, the splendour of flowers, the far-away hills, the hues of the trees, the blue sky, the sparkling sea, the silent stars, the ripple of streams, the face of man and woman, art, poetry, are an ever-new delight—a delight that thrills his soul. To another man all this is naught. He reads no poetry. He looks at no pictures. Sculpture, architecture, give him no taste of delight. The flowers shine for him in vain : the voice of birds, the light on herb, tree, fruit, and flower, the sound of streams, the still splendour of the moon and stars, touch him not. He goes through life shut out from all which, to his next-door neighbour, fills life with glory.

361 What is the highest quintessence of misery ?
To have been bitten by a dog which goes mad soon after.
What is the highest quintessence of delight ?
Release from intense fear.

362 Kirby found 300 kinds of bees in his one parish. How many kinds of suffering are there in one's own little soul?

363 In a highly civilised community, difficulty, after all, only means cost. There is no difficulty in anything, provided you have money enough to buy the requisite labour, and are willing to spend it. You can buy not only the means, but the mind to direct them. It is curious, if you analyze half-a-dozen difficulties, how entirely they resolve themselves into this, that you do not choose to lay out the requisite amount of shillings. If you did, the "difficulty" would disappear.

364 Having tried both, plenty of sleep and little sleep, I am coming round to think that in the long run, most time is gained by sleeping as much as your body wishes. What you save from sleep, you lose in vigour. Nothing makes a man so languid, as breaking off sleep to get up early. And I take it that you keep your health by sleeping largely: and thus again you are able to *do* more. And, of course, if you save your health, you live longer, and thus again you clap on at the end the years that you seem to have lost in bed. No doubt, getting up early is a good thing, if it comes of itself,—that is, from going to bed early. But be sure it will not do to burn the candle of your sleep at both ends. You must allow Nature her eight or nine hours' sleep, or else she will get it out of you in some more costly way.

365 Lord Macaulay is an almost unique instance of a man of transcendent *force of character*, mighty will, mighty energy, giving all that to literature, instead of to practical work. He is not like literary men in kind. His is the Luther, Cromwell, Napoleon cast of character—a man to head some great movement, not a man to sit down and write articles. So any one would have thought who knew him. Yet he had the choice between practical or contemplative life, and chose the latter. To be sure Luther also was a great author.

366 Nothing is of more value in education than this, to make a point of opening the child's eyes to take an interest in the world around him. Teach him, if a country boy, to know the birds, their nests, eggs, and notes, the flowers, the insects; teach him to understand different soils, and the breeds of cattle; teach him to know the planets. You can do all this at mere odds and ends of time, and you have opened springs of pure enjoyment in his soul. And even a London boy may be supplied with a continual and agreeable excitement of mind, if you teach him to study thoroughly the architecture of the houses and other buildings, in which an infinite variety (chiefly indeed of ugliness) may be found. But most of all, you should open his eyes to the great subject of horses; once teach him to discern between good and evil in horses, and to look at every horse that goes by, and pass a rapid judgment on it, and you have turned his dull walks into a perpetual feast.

367 The memory strikes me as perhaps the most astonishing of all the works of God. How such infinite quantities of reminiscence can lie stored up in the brain, ready to start forward at the call for them, is beyond all conception. It is utterly inexplicable if one supposes that, in some way, all these images are piled up there inside one's head, in their several pigeon-holes, all handy for the mind's use. It is no less inexplicable if one takes a different view, and supposes that there are not these cellars full of bottled images; but that, somehow, certain suggestions excite the brain in just the same way as it had been excited before, and thus the old image, or thought, is created afresh.

368 And the multitude of reminiscences lying hid in one's mind seems to have no bounds. You may see this by taking any one thing, and running quickly over the memories which that one thing can trail behind it. Take the one word "dog." What a huge quantity of dog reminiscences any man has who has had to do with

the canine race ! What a mass of knowledge as to the different kinds of dogs—as to the ways and habits of dogs—as to anecdotes of dogs—as to the conduct and misconduct of his own dogs,—is stored up inside him, ready to come out, if anything should happen to touch the spring by which these memories are kept shut. No doubt the amount of them, which he can, at any one moment, lay hold of and draw out, is small. But the amount that lies hid, ready to be drawn out when the occasion comes, is enormous.

369

“ Who hath among least things
An under-sense of greatest.”

Now, is not that idea one wholly new ? one which has sprung from the minds of men in the 18th century, but had never been put into words before ? The idea of discerning the infinite, the high, the sublime in things common and homely. Is not that new, and noble as new ?

It seems now to be the principle that runs through all art—painting, novels, poetry. This is a good sign ; for to be able to see the divine in the every-day things of life, plainly needs a fresher imagination and a deeper thoughtfulness, than to see it in things rare.

370 I see one grand step forward that we have to take, and shall take some day. Our fathers burnt those who differed from them in religious opinion. We do not burn them, but we still hate them, and abuse and hold ourselves aloof from those who are heretics from our creed, political and religious. But we ought to shake off not persecution alone, but the spirit that leads to it. We ought to be willing to suffer every one to hold his own view, and like him none the less for its being other than our own ; we ought to allow that it is well for Truth herself, that she should be struggled with and fought against, and have to make her way, instead of having her way made for her. Absolute toleration of all opinions—toleration not by the law but by our own hearts—this is one of the good things still to come.

371 Surely rank is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of all outward good things. To be at once looked up to, to be at once courted and admired, wherever a man goes, as a lord or duke is, must sweeten life. I suppose there is no one, however strong his self-respect, who does not feel inclined to treat a man of rank with consideration ; and, for my part, I think to receive such treatment would be highly agreeable.

And yet, after all, a simple gentleman is treated by *his* inferiors with respect in the same way ; but he becomes unconscious of it. To miss it would be painful ; but to have it gives no sting of pleasure.

372 I hold that the more the minds of men advance, the more infinite will be the varieties of their religious creed. In fact, in a normal state, no man's belief would be wholly like that of any other man. I do not mean that the main truths would not be held by all, in such a state ; but the combinations of them, the proportions of them, would never be the same. Every man would have large differences from his neighbour. Uniform faith is dead faith.

373 I have no words to express my scorn for the red-tapeism of those architects, whose only idea of building a picturesque house is to copy the old manor-house models, with great thick mullions, and lead lights, the drawing-room windows not opening down to the ground so as to let you out and in. To live in the country, and yet, when in-doors, to be wholly shut in from it, is, I think, the acme of stupidity ; and it only shows a wretched barrenness of fancy, if the architect pleads that he cannot make his parsonage, or cottage, or hall, picturesque, without these accompaniments. Nonsense ! You could build as interesting and charming a country house as any in England ; and yet the owner and his family should have a perpetual feast of country sights, sounds, and smells. For my part, I think any country house most incomplete, unless you can sit in the

drawing-room or in your bed-room and read your book, with the garden and wood breathing round you all the while.

- 374 People live in the country and walk about every day, and think they know nature by heart ; but no one knows what the country is, or what nature is, who merely walks about. You must have spent thousands of hours, actually sitting or lying "*sub tegmine fagi*," or you can know as little of nature as the driver of a 'bus in Baker Street knows of the inside of the houses.
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- 375 Of all "wisdom for a man's self," there would be none like that of always doing his *very utmost* to win every one he came across. We all, in a languid way, would like to please ; but the thing would be, to take strenuous pains, to lay oneself out heartily, to make friends all round. There might be some risk of a mere show of friendliness, but upon the whole, it would tend to make one really like others better, as well as to be better liked. And certainly it is surprising how much aid comes at times from the most unlooked-for quarters ; from the very last person, whom we should have thought of courting with a view to favours. More helpful things are done to us by those whom we have thought nothing of, than by our tried friends.
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- 376 To feel jolly is half the battle.

"Your merry heart goes all the way,
Your sad one tires in a mile a'."

is true in all work whatever, from writing sermons to riding with hounds.

- 377 No life might seem (and in many cases is) more free from care, more luxuriantly delightful, more advanced on all sides into everything that can make man happy, than that of a country gentleman in one of "the ancestral homes of England."

Here are a few examples—

One "county family" consists of an old man, paralytic, imbecile, who sits in a darkened drawing-room, moaning the live-long day, while no one speaks but in a whisper.

Another squire has six sons, and no opening or capital for any of them.

Another has lived to be ninety-two : his son is a bed-ridden old gentleman, who for seventy years has been the slave of his father's caprices, and the object of his suspicious jealousy.

Another has eight daughters and no son. The property is entailed.

Another is childless. His vast mansion is dull as the tomb.

Another has quarrelled with every neighbour near him, and his whole talk is made up of oaths and abuse.

Another is a minor, fatherless, sisterless, his mother re-married. He drinks.

Another is separated from his wife (by her fault). His one son lives abroad.

Another has thirteen children. At his death the ancient family estate must be sold off, and when the mortgages are cleared, will not fetch £25,000.

Another is at daggers drawn with his eldest son. The second is a favourite. The whole property must go to the one he hates.

Another is a man of refined taste. The house is a hideous concentration of all ugliness. It stands in the plainest of plains. The old trees were all cut down to pay his father's debts.

Twenty others, with delightful homes in the loveliest spots, live abroad, for vice, or economy, or mere restlessness.

Another has three country seats, and all mouldy.

Another can't afford to go to town. He hardly knows any one, and has no society whatever.

378 At any rate, Christianity has a perfect unity in itself. Its informing principle is the truth that man has gone wrong, and is to be set right. Every doctrine grows out of that.

379 Sir Isaac Newton was thirty years gathering for his book on Prophecy, and re-wrote it sixteen times with his own hand. It is now clean forgotten; and Coleridge says it was mere raving. So much for a man getting off his own line!

380 The architect would be the happiest of artists, but that no human being ever knows his name. No other artist's work lasts, as his does, for thousands of years; or stands, as his does, in the sight of all the world. His work too is not for beauty alone, but for use as well: whereas sculpture, painting, even poetry, each has no use beyond charming the fancy,—a high and noble use I own: but the architect charms the fancy, and, at the same time, his work may be a temple for the worship of God, or a seat for the legislature of an empire, or at lowest, is a home.

381 It is not the soft, gentle girl who loves children most, or wins them most; but the girl of spirit.

382 Nothing sounds better than the doctrine, that a State ought to stop the spread of religious poison. Yet it won't do. Why not?

Some say simply because it can't be done. It would be well if you could hire an angel as censor. But no *man* can be a fit judge, to say, "This is truth, and that is poison." All he can say is, "To me this looks wrong:" while perhaps he is wrong himself.

That is not why the endeavour is wrong. The true reason is, that God's plan in all things is to have a struggle, a fight, not to get good things done straight off. And it is His will not to have religious truth crowned without a victory, but to let it win its way by its own right hand. No greater blunder can a ruler make, than that of trying to carry his people, instead of leaving them to walk on their own ten toes.

383 It is curious to see how a self-willed, haughty girl,

who sets her father and mother and all at defiance, and can't be managed by anybody, at once finds her master in a baby. Her sister's child will strike the rock, and set all her affections flowing.

- 384 Women go through much in the way of pain at the seeming selfishness of their husbands, which really is not selfishness, but ignorance. Many and many a wife, *e. g.*, will encourage her husband to leave her, (she being perhaps in bad health,) and go about pleasuring, and then will deeply grieve in silence at his liking to be away from her. I think the law of truth stands higher than the law of love. A wife in such circumstances, ought not to make out that she does not mind, when she does mind. She should show her real feeling about the matter, though still ready to give up her wishes. But it is unfair on him, as well as on herself, to leave him unaware that he is vexing her.
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- 385 Wondrous little can we mend ourselves. We may wish, and strive, and pray earnestly against some fault ; yet we can no more get rid of an ugliness in our character by a struggle of will, than a monkey can get rid of his tail. It is sad to think this—but experience is experience. Nature is stubborn, and stubbornest when wrong. It is hateful to be dull, lazy, cold, cross, sensual ; but if you are made so—dull, lazy, cold, cross, sensual, you will be to the end of the chapter. No striving will make you bright, busy, warm, sweet, pure. This is the bare fact : would it stood otherwise. Let us hope the fight may be worth fighting, for the fight's sake, though not won.
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386

The Tory hates change ;

The Whig likes it ;

The Radical loves it.

The Tory thinks what is best ;

The Whig thinks it might be yet better ;

The Radical thinks it worst.

In short—(taking not single men, but masses)

Toryism is the view of those on the top ;

Whiggism, of those who are getting up ;

Radicalism, of those who are down.

- 387 Good sense does not imply reasoning, inquiry, or, indeed, any prolonged mental action. What it does imply is a *hale mind*: and a hale mind sees *at once* how things stand. Most of us have blurred sight ; it costs us pains to make out what is before us. But a hale mind sees clearly, without "*speiring*," as the Scotch say.

The best handler of affairs of our day told me, that he never reasoned out what to do. The path lay plain before him, and he took it. He did not consult the chart and the quadrant, to find his bearings. In him *good sense* was at its highest.

- 388 It is utterly amazing to find how much those in lower place think of men of distinguished name. Excellent, self-respecting, well-educated citizens, will tell you years afterwards, as one of their cherished recollections, that some statesman, or even some lord, talked to them in a friendly cordial way, as if they had been his equals !
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- 389 During the act of talking, sorrow holds aloof. Pain is lulled while the tongue is going. For the time, the brain and nerves are otherwise at work.
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- 390 One gleam of distance gives a garden a soul. There is all the difference in the world between a garden close shut in, and one with a peep at far-away hills. So it is with character. You must have an inkling, however slight, of something beyond.
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- 391 This is the most perfect specimen of *cautious summing-up* I ever read. It is from Browne's *Vulgar*

Errors, in his inquiry into the existence of the Phoenix. He thus draws his whole discourse to a conclusion :—

“ Since, therefore, we have so slender grounds to confirm the existence of the Phoenix ; since there is no ocular witness of it ; since, by authors from whom the story is derived, it rather stands rejected ; since they who have seriously discoursed hereof have delivered themselves negatively, diversely, or contrarily ; since many others cannot be drawn into argument, as writing poetically, rhetorically, enigmatically, hieroglyphically : since Holy Scripture, alleged for it, duly perpended doth not advantage it : and lastly, since so strange a generation, unity, and long life, hath neither experience nor reason to confirm it ;—how far to rely on this tradition we *refer unto consideration.*”

- 392 Nothing in history strikes me as more remarkable than this : that the Church of England should be so perfect and so pure. Think at the outset how unlikely it was that a government, taking upon itself to act as the spiritual shepherd of its people, and to look out a pasture and fold for them, should not have gone wide astray in an undertaking, for which a government is in its nature unfit. Again, what a change, from Popery to this plain worship ! At how many gates between the two might the flock have been turned in, and found only brambles ? Think, lastly, under what rulers this sublime worship was planted,—under a ruffian—a boy—and a woman. Putting ourselves back to 1500, and looking at the rocks and bogs through which the road had to be made, we can but marvel.

There is no explanation but this : that our Church is so pure, so noble, because it sprang out of the soul of a people, noble themselves, and strongly wrought upon by the Word of God.

- 393 “ To him that hath is given :” and thus the work of the famous artist (whether writer or painter) is not only praised for the beauty that lies atop, but is scanned and

scanned again with eager care, until men find out all the still richer grace that lies below. Whereas the unknown artist may know what pains he has lavished, and what charms he hid in his work; but, as no one does more than glance at it lightly, these pains and these charms are without avail. This then is one great use of fame: not that it draws the eyes of men to the *artist*, but that it draws them to his *work*.

- 394 Force of character is grand; but I wonder to see the narrow range of mind in men even of rare force. It is good to be strong; but even nobler than strength is that largeness of nature, which enables a man, while his heart and soul are in his work, to relish also other things, as poetry, art, literature, sporting, scenery, dogs, and flowers. Else the man is but half a man, however able.
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- 395 Are not lessons a mistake? Were it not better not to force learning upon children? Just put them in the way of reading, and give them pleasant books; but leave them to read, play, or wander at their own sweet will. Would not they grow up healthier and happier in body and soul? Certainly the finest men and women have had very free childhoods.
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- 396 The "fair" sex is plain: and men ugly. How rare is a handsome face! and a face such as you see in pictures or read of in novels—a face to

"take the prison'd soul,
And lap it in Elysium,"

is a thing you never see. This really is strange. On her other works Nature has lavished beauty unspeakable. A shell, a flower, a leaf, a bird, a fish, will be wrought and painted with boundless care and boundless skill. Why should we, her highest work, be hideous? It surely must be that we do not live as we ought, that we do not give our bodies full play, and so mar them. Or

is it that we miss our natural meed of beauty by our ungainly dress? Doubtless a man clothed in Oriental robes, with flowing beard and hair, is far grander than a shaven, tight-dressed cockney. But look at ladies. Their apparel is most lovely—all done that man can do to set them off, and yet οἱμοι τάλας what faces! what shapes!

397 It is pleasant to see how truths rise, as it were, out of the sea; how the doubt thrown out by the thinking man of one age becomes the truism of the age after. For instance, in the *Vicar of Wakefield* Goldsmith says, "Nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right which social combinations have assumed of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature." See how cautiously he puts forward a truth which to us is beyond question.

398 It seems to be thought, that if a people rise in wealth, and grow fat, they will fall off in mind and soul. But experience shows that society "moveth altogether if it move at all;" that, as it grows in outward well-being, so does it grow in its spiritual parts—in taste, in mind, in all that makes up civilization. Greece, Rome, the Holy Land, the Italian Republics, Spain, France, England, the Low Countries, have all shown that the time of prosperity is the time of the largest wealth of heart and mind. A fat body does not make a lean soul.

399 The sweetest of sweet things is to be thrown closely with one nobler than oneself. It is the truest foretaste of heaven.

400 I well remember two clergymen: one a man of rare thoughtfulness and originality, but not more striking in power than charming in gentleness. Never was any human being fuller of love, tenderness, humility. Never was any human being freer from self-seeking and self-conceit, more likely to wrong himself, less likely to

wrong his neighbour. And heaven had given him the only life he was fit for, a life of musing and teaching. For worldly work and bustle no one could be less apt. His frame small and slight, a noble countenance, with a strong forehead, and alive with serene sweet thoughtfulness.

His friend was of another kind. You could see at once in his massive head and frame and his free bearing, that he was born to do work in the world, not to sit, and brood ; and his life was a life of strong joyous labour for the good of others. A loud eager talker, with a want, scarce enough to pain you, of refinement : courageous, self-reliant, manly, but a little overpowering ; still so genial, so unselfish, so affectionate, and in conversation so vigorous, that you could not but love him, and be rather amused than vexed by his open pride in himself and his doings. What a contrast between these two ! yet they were of one heart and mind.

401 Every artist longs to have his work thought well of. But the higher artist seeks *first* truth and beauty, and hopes for praise as the meed due to them. The lower artist is so thirsty for praise, thinks so much more about himself than about his work, that he turns aside to make a display of his strength or skill. He is not wholly given to bringing forth truth and beauty, but he is hankering to strike the beholder's mind with his originality or power. This I take to be the secret of ——'s aberrations. His pictures show wonderful force of painting ; but what spoils them is, that, instead of calmly striving to raise his painting to the highest, he has itched to amaze you by his boldness.

402 Much of the charm of charming conversation lies in opinions being put as "Don't you think so and so ?" instead of "I think so and so." The one form takes your hand, and places you and the talker on the same seat : in the other, the talker addresses you from the dais.

403 I marvel at the rigid narrowness of the Scotch soul in all religious matters. What can have straitened the nation so tightly? You would have thought that if not their strong sense and warm affections, yet surely the glorious presence of the mountain and the torrent would have given them breadth. But no: they are narrow as any Spanish Inquisitor, and *very like him*. How they would enjoy an *auto da fé* of those who like a good walk on the "Sawbath!"

404 It is a pleasure, as you get on in life, to feel so much more self-trust in your opinions: to know what you know so thoroughly: to feel that you can pass judgment with decision.

405 What you most repent of is, a lasting sacrifice made under an impulse of good-nature. The good-nature goes; the sacrifice sticks.

406 A light, gay way of speaking, how pleasant it is, and how rare! Most men's talk drives as through clay.

407 Faces are most puzzling. You see a dozen men of great mark. Well, half-a-dozen of them will have such strong, boldly cut faces, that you say, "How a man's face shows the man!" The other half-dozen will have faces mean, common-place, as if they had been cut off so many pigs. There really is no rule about the matter at all, except that, *more often than not*, a man with a strong mind has a strong forehead.

408 Wit rather chills, humour warms one's heart. Humorous men are nearly always loveable.

409 How many men (even gentlemen), in talking to those they wish to please, sweeten their voices as it were with brown sugar. A man's voice, like a man, should be gentle,

but still manly. Nothing pleasanter than a thoroughly unaffected yet well-modulated tone.

410 People are wondrous chary of praising others to their face. Does this come from a selfish unwillingness to own other people's excellence?

Partly. But you may see that men will not praise, or will only praise coldly, those whom they heartily admire, and whose favour they long to gain. Now why so?

411 It must tell even on a man's enjoyment of life, to have a beautiful face to look at in the glass, instead of an ugly one. To one, every glance at himself is odious—to another, a delight. In a life of seventy years this comes to a large mass of either pleasure or pain.

But no need to preach up the value of beauty to men! You never see any man pass a mirror without glancing at himself if he have the chance.

412 You never can convey a real idea of what a man is by detailing his qualities. You could say just the same things of several men, who yet are strongly unlike. A man must have a command of words indeed, to be able to set forth those light mouldings and colours blending into each other, which yet make the man what that man is, as against any other man.

413 'Tis amazing to find out what hosts there are of delightful people.

414 If only for the look of the thing, people should avoid speaking so much ill of others. Why do what is *sure* to make you disliked?

415 It is not so much what the man says that tells, as his way of saying it, and what he is who says it. One man's sermon, or talk, or speech, charms you, while the

same or a better thing said by another never touches you at all. What you most care for is the force of the speaker.

416 Nothing can be more unlucky than our present social arrangements, as regards enjoyment of nature. We get up so late, that we miss all that exquisite, rich, tender beauty of dawn, and the fresh and brilliant charm of the early morning. And then we dine at half past seven, as if on purpose to cut ourselves off from the glories of sunset and "the sweet and solemn eventide."

417 Uncrushed women have a wonderful spring of cheerfulness—much more than men. But they are sooner broken.

418 Is any one free from the feeling of shrinking intensely from the beginning of any work that has to be done? To most men, "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*," and that cost is frightful.

419 When I was young, I bought horses by their looks; I was careful to see whether a horse had a good shoulder, was well ribbed up, and so forth. Now I am old, what I care to know is how he *goes*; and if he can *go* well, I am sure he is *made* well. 'Tis the same in other matters. As we grow wiser, we ask more and more how the pudding *eats*, and judge it by that.

420 Nothing has impressed me so much with the ineffable *ingenuity*, if I may say so, displayed in nature, as the "weaving of the delicate air into words," by the various combinations of motion between the tongue, teeth, and lips. What a feeling it gives one of the infinite pains, if one might venture to say so, bestowed in perfecting each creature. And especially of the way in which each being was planned *as a whole*: each part adapted exquisitely not to its one function only, but for aiding the functions

of the other parts. The lips, for instance, are, first of all, merely the edges of the cavity through which the food passes into the frame. But to this is added the marvellous capacity of pushing the air about till it forms separate sounds, and thus the mind of one man is able to dart its thoughts into the minds of others. Let metaphysicians talk what subtleties they please, the good sense of mankind cannot but acquiesce in the truth, that where there has been design, there must have been a Designer: that, where things are combined with the most refined skill to fulfil certain purposes, wisdom and power are the characteristics of Him who so moulded them.

421 The most wearisome monotony is the monotony of incessant variety.

422 When did the word "Gothic" come into being? Never did any name tell a more barefaced lie. It is quite certain that the Goths brought no style of architecture with them at all. The Norman style was merely an adaptation of Romanesque, and sprang up ages after the Goths had ceased to exist as Goths at all. And that which is specially called Gothic—the system of pointed architecture—was not created till every vestige of the Gothic hordes had vanished utterly away. It had no connection or tie with them of any sort or kind. All we of the North can claim is, that we wrought the architecture which came to us from the South into new forms of unspeakable beauty. But we did so by slow degrees: and we never *created* any architectural style whatever. Roman begat Romanesque, Romanesque Norman, Norman Early English, Early English Decorated, Decorated sank into Perpendicular, Perpendicular into Elizabethan, and this was degraded into base Roman and pretended Greek!

423 Coleridge just hits off the movement of a ship over a calm sea, when he says the vessel "slid along."

- 424 In man's works, the more he is obliged to consult and, so to speak, humour nature, the more graceful does his work prove. In a ship he has to adapt his work to the winds and to the waves, and hence it comes out beautiful, and the more studiously he fits it to the wave, the more grace it becomes imbued with.
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- 425 It shows the vigour of the English mind, that not only its indigenous ideas grow so well, but those wafted upon it from other lands flourish here better than there.

I have seen the first normal school that ever was, in Holland. The original stem is a stick. Its offshoots in England are trees.

The science of political economy was struck out in France. *There* it is the creed of a few philosophers. *Here* it is wrought into the national mind.

Liebig's theories as to manures and chemical agriculture have gained small way in Germany. In England they are known and acted on from Fife to Cornwall.

- 426 Count up men's calamities, and who would seem happy? But, in truth, calamity leaves full half your life untouched.
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- 427 It is no reason for not inviting A. B. that you suppose he can't come. People care more for being asked, than for the visit.
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- 428 Doing stops thinking. Thinking stops doing.
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- 429 We are happy, and society is delightful; solitude enchanting; work full of spirit; leisure full of interests; art, poetry, books, glorious; talking animated; our friends charming. We are low, and society is dull; solitude mournful; work distressing; leisure tedious; art a void: poetry tasteless; books stupid; talking a burden; our friends a nuisance!

430 What a capital touch of human nature in the account which Jeremiah gives of the Jews, who had not been carried away captive, coming to him and asking him in the most solemn and earnest manner, to inquire from God what they had better do. Their words are, "Let, we beseech thee, our supplication be accepted before thee, and pray for us unto the Lord thy God, that the Lord thy God may show us the way wherein we may walk, and the thing that we may do. Whether it be good, or whether it be evil, we will obey the voice of the Lord our God, to whom we send thee ; that it may be well with us when we obey the voice of the Lord our God."

Well, God's reply is, that they are to give up their scheme of going down into Egypt, and are to remain in the land of their fathers. But no sooner do they find out that God's will goes against theirs, than they declare Jeremiah to be an impostor, and do just what they had meant to do before !

431 Nature is inexorable. She hears no excuse. Break her law and she is pitiless : down the penalty must come ! In vain for the poor weaver to plead that if he does not work sixteen hours a day he must starve. He overworks himself—well, then, he must die ! In vain for a nation to plead that it has sought to quench error from the love of truth. It has broken the law ; it sinks as Spain has sunk. There is something awful, something sublime, in this sacredness of Nature's law : that it *cannot* be set at nought without ruin.

432 There is a vast amount of smouldering indignation in people's minds, at not being invited by this, that, and the other friend. While, may be, the friend is in just the same state of irritation.

433 I like to see how plausible the argument is for the State's putting down religious error. It shows how great a fool the head is, compared to the heart. A good head might reason you into persecution ; but a good

heart would know better. That is a fine prayer in the Litany wherein we pray that we may be delivered "from all *blindness of heart*."

434 How often does a man's tone of voice and manners make you feel that he is secretly proud of being so pleasant: and thus his very courtesy sets you against him.

435 You would think that, if our lips were made of horn, and stuck out a foot or two from our faces, kissing at any rate would be done for. Not so. No creatures kiss each other so much as birds.

436 If discretion is the better part of valour, so too is *valour the better part of discretion*. There is the truest wisdom in true courage. History teaches this lesson with a most emphatic voice, that the bravest do best: that those who love their lives, shall lose them; while the man who dares perils, overcomes them.

If this be true, that cowardice is folly, and valour is discretion, then is Toryism wrong, and Liberalism right. For what is the spirit of Toryism? It is the spirit of trembling at risks, instead of facing them. "Yes," it says, "these abuses are bad. I know that; but just think what danger there is in driving them away. It is the letting out of water. Reform leads to revolution. Concession stimulates instead of sating greediness. Begin to mend your house, and it will tumble about your ears." And so Toryism, from a weak terror of ills to come, has stood in the way of all change, though often allowing that this or that particular change would be a good thing.

Whereas Liberalism says, "This is an evil. Then let it be done away. Don't tell me about risks and perils. If this be a wrong thing and a bad thing, away with it from the face of the earth. It will become the spot from which rottenness will spread all round." And thus Liberalism did away with the Slave Trade and with

Slavery, and with rotten Boroughs, and with Protection to native industry, and with Croesus bishops, and with pluralists, and with despotic government in our colonies, and with the Test Acts, and a thousand other follies. And yet, in all these cases, the old women of England, who are a most influential "interest" in our national councils, shouted out, "the Church in danger," "the State in danger," "the Constitution in danger."

Now look round Europe, and see which is *really* dangerous—the fear of danger, or the facing of it. In England, thanks to the Liberals, we have acted largely on the principle of not fearing changes. In Rome, on the other hand, the dread of innovations is still the one polar star of government; it was the same in France till 1790. And the ever-seething discontent of the one, and the fearful hurricanes of the other, are each directly traceable to that extreme terror of reform. Had there been in those two countries a bold and hearty inclination to put away all abuses, and mend whatever wanted mending, there is no reason whatever why they should not now have been as tranquil as England herself.

The fact is, that the wisdom of courage may be referred to a very grand and universal law of nature—to the law that it is by suffering at first that lasting good is to be won. "No cross, no crown" is a maxim that holds good, not merely of Christianity, but throughout God's government. Now bravery encounters the peril and pain on the threshold, for the good that lies beyond. It will plunge into the desert in hopes of the promised land. At the outset of every career, whether agricultural, or commercial, or military, or literary, or political, whether of men or of nations, there are sloughs of despond to be crossed, and Apollyons to be vanquished. And so, the Faint Hearts and the Pliables get beat. But the valiant push forward and win the crown.

437 It is astounding, it is exasperating, to see the ingenious and elaborate stupidity of rulers, with a wise course lying so broad before them. Take the case of our Cape Colony. Why, had the Governors but done, what I am

sure my dog would have been sharp enough to see was the right thing,—had they but done their utmost to please and gratify the chiefs, the whole of the tribes would have been their most humble servants. Had the simple plan been adopted of treating the chiefs with great respect, enticing them to the Governor's court, giving them large salaries, making them assessors of the government in the management of affairs, clothing them in robes of honour, and surrounding them with pomp and splendour, at the expense of the British Government, we should have tied them to us with links of iron—and tying them, we should have tied their people. Instead of this, our whole policy has been, and still is, to break the power of the chiefs, and to alienate their people from them—and the result has been to alienate both the chiefs and their people from ourselves.

438. It is painful, as life goes on, to feel oneself hardening, growing colder and more selfish—the old glorious enthusiasm fading. Ay, but though the flower falls, the fruit is there. You imagine less, but you *do* more.
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439. "*Post equitem sedet atra cura*" is not true. Ride fast and far, and at last the dumps tumble off your crupper.
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440. The ways of peace are the ways of pleasantness. Still there *is* a pleasure in quarrelling.
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441. How is it that one person makes your mind feel barren as a rock, while another, not a bit wiser, always sets it gushing?
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442. The most surprising thing in England is the lack of social intercourse. It would be incredible, were it not the patent fact, how little of it there is. Hundreds of thousands, not merely persons of poor families, but persons of well-to-do families, never give and never get

an invitation, or, at the utmost, but one or two in the year. People live close together—people of the same level, and quite fit for companionship—and yet do not cross each other's threshold, except for a call, from year's end to year's end. It is a serious evil in England—a great loss of enjoyment—a great loss of good—that social intercourse is so restricted.

443 An order is not given till given twice.

444 A. B. is most enviable—with his wealth, rank, lovely wife, children, pictures, parliament, power, work, leisure. Ay, most enviable! provided—he has a turn for being happy.

445 Blessed be the word “nice!”—it is the copper coin of commendation. Without it, we should have to praise more handsomely.

446 The first duty towards children is to make them happy. If you have not made them happy, you have wronged them. No other good they may get can make up for that. Their school may teach them all learning, and all righteousness—but if the boys are unhappy, it is a bad school.

447 It is the essential principle of art, that ornamentation should consist in *making useful things look their best*. In base art, ornaments are stuck on which have nothing to do with the end of the structure as a whole—*e.g.* in architecture, with the end for which the building is built, or in oratory, with the end for which the speech is spoken—they are clapped on because they are pretty in themselves. Whereas, in pure art each thing has some work to do, and so is made of the fairest shape and the loveliest colour.

In the works of God nothing can be more striking than this severe purity of taste. Take a lily: not

Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these : yet there is not one particle of *useless* decoration. So in the works of man. Take the human body, in the Apollo Belvidere : it is all most beautiful ; yet, from top to toe, all that beauty arises from the grace of the essential members of his frame. Take the Madonna della Seggiola : here again, no ornament for ornament's sake. All *tells* ; all helps to impress the idea that the picture is meant to give, yet all is alive with beauty. Take again the Parthenon or York Minster. In each, all the beauty arises from the grace given to the *necessary* features of the building.

In fact you may say of every perfect work of art, what St. Paul says of the Church : “κατ’ ἐνέργειαν ἐν μέρει ἐνὸς ἐκάστου μέρους τὴν αὐξησιν τοῦ σώματος ποιεῖται.”

- 448 One girl will be utterly dismayed and distressed by anything like a love affair, even though pleased with the man himself. It tortures her to have the matter alluded to, she shrinks from its being noticed ; she would not for the world take any steps towards helping it on, and would be only too thankful to have it altogether at an end : while another girl (just as pure) will be highly delighted at finding any one in love with her, will talk freely about it, will be pleased to find it remarked, and will give the affair a good many quiet shoves forward with her own white shoulder.
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- 449 It is puzzling to think where all one's knowledge goes to. You read thousands upon thousands of books, of every sort and kind, and at the end of twenty years they do not rise to the surface in your conversation, or in your capacities, or in your character. You were just as able, and good, and agreeable, at thirty as at fifty. Is there a stratum of useful knowledge deposited somewhere at the bottom of one's mind ? and when will it be available ? In heaven ? Nay, what should we do there with a desultory knowledge of French history and Greek plays !

450 Depend upon it, India will never be governed as it ought to be, till you have a Council in each Presidency, with a large infusion of native gentlemen, to deliberate on its affairs and tender advice to the Government, even if you do not give them at first any actual authority.* I would have such a Council, with the power of *petitioning* the Government, and require the Government to give written replies to such petitions, stating why they were refused, or agreed to.

451 Children, it is said, and said truly, are the only true democrats. They value society, without any thought whether it is the society of the well-born or of the base-born. But boys, on the other hand, are the truest aristocrats. Nowhere is the feeling of the value of rank so intense as at school. A boy's vanity is so alive, his sensitiveness so thin-skinned, his good sense so feeble, that he thinks far more than (even) his elders of outward distinction. Not that there is much toadyism at school; but there is very bitter mortification in the minds of the middle-class boys, and great consciousness of rank in the young noblemen.

452 Here is a man, naturally of the sweetest and most loving temper, and who is on the most charming possible terms of ease and companionship with his daughters. Yet this very man is always at loggerheads with his sons; he can't understand them; they irritate him beyond measure; he and they, though with real love between them, are always at wrangles. Nor is it the sons' fault.

453 I am surprised to find how many, even cultivated people, will say, that a man ought to live up to his income, so as to encourage trade and give employment: as if money laid by did not do as much that way as money spent. Surely anyone might see that the sums *invested*—in making or keeping up a railway, mine,

* This has been done since by Sir Charles Wood. (Note by the author.)

canal, or what not—go into the pockets of tradespeople and labourers, as much as if they had been flung away on champagne or satins ; and with the important difference that they *go on* producing more and more wealth, and therefore add lastingly to the means of employing labour. Ought not such plain and practical truths as this to stand among the furniture of every educated mind ? I do think no schooling should be deemed complete, without the elements, at least, of political economy. No study gives information of more practical value ; no study does more to confer the power of reflecting.

- 454 In putting down rebellion, the one thing needful, the only thing needful, is to be *sharp and short*. Rush on the rebels at once, whatever their numbers. Ten men to-day will do more for you than a hundred next week. At the outset the confederacy of rebels is soft ; they mistrust each other ; they are bewildered ; they do not know how they stand. A few days will have bound them together, and warmed towards them ten thousand hearts.

The events of 1848 showed vividly the folly of trying to soothe a maddened mob. The gentler you are, the fiercer they are. No : at such a moment there is no such mercy as that of *grape-shot at once*. Oh, how well for liberty, had Louis Philippe had the nerve to use it !

- 455 Principles for the government of colonies.—

(1) Let them mismanage their own affairs. They will grow a head on their shoulders in due time, if you don't put your own there instead. They must know their own business best.

(2) Give them no help. Let them fight their own way and pay their own way. Nothing organizes a young society, and gives it muscle, like this.

(3) Roads are the greatest of all sources of wealth, and of safety. If you do anything, make roads.

(4) As regards the natives, *get the chiefs into your pay*, and your work is done.

- 456 It is astonishing how soon the whole conscience begins to unravel, if a single stitch drops ; one little sin indulged makes a hole you could put your head through.
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- 457 What a way down some faults lie in some characters ; so far down, that you may have known the man well for years and years, before the faults catch your eye ; strong faults too.
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- 458 I once met the man who had forgiven an injury. I hope some day to meet the man who has forgiven an insult.
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- 459 How often and often and often do ripened hopes prove sour, and fears sweet !
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- 460 In one family, every little plan or question is discussed amid bickering and irritation. In another, without the least effort, every discussion goes on amid perfect peace. This is just as easy, and infinitely more agreeable : only, in many homes it does not happen to be the family habit.
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- 461 In true humour there is a due proportion between the thing and the grotesque shadow of it. To joke about what is awful, shows thickness of sight. The joker does not see the thing in its true size.
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- 462 What can be more stupidly absurd than the prejudice which still lingers in the religious world against dancing ? Of all the things young people can do, nothing gives them so much enjoyment—and not only innocent, but sweetening and refining enjoyment—as a good dance. Yet in England still, and far more in America, it is looked upon by the serious with horror.
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- 463 Massive character goes with massive frames. To be a

great doer, you may be short—indeed that is for you—but you should weigh 13 stone.

To be sure there are William III., Sir C. Napier, the Duke, and Nelson. Never mind. As a *rule*, the powerful men are burly.

464 Here is a person living and acting with intense selfishness, and yet wholly unconscious that he or she is not the most generous man or woman in the world. It frightens one to see how bad one may be, and know nothing at all about it.

465 As life goes on, how deep one's feeling grows, that at any moment an avalanche may rush down—that in the midst of one's peaceful happiness, one may be crushed by some unthought-of calamity.

466 There is all the difference in the world between conversation and discussion. Most clever people have no idea of conversation, (I do not mean of *chat*) except as a conflict of mind with mind. If you start a thought, they will run it down and kill it. But the delightful kind of talk is where two friends are of one mind, so that, instead of flying at the throat of each other's opinions for the fun of the fight, the one will eagerly lay hold of the other's suggestion, and work it out along with him. This carries them a deal further into the depths of the question than any battling over it can do. In fact, the word conversation just hits off what talk should be, viz., the *turning* (an idea) *over together*, whereas, discussion means to *shake the idea to pieces*.

467 How often and often does a girl's beauty—how often and often does a girl's talent—bring her nothing but dark disappointment.

468 The unmarried can't see why a husband and wife find it so good, at any rate now and then, to live wholly

by themselves, without even a sister, nay, sometimes without even a child. What secrets have they to talk over? or, if they have, have they not time to talk them over at night? &c. Ay, but the real reason is, that every person in a family exercises a kind of gravitating force upon every other. When there are three or four, each person is attracted three or four ways. When there are but two, this attraction draws those two together, without any of its force being lost or overborne. They are all in all to each other, instead of a quarter.

469 Some of the worst calamities are unseen and unpitied. Can any blow be heavier than that which thousands suffer, who find themselves at school, at college, and through life, objects of dislike to others? And they may be very good fellows; but they have something in manner, or look, or mind, that sets people against them; and what it is they can't divine.

470 What more wonderful work ever came from the hand of man, than Michael Angelo's *Moses*? And yet it has, I think, one essential fault. Surely it would be physically impossible for the lower half of a man's frame to have remained seated, while the upper half was in a state of tremendous energy. The whole must have partaken of such a tempest of indignation, and the man have risen to his fullest height *at once*. There would not have been time for the face to gather into an awful storm, before the body had shared in it. *All* the nerves and muscles would have been called into play together.

471 Pity the man who has got *nearly* everything. That "nearly," that "not quite," seems to be excruciating. If Fortune has fairly sat on a man, he takes it for granted that life consists in being sat upon. But to be coddled on Fortune's knee, and then have his ears boxed, that *is* aggravating. Ahab's heaviness of heart, at not getting Naboth's vineyard, is a sight seen day by

day. His being a king, wealthy, powerful, husband of a spirited and no doubt handsome woman, father of seventy sons—all this was nothing—there was still that vineyard !

- 472 Shelley's ill-usage at home has been most resented by his admirers. I confess—with all my admiration for the poet—I am poor old Timothy Shelley against Bysshe. What father could help being crazed by such a strange, passionate, obstinate, conceited young atheist of a son, in whom the want of good sense was not a negative but a positive evil, and of enormous size ? The mere having a poet for a son must have been trial enough to a plain squire, and then to have all this Jacobinism, atheism, and waywardness, thrown into the bargain !
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- 473 The man who can judge his rival's work with sympathy and delight, is indeed one of nature's noblemen.
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- 474 The word "base-born," as a term of reproach, used to be very common. Now it has vanished—a good sign.
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- 475 It is interesting to see how different branches of science correspond, though so unlike. Professor Brandis says that the criticism introduced by Niebuhr, examined not only into the genuineness of extant books, but into the genuineness of lost ones, inasmuch as these also had told on the ancient historians, and might have led them astray. Is not this like the astronomer enquiring into the deflection in the course of a planet, caused by some other planet beyond the ken of man ?
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- 476 The division among men between the struggling and the safe is like that between the Children of Israel, high and dry on the shore, with their wives and little ones and their cattle ; and those who like the Egyptians are driving heavily, with the water hanging over them,

ready to sweep down. How like that is to the scene presented by British society, with its 800,000 paupers.

477 Is there not something of pain in seeing exquisite beauty, such as that of a soft sweet eventide? The soul strains vainly to grasp its fulness.

478 It is in babyhood, not in after-life, that trial bears the largest ratio to tranquillity. Strange that a work of art so finished, so exquisite, as a baby, should just fall short; and be encumbered with those little miseries which (as it might seem) but one more stroke of the great artist's chisel could have polished away. Strange that a poor innocent lamb should have such anguish, and be ever wailing from its bassinet like Jeremiah from the dungeon, while a big rough man passes his days without a pang. The sorrows of a baby are enough to show that evil is not sent in order to mend us. Is a baby ennobled by his winds and his stomach aches?

479 The essential principle of painting is, that the painter should make you actually see and feel the incident, or the landscape, as it really was; not, however, as you John Smith would have seen it with your dim eyes, nor as you John Smith would have felt it with your dull heart: but as an angel of God would have seen it,—looking into the very heart of its beauty and meaning, and as an angel of God would have felt it,—with infinite love and delight. That is the ideal, which no painter can ever reach, but to which the man of genius comes nigh. The true painter does not make the scene other than it is: but he looks deep down into its very spirit; he lays hold of all the beauty and meaning that lie below; and he has the skill to unveil them to the duller world, by whom, without help, they would have been unseen. He does, then, set before you the real scene; but it is the real scene, *more* real, *more* true to itself, than it would have been, as seen by the common-place

beholder. In fact his landscape has brought out the hidden trait of nature and has called forth her latent force ; his portrait has given you, not the man's *face* but the *man*.

But now they say it is wrong to give an exquisite finish to every part of a picture, because the picture should set forth what we should really have seen, and the outlying parts of the scene would have been dim. These flowers below would not have been clear to you in looking at the Huguenot. Why make them clear, when the aim of the picture is to make you stand by and see the Huguenot parting with the lady of his love—her whole heart given to him, his to God and her—and to make you feel as, in seeing it, you would have felt ?

Well, I half think that is true, and that it is wrong to draw the beholder's mind at all from the main story to outlying beauties.

Yet I half think that is false ; for when you know a picture through and through, its charm is far greater if you are aware that every part is alive with beauty. That consciousness is with you all the while ; whereas, in the other case, you are all the while aware, that although what you see is perfect, the rest is rough.

480 We are not so kind, not so loving, not so tender, not so docile, not so sprightly, not so zealous in our duty, not so true, not so faithful, not so merry, not so contented, not so fearful of doing wrong, not so ashamed when we have done it, not so bold, not so generous, as our dog. To be sure there are drawbacks. He has no soul and he sweats through his mouth ; otherwise we could not show our face beside him.

481 The effect of circumstances on character is well seen in the three professions, the church, the navy, and the army. What capital fellows—manly, spirited, genial, most naval captains are : while military men, after dawdling for years in barracks, become, as a general rule, mere animals—nice, perhaps, but animals.

On the whole, I think, the clergy are (as indeed they ought to be, but at one time were not) the best class in the land. What other class combines at the same time so much cultivation, ability, good conduct, diligence, and gentlemanly demeanour?

482 A successful career has been full of great blunders.

483 Every day teaches this lesson—to lay plans not vaguely, but with a clear foresight of each part. No more essential element of success than that. But it takes a world of pains.

484 He is indeed a just man, who, when unkindly treated, does not exaggerate the unkindness, but sees it no bigger than it is. Most of us, when wroth, blow up one remissness on the part of our neighbour into a *practice* of ill-usage.

485 *Quam parvâ sapientiâ regitur mundus.* Say rather, *quam magnâ stultitiâ.*

486 It is good to remark to your friend how well off he is. It strikes him much more forcibly when reflected from your eye. Nothing makes one so pleased with one's lot as to find it admired.

487 If you find your son estranged, never showing trust in you, or love for you, never heeding your wishes, or caring to be with you, whose fault is it? Why *your* fault! No one who has seen much of boys, and has laid himself out to win them, but must know what a mighty store of loyal love and gratitude lies hid in the heart of almost every boy in the world towards his elders, if only they set themselves to show him tender kindness, respect, and companionship. The soil is rich enough, but the tillage is toilsome. Even the roughest ragged-school boys are all alive with enthusiasm towards a resolute but

tender and companionable teacher. Young hearts are ready enough to cling. You only need to throw yourself heartily into their company, without demeaning yourself into servility.

488 You never will *find* time for anything. If you want time, you must *make* it.

489 Men will spend thousands in adorning a church, and never think of planting a few creepers against it, and a few yews near it ; yet there you get the finest decoration for a few shillings.

490 People say the study of character is so amusing. They mean that it is amusing to note their friends' oddities. But the true study of character—really to see into a man and know what he is—to trace the formative principles which give him his special “character,”—this needs not only quick remark, but stiff thinking.

491 Depend upon it, it is a mistake to begin pounding the Latin grammar into a boy of seven or eight years old. Wait till he is eleven; then begin reading the most interesting parts of Phædrus, Eutropius, and Cæsar : telling him freely what the words mean, and getting on pleasantly with the story, till he has become familiar with all the common words. Then go on to read more carefully, but still not tormenting him ; and by degrees reach the point of unfolding the grammar to him, and you will have him pulling with you, instead of pulling against you ; and the practical result will be far better scholarship.

492 Bad people are pleasanter than sad people. I can't bear the company of those who (as Jeremiah puts it “wail like the owls, and lament like the dragons.” A merry heart (in your companion) is a continual feast.

493 The one essential thing for architects to study at this day is how to enrich their buildings—and, above all, the inside of churches—with *colour*. This cannot be too much dwelt upon. No church ought to be looked upon as complete so long as there is a square yard within of dead wall. Every inch of the interior should be *alive*: alive with colour, if not with carving. We feel this about our own house. We do not suffer the walls even of a servant's attic to remain bare: we clothe them with colour. Why not the house of God?

The best thing would be to have bricks, with the colour burnt into them, as the lining of the walls. But even if that, as yet, is not to be got, except at heavy cost, still you might have the plaster either coloured in fresco with a diaper, or even of a uniform pale blue, or salmon-colour, or pink. Anything in the world were better than the hateful dingy white, or dirty brown, of the uncared-for wall.

494 Nobody, however able, can gain the very highest success, except in one line. He may rise above others, but he will fall below himself.

495 If you judge by effects, the Tory is a Revolutionist: the Revolutionist, a Tory.

Throughout Europe, this has been plain in the last hundred years. The Tory, by stopping reform, has brought things to that pass, that there was no help but in revolution.

And again, Revolution has so frightened moderate men, that it has thrown all power into the hands of those who hate all change and all freedom.

Thus it is literally the fact that Toryism is the breeder of Revolution; and Revolution of Toryism.

496 Depend upon it, you don't know what a lucky dog you are. You own things which now you think nothing of; some day you may learn their vast, their astonishing value.

497 Juliet was a fool to kill herself. In three months she'd have married again, and been glad to be quit of Romeo.

498 Widowers' haste to be re-married is a very real and true compliment to the married state. And the truest mourners are soonest married.

499 Nature does not seek to stir up in us a feeling of enjoyment. Her care is to see that we go on all right, that we keep ourselves going without hurt, and so, when we have laboured towards that end, she rewards us with an emotion of pleasure. Thus she gives us delight in feeding, delight in drinking, delight in air and exercise, delight in successful work, and so forth. But the delight is not the end ; the end is, that we keep ourselves alive and well. The delight is merely given as a stimulant. When the force of habit has become strong enough to keep us to the work, nature lessens the pleasurable emotion which is now less needed. The exquisite delight tones down to a sober satisfaction.

500 Our pleasure in music seems anomalous. It is intense ; yet is not like other pleasures, the reward for doing ourselves some good. And it is a pleasure which never wears out.

501 Would it not be happy for all parties, if idiots, and old people when grown imbecile, could be comfortably shot ? I would have it done with the utmost decorum : perhaps by the Bishop of the Diocese. But what an unspeakable relief ?

502 Cats are just like men :

Like men they rub against the legs of the dogs'-meat-man.

Like men they are soft and civil, and don't care twopence about you.

Like men they have claws, well-hidden, but ready to tear you.

Like men they are silly when young, and stupid when old.

But cats and men differ in this : give a cat a sunny window, and she purrs ; give a man wealth, health, wife, children, rank, sports, amusements, travel, books, pictures, and he will still be mewling for something more.

503 If its colors were but fast colors, self-conceit would be a most comfortable quality. But life is so humbling, mortifying, disappointing to vanity, that a man's great idea of himself gets washed out of him by the time he is forty. He who at that age still thinks much of himself must have been rarely fortunate ; (or else be a rare fool).

504 What weighs heaviest on a governess is that she must sit and see all kinds of pleasantness going on without sharing. Nothing so saddening as that. To be bare of pleasure is easily borne ; but to be witness, at the same time, of other people's merriment, is torture indeed.

505 The noblest pleasures are the noblest, but are not the keenest.

506 Wives, as much as virgins, bewail their want of beauty. A wife thinks, "Were I only beautiful, that my husband might care more for me !" My good woman, console yourself : the faithful is faithful to the greatest ugliness ; the fickle is fickle to the greatest beauty. Remember that even the husband of the illustrious beauty, Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, never cared for her after the honeymoon !

507 Had any man or men made up Christianity, it would have been encumbered, as all man-made religions have

been, with mere fantasies, mere decorations and appendages. But Christianity is strikingly like God's other works in this, that it is all severely practical ; every part of it tends distinctly to the end of making man better. Nothing is stuck on to catch the eye and look handsome. Just so in God's other works. A bird, a fish, a flower, have nothing whatever about them, except what is essential. Their beauty consists in the grace of necessary members. But man delights to make a mere play of fancy round his works ; and so he has done when inventing religions. He heaps up stories of gods and their doings, and so forth.

508 There is a sunny side even to sins. They have their uses.

509 The present calamity always seems the most venomous. No other *could* sting so fiercely.

510 If you have really made out what you mean by the words, "laws of nature," you may set yourself down for a philosopher, and a clever one too.

511 It is very remarkable indeed that the Bible dwells so little on the world to come ; it fixes the Christian's eye on the life here, to make that good ; it does not want him to brood over things beyond his work.

512 To have a thousand things is nothing : that thousand and first thing is all in all.

513 At the present day it is folly to teach a boy to believe in the verbal inspiration of the Bible. He is almost sure now-a-days to cast off that view, and will be apt to cast off a great deal more along with it. No. Teach the boy the real truth, that the Scriptures were

written by men who knew and who gave forth the truth, but who wrote as men, each telling what he knew in his own way.

- 514 The quality of all others most wanting is boldness. People are so afraid of taking responsibility, so afraid of some possible contingent risk, so afraid of Mrs. Grundy, so frightened by this, that, and the other shadow,

“As a lizard by the shade
Of a trembling leaf,”

that they lose half of what they might win.

- 515 We feel a shade of superiority to those whom we pity ; we look down on them, not up to them.
And yet people are certainly proud of their misfortunes.
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- 516 It is not true, as many say, that it is rare for a man to care much about public compared to his private matters. Many and many a man, if he dwells on politics at all, feels most deeply, most passionately, about public affairs. I am sure I do, and I see that it is very common. I hate Mr. —, who has insulted me. But I hate Bomba or Louis Napoleon with a far more intense depth and height of detestation.
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- 517 The unspeakable wonderfulness of Shakespeare's wisdom, and taste, and skill, makes his folly and vulgarity, and awkwardness, almost as wonderful. How could such a man write such trash ? To say nothing of Titus Andronicus, Pericles, Cymbeline, &c., are there not dreary deserts in the Two Gentlemen of Verona, and in Love's Labour's Lost, and some others even of his more popular plays ?
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- 518 If a man is unlucky once, never mind, give him your help. If he is unlucky twice, help him a second time,

and you are a good fellow. If he is unlucky a third time, and you help him again, you are a fool. He must come down, and the sooner the better.

519 Perhaps the most amazing thing in the world is that English ladies should patronize the ballet. Just think what it really is. You hire a prostitute, or a girl who is very apt to become one, and dress her out in very short clothing, and set her dancing on an elevated stage, with a hundred men below, and cause her to pirouette and spring about, and finally she lifts one leg as high as possible into the air, and a man takes her foot and turns her round upon the other one, while forty young girls, dressed in the same way, are dancing round, and a whole theatre applauding !

I say that such an exhibition is obscene, wicked, disgusting, and that it is shameful to the ladies of England to allow it to go on.

520 I once was employed to canvass, and found three electors who had thought on politics, and *they* had thought wrong. No one who has not canvassed could imagine the absolute blank in the ordinary electoral mind as regards political knowledge. There is a kind of conventional opinion on some one or two subjects, springing not from reasoning, but from vague feeling. Beyond, all is cloud.

521 The happiness you wot of is not a hundredth part of what you really enjoy.

522 Be sure that what you are, others are ; what you feel, they feel. Human nature is in common. Men are as alike as eggs to eggs.

Don't fancy that others are what you are, and that because you feel so and so, they will feel the same. *Quot homines, tot sententiæ.* No two men are alike.

523 Pictures give birth to twin enjoyments for the spectator. The one that of being reminded by them of nature ; the other that of being reminded by nature of *them*. I am sure Linnell has made lanes in spring more enchanting ; and (despite Ruskin) a storm is the grander for reminding us of Poussin ; and a sunset, for reminding us of Claude. 'Tis the same with poetry. Tennyson's line,

“The long unlovely street,”

has given even Wimpole Street a charm.

524 It is often said, and at first sight the notion takes one's fancy, that evil was allowed to exist in human nature, in order that, by the struggle between the evil and the good, the highest good might be won ; that virtue might grow more robust by the fight with vice ; that the saint might be crowned with glory, after he had overcome the wicked one within him.

I say the notion takes one's fancy ; but were the evil in us merely put there in order to draw out the good in us, and enhance its value by resistance, surely then the inclination to evil would have been fairly balanced with the inclination to good : there would actually have gone on in man that campaign, that struggle, of virtue against vice. Is that so ? Assuredly not. Look at the Chinese. Look at the Australian savage. Look at the East Indians. Look at any people under the sun. Is there a battle going on in them against temptation, a striving to be good and to do right ? Not a bit of it. They do evil just as far as it suits them to do evil, and good just as far as it suits them to do good.

In a speck or two on the surface of the globe, in a millionth part of the human family, there is some sort of struggle to get the better of temptation, and do right. But can we say that Providence had such and such an end in view in allowing evil to exist, when we find that the supposed end is one hardly ever approached, and, we might almost say, never attained ? Can vice have been

meant to make virtue grow strong by struggling, when in reality, no such struggle goes on?

Ah, but, says one, that comes of the badness of human nature. Man has turned aside the gracious aim of Providence, and does not struggle as he was meant to do.

Obviously this begs the question. We are asking why man is bad? It is part of that very badness that he does not strive to be better.

Again, any theory that explains the existence in us of evil should also explain the existence of evil in our fellow animals: sensuality, bad temper, grossness, envy, jealousy, selfishness, ferocity, &c. Are these unpleasing qualities implanted in a monkey in order that his virtue may grow bright by battling with them?

And yet, despite these puzzles, I feel assured that the existence of moral evil *is* to be referred to that great law of creation, that all results are to be attained by the collision of opposing forces, not by the decisive action of one force.

525 I delight to see how much originality of *heart* there is in the world, besides and beyond all the originality of *mind*. Thus, anybody can do a kindness when it comes in his way. But there are those who strike out kindnesses: who show boldness, vigour,—yes, *originality*—in making discoveries of new ways to give pleasure. Others again, who may never say a word worth hearing, yet are really original, (*i.e.*, they have a strongly marked individual character, making them the reverse of common-place,) in the excellent delicacy and tenderness of their feelings. To me this heart originality has even a finer relish than head originality, though that is one of the best things going.

526 A character drawn in a novel by a master-hand,—say, Jane Eyre, Dora Copperfield, Becky, Pickwick, Mrs. Poyser, the Antiquary really adds to the nation's wealth. It is as valuable a κτήμα ἐς αἰὶν for the British people as any Sir Joshua in the National Gallery.

- 527 The tightness of our grip on things is out of all proportion to the pleasure they give us. How hard we hold on to what never did and never will give us one sparkle of enjoyment.
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- 528 If the development theory preached in the Vestiges of Creation be the true one, surely the most interesting spectacle in the wide world to mankind should be the statues of pre-Adamite creatures in the garden of the Crystal Palace. Here, then, are our forefathers! Of such sires are we the sons! That graceful girl, shining with beauty, radiant with intelligence, is merely a "new edition" of these monstrous lumps of slime!
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- 529 Niebuhr's life affords a marked instance of a man being driven up out of his fitting sphere by the very force of his abilities. His splendid talent raised him to be the counsellor of princes. Would they had left him to write books in a garret! How much better for himself and the world.
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- 530 In bringing up children, the thing of things is, to give them freedom.
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- 531 Unpleasing people please when known. 'Tis those who at first struck you neither way who prove unpleasant.
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- 532 To any writer or speaker my advice would be,—of all things, do not expressly set yourself to be *original*. If not given by nature, originality won't come by art. Think hard on the matter before, and then say *the bare truth about it* in the fewest words.
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- 533 Here is a great squire, who has taken the lead in all parish and county matters since he was twenty. He has a great deal of rude force of character, knows much, and is a loud, constant, and overbearing talker on

politics, agriculture, and all kinds of rural science, with plenty of bluff jokes, and stories told a thousand times over : lays down the law on all subjects, and passes sentence (invariably death without benefit of clergy) on the statesmen of the day and everybody else ; but his greatest topic is, how shockingly his neighbours have behaved to him, and how famously he has put them down and defeated them. He is very hospitable, laughs loud, eats and drinks heartily, and is very cordial to his guests ; but his temper is hot enough, as you find out in shooting or hunting. The old hall is a huge, square, ill-furnished, dull place, and the flat park still duller. Well, he is worth notice ; his kind is disappearing, and it was not such a bad kind either.

534 Did Rehoboam prove so wicked because he had been so preached to ? The coincidence certainly is remarkable, that "my son" of the Proverbs should have come out such a scamp.

535 If you delight to suck in the very soul of their beauty from flowers, trees, or a landscape, mind you look at them *with* the light, not across or against it. Your summer-house, your study, your garden seats, should be so placed, that, as you sit, you see the flowers, &c., shining with the whole force of the sunlight upon them. Then their splendour is quite wonderful.

In fact, to be perfect, a study should have a bay window looking W.N.W., so that, as you sit writing, you may see through one side the shadows on the grass, and through the other the blaze of the flowers. Surely a man must think more nobly with the spirit of nature brooding round him.

536 A fig for people who "have a great deal in them." I like people who give a great deal out of them.

537 A handsome man is a nobler sight than a handsome woman.

538 You hear So-and-so dispraised for some bad quality, *e.g.*, for being stingy, dogmatic, dull, talkative, or what not: whereupon you think to yourself, with an inward purring, "Ah, well, I'm just the opposite!" Yes;—but that opposite may be just as bad.

539 In the hot competition of writers, tricks of style are becoming more and more used for catching the public eye. But nothing really tells, except *force*. Skilful illustration, gaiety, learning, are feathers. Muscle gives the stroke.

540 It is curious how you may be for weeks in the same house with a person (*e.g.*, a young lady), and, unless the family party be small, never touch mind with mind in even the least degree. If she had been a shrub in the garden, you and she would have had as much communication with one another.

541 What unutterable, illimitable pity it seems that our horror at the corpse of a slaughtered man should not have been made just so much stronger, as to render war impossible! It looks as if human nature had been within half an inch of escaping that Upas tree of all evils.

542 A touchy person, like a raw place, is sure to get knocked and scratched. Affronts throng to the man who will make much of them.

543 Maxims are like Delilah's green withs. When passion is aroused, it flings them off in a moment. Yet they have their use. If pondered, they *do* work into the mind, they *do* guide it.

544 There is in human nature a strange inscrutable feeling of ownership over those who love us, and whom we love

again. Somehow they seem to belong to us—to be a part of us. There is a deep truth hidden in the common-place phrase, “My own” darling, “My” dear friend, and “Yours” sincerely. And even so those who love Christ are said to be Christ’s, and Christ theirs.

Yes, and those are pleasantest, who somehow give you the feeling that they like you so heartily, that they are really *yours*—that they and their excellence are given into your hand.

545 What a throng of things around us, in our daily lives, might be far pleasanter, did we bestir ourselves to make them so ; but we go on from day to day, and nothing draws our eye to their immense capability of improvement. It might not be a bad thing now and then, say once a-year, to set the whole family’s mind to work to suggest reforms, if only a better arrangement of the furniture ; clearing away shrubs in the garden ; cutting trees in the wood ; throwing down fences, and opening vistas ; a more convenient disposal of time, &c.

546 Nothing gives life a finer touch of grace, than the presence in the family circle of a lovely girl of seventeen.

547 Stint yourself, as you think good, in other things ; but don’t scruple freedom in brightening your home. Gay furniture and a brilliant garden are in sight day by day, and make life blither.

548 Would it not answer to make an earnest study of some one goodness, instead of grasping at them all ? *e.g.* Perfect yourself in doing small kindnesses ; or in being truthful ; or in being brave. One goodness made sure of, the rest would swarm after it of themselves. Think how large all your virtues must have grown by this time, if, for the last ten years, you had striven with a single eye to grow unselfish !

549 If you are always being bored, you are a poor wretched creature.

550 A lovely girl is above all rank. Men, however high, must feel her higher, however low.

551 Among the mortifications of life is this, that we are such an immense way off from our fellow-creatures, and especially from those whom we should best like to "grapple to our heart with hooks of steel." It is most tantalizing to catch a far away glimpse of a person whom you would like to share your heart and soul with. You never see the people you want most to see; and when you *do* see them, you cannot get any conversation worth having. After a couple of years' interval you at last fall in again with the friend you most esteem; and you talk about the crops and the weather, and *cannot* get higher! You see about as much of your friends as you would of a country by coasting along it in a yacht.

552 Chaplains are sticks. And why?

553 The three choicest beauties of scenery are, a blue sea spangled with silver, a snowy summit flushed with crimson, and the shadows of trees upon a shining dewy lawn on a resplendent autumn morning. It may be from association, but were I the Paris to choose, the last should have the apple.

554 Real life draws out the perceptive, and benumbs the reflective powers. At fifty you are less agog about truth than at twenty-five; but you know better how a lady or a dinner was dressed, and how a room was furnished

555 "The intellect," "the reason," is constantly spoken of as a thing apart from the soul; as if it were a kind of

machine belonging to the soul, and which the soul sets going when she wants a conclusion. Nay, many good people utter awful warnings against the intellect—the “carnal” intellect; and would have you keep it under lock and key, as a dangerous instrument. They tell you the reason is of the earth, earthy; and will be dropped off by the soul, in its flight heavenward. What distinction can be more groundless? The reason is not one of the soul’s *faculties*, but one of the soul’s *functions*. Reasoning is the working of the soul itself, is one of its many ways of working. Pull yourself up short when reasoning; and you can’t but feel that it is not that your soul—your spiritual part—has set a faculty to work, but that she is herself working; that, in short, the reason is one mode of moving the soul herself.

- 556 I look on it as a real misfortune to Christendom, that the New Testament should have been called by that incomprehensible name, or by the equally dark name of “The Gospel,” instead of its being called what the name *εὐαγγελία* means, “The Glad Tidings,” or still better (because more accurate and also of fuller meaning) “The Glad Message,” from God to man. Is there in all language a more striking instance of the difference in value between two terms? The term “New Testament” to us is speechless. The term “Glad Message” would be in itself a rich mine.
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- 557 All North American girls have harsh voices. Fancy that! What a cruel trick of Mother Nature’s. Of course, then, no one can possibly fall in love with them. Well, then, do they all die old maids? or do they marry unloved? And which would be worst?
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- 558 People like to see their boys all manliness, spirit, and nerve. People are wrong. There should be a touch of the feminine element in a boy—(a touch of it, not a dab of it). No man is a thorough man, unless he be a woman too; and in boyhood this will look like softness.

559 Beware of being a parrot. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men in a thousand are parrots—Poll parrots. What the world says, they say, without ever grasping its sayings.

560 You feel indignant against A. B. for his bad temper. Be easy—he is well punished. Bad temper is its own scourge. Few things are bitterer than to feel bitter. A man's venom poisons himself more than his victim.

A bad-tempered man is punished from without as well as from within. He is soon marked, and looked upon as a toad or an adder. Perhaps, too, he is stung with self-reproach, in a manner which no one dreams of.

561 How wonderful are the changes that make their way over a nation's mind! The new moods of feeling, the new ways of looking at things; they come, but you cannot tell whence or how; you only find them putting their germs out of the ground, like snow-drops in spring, whose roots had lain deep below the frozen earth.

For example: among the furniture of the national mind you find now what in past ages you found far less or did not find at all:

The principle of toleration;

The principle of Free Trade;

The principle that no man has the right to own his brother man as a bondsman;

The principle that the punishment must be level to the crime: whence the penalty of death is confined to murder;

The principle that reverence is due to all men, as men—even to criminals;

The principle that property involves duties as well as rights.

&c.,

&c.,

&c.

Now doubtless the acquisition by the nation of these and like principles, comes of itself from the widening and strengthening of the national mind. But still it is also due to individual teachers. Each one of these principles has been won for us by the hard fighting of leaders in

the van, although the advance of the whole nation must in time have gained them.

What a noble topic for a history—the growth of ideas !

562 It is astonishing how many of the plainest teachings of experience never catch our eye till life is half over,—lessons that we should have thought must have thrust themselves upon us, whether we sought them or no. But the fact is, nothing *comes* ; at least nothing good. All has to be fetched.

563 Many persons vex themselves by suspecting those about them, their servants or subordinates, of not doing as they are bid when out of sight. My experience is, that in nineteen cases out of twenty such fancies are false. Servants idle, but they don't disobey.

564 We weaken the Bible by looking on it too much as if it were one book, instead of bearing in mind that it is an assemblage of books by different authors. Each one of its doctrines, and each one of its precepts, comes on the mind with treble force, when we remember that this has not merely been said over and over again by one Sage, but has been said with equal emphasis by *all* the Sages who had known our Saviour, and become imbued with His Spirit.

This thought adds not only to the force, but to the marvel of its teaching. In fact, this is a strong argument for the divine origin of the Scriptures. That one man should have arisen to the height of St. Paul's spirituality by the force of nature is conceivable. That two such books as the Epistle to the Ephesians and the Gospel of St. John should have been written at the same period, by the natural genius of two men, is conceivable. But that the Psalms, the Prophecy of Isaiah, the Gospels of the four Evangelists, the Epistles of St. Paul, St. Peter, St. John, and St. James, should all have been written by uninspired men, and should all ascend to such heights of

spiritual wisdom, and should be imbued with one spirit, and show such a profound harmony between the prayers and prophecies of the Old, and the preaching and teaching of the New Testament, this is almost beyond belief.

565 I knew a man who was remarkable for his kindness of heart. No one would have been less disposed to give pain, and yet he had a knack of saying the very thing it was disagreeable to you to hear. He could light with unerring aim on the sore part of your soul, and seemed quite unaware that the slightest touch there was a sharp annoyance. He would sorrowfully notice to a valetudinarian how pale he looked—to a dandy, how fat he grew. He was sure to be the first to tell a lover that the damsel was engaged to some one else. If he talked to a tradesman, he could not keep off bankruptcies; if to a farmer, he always had special information on the immense supplies of wheat ready for shipment in the Black Sea. Nature had brought him forth exactly as she brings forth fleas. And yet the poor man meant no harm, and fully thought that he was the nicest man in the world to talk with.

566 It has been often said that Shakspeare meant his Sir John Falstaff to be a caricature representation of Sir John Fastolfe. But clearly Shakspeare would not have been afraid to ridicule Sir J. Fastolfe openly, had he cared to do so, for Fastolfe *is* mentioned in Henry VI., and acts like a coward. Why, then, if Fastolfe was to be represented, should Shakspeare have changed his name into Falstaff—put him into the time of Henry IV. instead of Henry VI.—and placed him in a situation of life as wholly different from that of Fastolfe as could possibly be? Fastolfe was a very great squire in Norfolk, with ninety-four manors, and three splendid town residences, and his will (which still exists), is remarkable for charity and piety. Who, that lived while the recollection of him was fresh, could have thought that he was meant for the original of a low-born, drunken humourist, like Falstaff.

567 History shows that the wisdom of wisdoms is the wisdom of audacity.

Ay, but with caution too. Look at Wellington's career. Never was man more prudent. Never was man more dashing. And never was man more successful.

The ordinary notion of Wellington, that he was *par excellence* a man of discretion, a man of caution, is false. He *was* a man of discretion. But his most striking quality was his *impetuous audacity*. Those who do not think so, have not really studied his life.

568 How comes it that such a noble, courageous creature as a horse should shy and start at any wheel-barrow by the road side, while a dog, a weak animal, and highly sensitive, and timid too, never dreams of shying? It strikes me that this instinctive dread of anything strange was implanted in the horse to protect him in the wild state against wolves and other wild beasts. And in spite of thousands of years of civilisation, nature still holds her own in him, and to this day he feels uneasy lest the faggot or the barrow should be going to spring on him. Observe that he is always most terrified by a thing that moves. A child on a bank, a cur lying down, a donkey, &c., awakens his keenest suspicion. In a dog, of course, such an instinct would be wholly out of place. He would have been the pursuer, not the pursued.

569 Many men of fine ability cannot for the life of them help leaving arrangements at loose ends. The how, the when, the where, are all tossed to chance,—to the boundless bother of others and themselves.

570 He advises best who never does what he advises. No one knows so well the annoyance a breach of the rule causes.

571 You are well enough, till you see somebody better. Hence the deadness of nations shut off from the world

(such as the Chinese). Hence the activity of nations that know what other nations are doing. Intercourse is the soul of progress.

572 Happy the man who is exactly like everybody else—who really can do at Rome as the Romans do.

573 The splendour of a princely mansion makes you assume that the enjoyment will be in proportion. This is why the reality seems tame.

574 There are wonders right and left ; but of all wonders the most wonderful is, that not merely general human nature, but local defects—projecting teeth, a squint, a turned-up nose—should be conveyed from father to son ; nay, things such as baldness, which lie hid for thirty years ! How *can* this be ?

575 You think So-and-so looks down on you. Fifty to one you are wrong.

576 It is more painful to the shallow to be with the wise, than to the wise to be with the shallow.

577 Judging by the result, it is wrong for a young fellow to flirt *at all* with a young lady, unless he really thinks of marrying her. For how often and often does it come about that his trifling so far catches her heart, that she refuses some one else, who would have made her happy ! Girls' hearts are terribly tender things.

578 Nothing requires more fineness and polish of intellect, than the ability to *see*. Plainly not one man in a thousand has a real grasp on the landscape, building, flower, or face before him. We “see things without seeing” till after years of thought upon them ; then we come to

see them as they are. In fact, here as elsewhere, you can't get the crop without ploughing. You must have given your mind and heart to looking, or your looking will have been looked in vain.

579 The express aim of the architects of English country mansions for the last hundred and fifty years seems to have been, to make them *unhomely*—to render it impossible for any mortal dweller in them to feel one touch of love for his own home. Whereas, no one thing in the world is so loveable as a rightly built home in the country. The affections gather rich and warm round a picturesque old hall, with gables, dormers, and porches clothed with jessamine and roses. But who in the world could care one blessed fig for a big square box plastered over? It is hateful, positively hateful. It is enough to make a man curse the ashes of his great grandfather. But I really doubt whether the utterly commonplace, uninteresting imitations of Elizabethan houses, which are now becoming common, with all the stupidities of mullions and lead lights, are not almost as bad. They are (with exceptions) the most tame, unreal things in the world. What architects dreadfully want is dash and force. But they can never get that by copying. However, we are moving forward.

580 It is exasperating to women to see men bowing down and worshipping round a woman whom they know to be a mere block of wood. Women see through and through each other; and too often *we* most admire her whom *they* most scorn.

581 Elaborate toys do not make children happiest. No, nor men either. Enjoyment is marred, not made, by a vast apparatus of magnificence.

582 Are children so much better than men and women? I'm not so sure. At any rate, a good man or a good

woman has a far greater mass of goodness than a child, and of a nobler sort.

583 How many a great writer, if asked what made him think this and that folly, would reply, if he replied truly, My stomach made me ! Rare helps to wisdom are well-behaved bowels. It is the sound abdomen that makes the sound mind. But the worst of it is that genius seems to evaporate out of a healthy body. What man of genius had not a cranky frame ? Rude health may bestow good sense, but not originality.

584 The thinker, after all, is the doer. Each great and lasting change in the world's fate has come from thought.

Napoleon's conquests are as though they had never been. His code will live for ever.

Marlborough's victories, where are they now ? The *Spectator* has helped to make the British mind and morals what they are and will be.

Bacon, the Lord High Chancellor—Bacon, the statesman, have vanished from the earth. Bacon, the essayist, still lives among us in the flush of youth.

What touches us now of the age of the Grand Monarque, except its writers ?—of the days of Henri Quatre, except Montaigne ?—of the days of Elizabeth, but Bacon, Shakspeare, Spenser, Jonson ?—of John of Gaunt, but his brother-in-law, Chaucer ?

The great thinker lives on. The great doer and his great doings go "down among the dead men."

585 Many gentlemen think it ungentlemanly to cheapen a horse, house, place, &c., offered for sale by a gentleman. It seems to me that you may fairly make a lower offer ; but the ungentlemanly thing is, if that is refused, then to raise your bid, because the only thing to justify your first offer was, that you really thought that the fair price.

586 Here is the earth filled with all manner of birds, and beasts, and insects, and fishes, each one fitted to its place with an exquisite felicity.

There are two theories to explain this perfect fitness.

I. One, that each species was created expressly for its place, and was moulded accordingly.

II. The other, that this boundless variety is owing not to specific creations, but to the gradual adaptation of one or more germs of life to every possible variety of circumstance.

Neither of these theories can claim to be the more religious. Each implies a Maker of all. If anything, it would more wonderfully set forth His wisdom, goodness, and might, that one seed should be fraught with the power of bringing forth boundless variety, than that the boundless variety should have been created bit by bit.

The development theory takes one's reason most. It is more in keeping with all we see of nature that there should be a steady growth of the whole tree from one seed, than that each part should be added on by a separate fiat of the Creator's will—just as we know that a beast's hair, eyes, skin, claws, bones, flesh, were not built up one after the other, but, notwithstanding their unlikeness, sprang all from one germ.

And the idea of such unity in the variety of creation strikes the imagination as much more sublime than the idea that creation is a great mass of things set down side by side by the Creator, but not sprung from one root.

But here is a strong difficulty in the way of the theory.

It—the theory No. II.—says that each creature has been moulded to what it is by its needs: that, given infinite capacity of change, and infinite time to change in, the result would be infinite variety of life, adapted to the infinite variety of circumstances.

Now the most important capacity that any species can have is that of keeping itself going. It could not do this unless it could replace the dead by the living.

Well, but this need would not be felt till the creature was *dead*. It is upon its death that the want comes of a successor.

Either, then, the first germ of animal life itself foresaw death, and the necessity of reproduction, and upon this foresight wrought within itself the machinery (machinery unspeakably wonderful) of reproduction :

Or else He who brought animal life into being—He it was who saw the need of meeting death with life—He it was who created the requisite machinery.

The latter view seems to chime best with good sense. But mark this. If you allow that, in so essential a point, organs, powers, and instincts were supplied, not by the force of adaptation, but by a specific pre-arrangement by the Maker, then the development theory totters, if it does not fall. If a main feature of the animal race could not have been got at by the force of adaptation, but must have been supplied by the Maker's own hand, then why not the other features as well ?

587 Is any pleasure more intense than that given by brilliant colours?

588 It is a strange thing, a new thing of our day, that so many lay persons take to philanthropy, not because their hearts have been touched by some sorrow of their neighbours, and they would fain heal it, but because they think it would be good for themselves to work for others. I do not know whether to look on this as a good thing or a bad thing. On the one hand it certainly seems an *artificial* kind of benevolence ; on the other, one is glad that gentlemen and ladies should not feel easy to pass easy lives, but should seek work, and that of a kindly sort.

But of one thing I am clear, that diligence in a man's own business, whatever it be, is more honourable and more useful than diligence in philanthropy. On a large scale, this is plain enough. Society would go to the dogs if nobody cared to drudge and make money, but every one was given up to doing good. Whereas, Society would go on about as well, even though nobody "did good" at all.

589 People of rank are as great toadies as those below them. That is to say, they as dearly love the titled merely for being titled ; they are as eager to run after them ; they are as ready to sacrifice public interests in order to please them ; they are as apt to turn the cold shoulder to those whose only fault is the want of rank. In short, they share the vulgar weakness for titles ; only in their case the weakness does not catch one's eye. Lord Palmerston's giving bishoprics to three Lords' brothers, and all governments appointing incompetent noblemen rather than strong-headed commoners, these are instances of toadyism—rank toadyism,—toadyism that in a middle-class man would be ludicrous.

590 It is curious that we talk about force with perfect familiarity, we use force every moment, and yet it is wholly beyond our power of imagination to form any conception whatever of force itself. Its effects we know well—of itself nothing. Take, *e.g.*, the force of gravity. We know that each body pulls other bodies towards it ; but of the string that pulls them we cannot form the shadow of an idea.

591 There is something startling, something almost horrible, to a man of a loving nature, in finding himself treated with cold scorn. 'Tis as though he had got among devils. The pang to himself is not all.

592 Remember in talking, that the more a matter absorbs you, the more it bores others.

593 Envy and jealousy—what qualities more hateful ? Yet they are capital spurs to exertion.

594 To think rightly, you must think first *calmly*, then *conclusively*. It is easy to think by jerks : it is hard to think a matter through. But there is all the difference

in the world between looking *upon* things, and looking *into* them.*

595 Outward things don't give—they draw out. You find in them what you bring to them. A cathedral makes only the devotional feel devotional. Scenery refines only the fine-minded.

596 In mining for truth, but especially for truth as to human nature, you come to a stratum of contradictions. And you go very deep if you get below it.

597 The Evangelicals have their faults, and great ones. But it is plain matter of fact that they set going the philanthropic movement, which abolished slavery and the slave trade—mitigated the penal code—remodelled our jails—spread missionaries over the heathen world—and wrought, by education and other means, a vast improvement of the working class in England. It is right and good to abuse them: but still they have done such a work as the world never saw before.

598 An ounce of mother-wit is worth tons of teaching. You spend thousands of hours in reading—thousands in thinking—thousands in clever talk with clever men—and then some half-bred farmer, with his native shrewdness, will say ten good things to your one.

599 In gravel, gorse springs up; in sand, fern; in chalk, beeches; in loam, elms; and so forth. So with opinions. One soil brings forth High Church views; another, Low Church; a third, Broad Church. The kind of opinion depends on the kind of soul.

600 How many words there are for pleasant feeling: gladness, happiness, enjoyment, joy, gaiety, fun, merriment, jollity, pleasure, delight, bliss, rapture.

* See *Killing no Murder*.

601 He is indeed a manager whose underlings do not squabble. All an ordinary man can hope for is, that they may quickly reach the point of not being on speaking terms. Then at least there is quiet.

602 Don't envy a man with a fine house and broad acres till you know if he can talk. Envy the talker.

603 How is it that one man's or one woman's insolence can sting so fiercely? Why, his contempt seems to utter what his whole class would feel. You might scorn Lord Z. and his scorn; but you shrink from the scorn of all lords.

604 Longfellow's poetry is delicious: but it won't wash.

605 In life, as in chess, forethought wins. Whatever hinders forethought spoils your game. If you are not cool, if you rush hotly at a seeming chance, that does for you. If you shrink from the pain of planning widely and deeply, that does for you. If you lose patience, that does for you. If you don't draw out your pieces ably, that does for you. But they all alike ruin you, because all alike are opposed to forethought.

606 Failure means, that you would not, or could not, pay for success. Success is a matter of sale. It can (most often) be bought by a large outlay—of hard forethought—of pains—of steadiness—of the golden wisdom coined from experience. But the figure is too high for most of us. We are too poor, or too slothful, to bring the price.

607 In how many and many a country house in England have you everything that ingenuity can think of, and wealth can buy, to make it agreeable—and the result, dulness—deadly dulness!

608 Depend on it, large rooms make less for pleasant talk than smaller ones, where, within bounds, you and your friends are huddled together.

609 Manly good sense is the first of qualities.

610 To a man with a passion for talking, society is disappointing because he so rarely gets listeners worth talking with, or who draw him out. To a man with a passion for holding his tongue (a passion which most of us feel), society is disappointing, because he must talk, *volens volens*.

611 The follies of youth are unforgettable. They go on stinging till you die. Age may bring no great wisdom, but it has this merit—it keeps one from great folly.

612 If you have only time to read one book, besides the Bible, why not read that book which is fullest of wisdom, fullest of wit, fullest of humour, fullest of sweetness, fullest of imagination, fullest of beauty, fullest of fancy, fullest of insight into human nature, of all books in the world? No man is too busy to read Shakspeare.

613 If not to the world in general, at least to the enthusiast about architecture, the most delicate delight is given by those fine touches with which the rich-minded architect flings an air of beauty where it would least be looked for.

One may feel the same as to the works of God. A full topic of thought is, the exquisite skill with which unlooked-for graces and uses have, as it were, been thrown in to make perfection more perfect. Take, as one example, the force of habit. After the man is, so to speak, made up, with all his powers about him, this further capability is added, that the more he works, the fitter he grows for that work. For, after all, what is

"the force of habit"? It is one of those inscrutable forces that lie within us and act upon us; and by this one we are moulded into fitness for what we have to be and to do. It is one fulfilment of the Maker's promise, that who asks shall have; for the more you strive at any work, and show that you are doing your best at it, the more power of doing it comes to you seemingly of itself; this force, the force of habit, comes to your aid, and makes you abler and your work easier, although your original impulse may fade away. Thus, you begin pulling: well, Nature has arranged to strengthen your arms and chest. You make watches: she renders your eye and hand more delicate. You drive a coach: she thickens the skin of your face. You study law: she sharpens your cunning. You hammer hot iron: she hardens you against heat. Do what we please, Nature stands by ready to add force to our original force, and in due proportion to the amount we fairly earn by our energy and perseverance. What forethought! What unspeakable skill!

But mark the absolute freedom of the will. Nature will help you to form bad habits just as much as good ones. You are master: she is your humble slave, the genie of your lamp. On you lies the whole responsibility of using her service for good instead of for evil.

614 Take this dozen of clear facts as to the intimacy between the mind and the brain.

1. The mind plainly gets all her knowledge of outward things, and all her enjoyment of them, through the nerves, and so through the brain.

2. While the brain is tender in childhood, the mind is feeble, easily overdone, short in its reach, weak in its resistance.

3. In health the mind is strongest. When we are sick, our minds may be quick, but have no grasp.

4. In old age, when the brain grows stiff and dry, the mind loses pliability. It must think in the old track. It cannot take in new views, or feel new kinds of beauty.

5. A blow to the brain is a blow to the mind, and disease of the brain ruins the mind.

6. Such disease may pass from father to son like any other bodily affection.

7. Mighty minds go with large brains. Short, narrow, sloping foreheads never did any great work in the world.

8. Intellect varies not only with the size, but with the composition of the brain. Physiologists declare that the phosphorus found in the brains of nations is proportional to their civilization.

9. In sound sleep, when the brain is at rest, the mind is still.

10. The more unsound the sleep, the more the mind works. But, the brain being partially torpid, the mind is partially incapable, and can only frame dreams.

11. Work of the mind actually uses up brain. Hence mental weariness, dizziness, headache, and even imbecility or madness, from over-hard thought.

12. Drunkenness and dissipation weaken the mind. That wine may fire it for a moment is a proof on the same side.

These are facts—bare facts—which one cannot blink, however puzzling or painful. And they show this, that the mind and the brain are not two, but one ; that whatever our mind does, the brain does it ; that brain-power is mental power. There is, doubtless, a something unseen, unknown, unimaginable, which works in and with the brain,—what we call spirit. But our knowledge gives us no reason whatever for believing that this something, this spirit, can do anything or be anything whatever, apart from the brain.

We may, if we please, frame a pretty theory, that it is only *here* that the spirit needs help from the brain ; but that hereafter she may be able to wing her way forward without any such instrument. We may frame such a theory ; but so far as our actual knowledge goes, we find that mental power is brain power, and brain power mental power. *All we know* shows that, and gives no hint of any possibility of the two being apart.

But then shall we say that it must be owned that the

intellectual powers lie in the brain ; but that the intellectual powers are not the soul, but merely the soul's *limbs*, wanted here, not wanted hereafter : that she will shed these capacities as a lobster its shell, and that for intellect we shall have intuition, and that all knowledge will flow in upon us at once, without these cumbersome processes of reasoning conducted by these feeble powers ? Shall we say that the soul is to her faculties what a man is to the engines which he sets in motion ; and that the soul is not our reasoning power, but is known to us as experiencing those religious sentiments and aspirations which lift us heavenward ?

This sounds well ; but it can't stand. For the plain fact is, that for this supposed distinction between the soul and the intellect we have no reason to allege of any sort or kind. We know nothing whatever of any spiritual thing within us, except of the thinker and feeler. Even in the most profound religious adoration, the "soul" is still thinking and feeling, and *nothing else*. In Milton's Morning Hymn, and Tennyson's St. Agnes, you have the noblest religious fervour ; but it is all made up of thought and feeling. You catch no glimpse of any other being within Adam or St. Agnes than that which thinks and feels on other occasions : only here you see it in its highest mood. We have no consciousness of the soul's existence, except as thinking and feeling. What right have we to say that it can or will drop those functions which, as far as we know, are its sole characteristics ?

Remember, too, that devotional emotion is peculiarly affected by the state of the body. To the loftiest of pious aspirations fasting has been found needful. Turtle soup and double stout would be deadly to them. I do not speak jocosely. These are proofs that even in the noblest flights the spirit and the brain work together : nay, again, overstrained devotion has often wrought madness ; and *vice versâ*, one kind of brain disease calls out devotional feeling in extravagant extent.

What follows from these facts is plain. The old notion, that man was made up of two distinct parts, his body and his soul—the body despicable, the soul glorious—that old notion falls. We are wholly wrong

to look on the spirit as "grossly closed in with this muddy vesture,"—as locked up sadly within a narrow prison-house. No. The facts, the irresistible, the undeniable facts, demonstrate that man is not a den, wherein two enemies are chained together, but *one being*: that soul and body are one—one and indivisible.

We had better face this great fact. 'Tis no good to blink it. Our knowledge of physiology has come to a point where the old idea of man's constitution must be thrown aside. To struggle against the overwhelming force of science, under the notion of shielding religion, is mere folly.

And in this case, the physical fact seems to chime with the teaching of Christianity. All other religions have taught that after death (as, indeed, it would naturally strike man, seeing the decay of the body) the spirit becomes wholly separated from the carcase, and lives in a spirit world thenceforth, where nothing is tangible, but all is *καθαρόν καὶ αἰεὶδες*.

But Christianity, and Christianity alone, teaches the resurrection of the body—acknowledges that the body is an essential part of man, by promising that it shall rise again—not, indeed, this very body that has been laid in the tomb, but a new and glorified one.

615 I venture to say, that the *existence* of evil is not the unfathomable mystery. The real mystery, the real wonder of wonders, is the *extent* of evil.

For, mark this: All movement, of every creature, comes from the desire after something better.

Whatever you do, you do it to rid yourself or your fellow of some shade of uneasiness, or to gain some glow, however faint, of pleasure.

You eat, you drink, you walk, you go to bed, you get up, you work, you talk, you do whatever you do, with the view of being more at ease, or less at unease, or of helping another thereto.

Analyse any of your doings, you will find that the sole motive power that sets the will going is the impulse to better yourself.

But then, clearly enough, were every separate thing and every one always at the very best, that motive power would vanish. Were there no worse, were all things always as well as possible, there could be no movement towards the better. The world would be at a stand.

Blot out from the face of the earth the chief evils—hunger, thirst, cold, heat, pain, weariness, fear, death,—in other words, let the human body be always of itself in perfect ease, not wasting, not drying up, not worn, not decaying, not falling out with the things round it, what stimulus remains for exertion? Even the delight of the eye and of the ear comes of the change from dulness to beauty. You would have small enjoyment, were your eye always feasted with the most luxurious entertainment. The existence of evil—*i. e.* the liability to be worse—is essential to the power to be better.

We may see, then, why,—at any rate in one planet,—things should be put on this footing, that they are not always at the best, but are always varying from worse to better, and to best, and back again to worse, in order to make movement possible.

But the utterly unfathomable mystery is, that they can get to such a depth of worse; that evil becomes so enormous, so paramount. There might have been evil enough to force living beings to work, without plunging them into such abysses of misery.

616 One of the finest sayings in the language is John Foster's "*Live mightily.*"

617 Women crave love : men, respect.

618 Napoleon's career is wonderful, first for its successes; secondly, for its blunders—blunders which must have ruined any man of less transcendent power. Never surely did any human being err on so magnificent a

scale. The expedition to Egypt—the war with Spain—the war with Russia—the “Continental system,” were not false *steps*, they were false strides with seven-leagued boots. But the leading trait in Napoleon’s character was the almost supernatural sagacity and energy with which he pursued the stupidest purposes. He seems to have always been actuated by mere impulse, and to have asked help from his surpassing judgment, only in carrying out schemes—never in framing them.

619 Nothing so invigorating as the reverie of deep thought ; or so enervating as the reverie of day-dreams.

620 ’Tis the fact, though not a pleasant one, that young men are the happier, and are the better, for their fathers being polite enough to die early. At least, this is so in the squire class. It is a real misfortune to an elder son to have his father alive : not merely because it keeps him poor, but because it keeps him from work, responsibility, independence, power, in a word, from freedom. It is so, too, very often in the commercial world. The old foggy won’t die, and won’t retire : and the sons are allowed no mastery whatever in the concern. Fathers should brood upon this : one can hardly expect them to kill themselves, but they can at least beware of throwing their sons into cold shade.

621 The world may be divided into Austenians and Non-Austenians. The Austenian sect contains everybody who has a true sense of humour. The Non-Austenians may possibly have good qualities ; but they have no humour.

Not but what Miss Austen is often dull, and even slightly vulgar. She was a lady by birth ; she lived among ladies and gentlemen : she was a lady in heart and soul. I shrewdly suspect there was a deal more vulgarity in the gentle classes fifty years ago than there is now ; and that she wrote with some touch of vul-

garity, because she mirrored those she lived with. Miss Burney's novels also are somewhat vulgar.

622 We pray every Sunday, that "the Lords of the Council" may have wisdom and understanding. The Lords of what Council?—do we mean the Privy Council or the Cabinet? It shows how loosely we go on repeating words without meaning, that, I dare say, not one man in ten thousand ever asks himself this question.

623 So long as he must fight his way, the man of genius pushes forward, conquering and to conquer. But how often is he at last overcome by a Capua! Ease and fame bring sloth and slumber.

624 It is not that one's faith is chopped down by reasoning, but it dies down from the shallowness and barrenness of the soil. The old beliefs, once green and flowering, turn into withered sticks, because they can no longer draw sap from the mind they grew in.

625 A man of humour will find for himself honey in the smallest incidents. It is wonderful what a delicate aroma of fun can be drawn from anything and everything, by the touch of a true Yorick. But there is a horribly tiresome shadow, or rather sham, of this. In many families every little matter is exalted into an anecdote, and told with much laughter, when, Heaven knows, there is not the least crumb of real food for fun. You are obliged to be always in a painful state of forced giggle.

626 Nothing makes a shy man feel more shy, than an overdone cordiality. People's manner should show their kind feeling, but not puzzle you how to make a return. An eulogium by manner is almost as embarrassing as an eulogium by words.

627 The Roman numerals manifestly come from the fingers. I, the forefinger ; II, the two first fingers ; III, the three ; and V, the angle made by the thumb and little finger when all are spread ; VI, by adding a finger of the right hand ; VII, by adding two fingers ; VIII, by adding three ; X, by the doubling of V by putting the right hand (reversed) under the left ; L, by stretching the thumb at right angles to the forefinger ; C, by curving them together : But it is curious to observe how the numbers just below five and its multiples are formed. It is done by making V (or the multiple of V) with the right hand, and then with the left hand making the number which must be deducted in order to give the required amount. Thus to make IV, you make V with the right hand, and deduct I with the index of the left hand. To make IX, you do just the same, merely substituting X for V. To make XL, you form L with the right hand, and deduct X with the left. To make XC, you do just the same, merely substituting C for L.

628 It is startling sometimes to find that one's mind has drifted so far away from its old moorings, that it heartily relishes sentiments which thirty years back had struck it with horror, as almost blasphemous.

629 Great men grow like grapes, not one here and one there, but in bunches. One of these bunches grew at Athens in the time of Pericles : another at Rome under Augustus : another in Italy under Leo X ; another in France under Louis XIV : another was formed by Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, Reynolds : another by Mackintosh, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Horner : another by Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, Shelley, Byron, Keats, Southey. Is it that men stir one another up to more vigorous exertions ? or is it that there is a kind of epidemic of genius ? or is it that rulers such as the Medici or Louis XIV really call forth genius by their patronage ? I cannot tell. But it seems that all things come in showers.

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- 630 You observe and ponder, and observe and ponder, and think you are on the track of a rare truth ; and ninety times in a hundred it turns out to be as old as the hills, and most likely was embodied a thousand years ago, in some racy saw, beside which your laboured exposition looks anile. What's the good of thinking ? All thoughts worth thinking have been thought long ago.
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- 631 We taste some exquisite felicity, *e.g.*, in study, lovely scenery, brilliant society, or what not ; and we think how happy those to whom this delight is given, not in drops, but dishfuls ; how pleasant our life would be, could we always command such enjoyments. We never do, we never can, realize how much the feeling of pleasure dies away when the pleasure is oft repeated. In fancying felicities, we fancy them *fresh*. It is impossible to imagine beforehand, how flavourless they become when stale.
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- 632 Cold people turn out to be warm people, and warm people turn out to be cold people ; and, in short, all we know is, we cannot know anything as to what anybody really is, till we have lived two years with him—and not then.
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- 633 The truth that in looking on at life, oftenest pushes itself forward is—that boldness is prudence. Nay, I would almost rather say rashness than boldness, so well does even reckless courage turn out. Here is a man who has bearded those above him, pulled the noses of those round him, driven everybody to do what they hated, made himself a thousand enemies by his utter resolve to get things put to-rights, though the world was utterly resolved to keep them at wrongs—well, and what comes of it ? Why, at fifty, he is in the highest place—honoured on all sides ; while the time-servers are nowhere.
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- 634 Look at A. B., rich in graces, rich in talents, yet his career a failure. And why ? Why just because he

wants what Dr. Whewell calls *sticktion*. He cannot hold fast to any one pursuit. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel."

635 Irritability is for the moment so intense that you might think it beyond control. But, mark this ; that you can stop its utterance, if any one is by of whom you stand in awe. A servant, too, will hold his tongue ; or a soldier, however furious. Given a strong motive, and you *can* keep anger down.

636 The four most irritable people I have known (two men and two women) had unusually sweet faces, and were as good as gold.

637 Irritability is not bad temper. Nor is bad temper irritability. Bad temper carries the heart into it. The bad tempered man really does delight to vex and torture. Irritability flames and is gone. But both ruin happiness.

638 At least in speeches and books, it is easier to be sensible, clever, or even wise, than to be amusing. In fact, humour that is good enough for a book must have no small originality. A man cannot borrow it, or the form of it, from another. He cannot get at it by study or cultivation. It must come of itself, from a racy soil.

639 If you are a landowner, allow me to ask, Have you built wholesome houses for your labourers ? If not, no matter how kind and good you are, you have shirked your first duty.

640 Puns are poor wretched creatures ; but, even the puns of an original man will show original thought—will display his power of seeing things in a new light—of looking at things from a fresh point of view. When a young lady said to Sydney Smith, "Oh Mr. Smith, this pea

will never come to perfection," "Then," said he, taking her hand, "let me bring perfection to the pea." Could the dark sayings of the wise show more originality than such a pun?

641 I know nothing in the history of art more curious than this, that the Early English, of all styles the loveliest, flourished mainly in the reigns of those miserable wretches, John and Henry III. You would have thought that the utter misgovernment and disorganization of the country under them must have ruined architecture and all arts too. On the other hand, we must bear in mind that those were the days of Magna Charta, and of such men as Pembroke, and Hubert de Burgh, and Stephen Langton. So there must have been rare stuff in the men of that day, whatever the monarchs were.

642 No recollection has a relish so delightful as that of a gallant jump out hunting.

643 People will go miles to see a great big view; yet a deep lane, with broken banks, and a few beech trees, in sunlight, touches me more than a fifty-mile view from a hill top. One admires this last, but more with the head than the heart.

644 To plant a young tree is to set up a death's head and cross bones in your grounds. You may hear your young trees singing *sotto voce* as you pass by, "Aha, you'll be dead, you'll be dead, you'll be dead, my fine fellow, before I'm full grown." Young oaks especially, are always crooning that to themselves on a windy evening.

645 In life, as in chess, one's own pawns block one's way. A man's very wealth, ease, leisure, children, books, which should help him to win, more often checkmate him.

646 Sharp men of the world would advise all kinds of selfish cunning in order to get on. Practically, the men who get on, are above low cunning, and have not used it. The truth is, that one main help to success is that people should like you, and pull with rather than against you. Not being likeable is a heavy stumbling-block in a man's way. Now, cunning is the very dence for making you disliked. People soon see it, and think you a snake.

647 Chalk hills are good to look at and hateful to live on. They are always great round-backed things, with scarce any picturesqueness; and though commanding wide views, they give you wretched foregrounds; then they are bare of human life and homes, bare of fences, bare of trees (except on the steep side); and the roads are glass in dry weather, and a bog in wet. To be sure, the valleys below are rich in charm; but then the valleys below are not chalk hills.

648 It is very odd, that in the "Legends of King Arthur." King Arthur himself plays hardly any part at all. Sir Tristram and Sir Launcelot are the heroes in front, and you only see King Arthur's form in shadowy outline, some way behind. The stories seem to me wonderfully *boyish*, just such castles in the air as a clever, high-spirited schoolboy might imagine. You cannot open a page but what two knights "hurl together with all the might of their horses," and "one smote down the other," and then they lash at each other with their swords like two "wood" lions, or two "boores." I cannot discover any especially noble sentiments or feelings; and the ladies seem to me to come in and out merely as elegant attendants, but not at all as taking the first place. They are useful to exhilarate the men as spectators of their deeds of valour, and as prizes for the victors, but not much more. Nor is there any mystic imagination in the supernatural parts of the story. There are plenty of sorcerers and so forth; but nothing can be more hard and mechanical than their influence: it has not the least

touch of the awful or sublime. They are, in fact, mere *Dei ex machinâ*, and just set things wrong, or set things right, as suits the tale.

- 649 The one sublime theory, the only sublime theory that mankind ever framed, had the adhesion of all Christendom ; had ages on ages for its growth to perfection : had obstacles to overcome, and overcame them ; was worked out to the fullest, and—has proved a dead failure ! What could be more glorious than the idea of the Successor of Christ ruling the rulers of the earth, and swaying them all by the law of God ? And what more execrable than the crimes it begot !
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- 650 'Tis strange how slowly comes the most practical every-day reforms of the follies of daily life. Ay, slower than those which touch men's real convenience much less. Here (1859) is a bill brought in for equalizing weights and measures throughout England. Now that was one of the things aimed at by Magna Charta !
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- 651 Every year there are more and more hearers for a good writer. Not only in England, but in the United States, the readers go on increasing. No doubt, on the other hand, the writers increase too, and their competition becomes severe ; but still, if a book be of a higher order, it soon walks ahead of its fellows.
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- 652 The world is ruled by the subordinates, not by their chiefs.
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- 653 Art and authorship must surely be full of delights ; but I suspect that even successful artists and popular authors often pass through times of blank dismay, as they look upon their work, and feel that it is bad,—very, very bad,—compared to their aims and longings.

654 The vilest things on earth are abridgments of history. It is utterly impossible for the wretched boy to understand them, or to be interested by them, or remember them. They have no effect whatever, except to make him hate history altogether. But there are shortened histories that are capital. Peter Parley's and Charles Dickens' are really well done; and above all, the *Tales of a Grandfather*. But there you have all the striking incidents told fully, while the dull regions are skipped. In the vulgar condensations of history, such as Pinnock's, &c., you have every incident, but in small.

655 Of course, God might—to take but one example—have clothed us with a drapery as fit for all uses and as beautiful as that which he has given to the birds and beasts and even to the grass of the field. But He has created us naked, and left us to our own reason and will to find ourselves in clothing. At first sight, this is not so well as if He had done the work for us. How incomparably better done it would have been. But when we look deeper, we see how far nobler and higher is the state of things ordained by Him, whereby our own free will and our own wits are called into play.

Would the rulers of the earth but follow God's mode of dealing with his subjects! What boundless evil has been wrought by their thinking that all that is wanted is the *result*, the order, security, prosperity: whereas the struggle towards the result—the chafing of mind and will in pushing to it—is in reality full half the good.

656 You have not fulfilled every duty, unless you have fulfilled that of being pleasant.

657 How sharply cowardice gets punished. Your shy man does and says the awkwardest things. Your timid rider gets the most falls. Nature backs up the brave, and kicks the fearful downstairs.

658 "An empty sack can't stand upright." And, *vice versa*, a full sack stands upright of itself.

659 Hearing any one wisely praised seems to *precipitate* one's liking for him. It turns one's fluid notion, that he is a right good fellow, into a solid opinion.

660 Here is a man of splendid abilities : very amusing, very agreeable, yet hated all round. And why? Why, because he abuses everybody behind their backs.

661 One marvels how one could have been such a wretched idiot as to take this course instead of the other. But the fact is, we do not, and indeed cannot, recall our ignorance at the time of decision. We know now how the land really lay, and we forget how dimly we saw its mere outlines.

662 Experience might be labelled "Extract of sufferings;" but the hard thing is, that most of us get the sufferings, but are without the skill to distil from them that priceless essence.

663 I am amazed by the *originality* of the Christian religion. What can be more bold, what more novel—yet true—than its leading doctrine, that man is bad, and the one thing to be done is to make him better.

664 If you love praise, lead : if you dread blame, follow.

665 "Keeping" has been observed by Nature with true artistic care. Does not a bat seem as if it were a slice clipped from the twilight by some supernatural scissors? And look, too, at the white owl, with its shriek and its ghostly flight. What can be more in harmony with the dreary moors and morasses in which they live than the

melancholy whistle of the curlew and redshank ? But I am most struck with it in looking at that sight—to my mind, *the* most suggestive sight in the whole world—the sight of the saurian creatures in the Crystal Palace gardens. What a horror of ugliness ; but how at one with the mud—that abomination of desolation—in which they disported.

666 Indulge procrastination, and in time you will come to this, that *because* a thing ought to be done, *therefore* you can't do it.

667 In all affairs the masters rule the men ; but the men rule the masters.

668 Men may have very strong affections, yet have very little tenderness of heart. Nay, such men may be stern, even cruel.

669 O, parson, is your sermon a discourse shot off, or a talk talked with the men and women before you ? There lies the difference between bad preaching and good.

670 Affairs are like horses : if you have a timid hand and doubtful seat, they prance and plunge under you. A weak manager finds a thousand difficulties rise up against him which would never show their faces to the strong-willed.

671 It is curious to follow out the variety of consequences that flow from any pressure on society, Thus, in a risky state of society, not only are homes turned into castles, but the feeling of kindred is far stronger than in peaceful times. Kith and kin stick together, because the tie of blood is one sort of defensive armour. Hence clanship.

672 Weak husbands of wise women are apt to grow very reticent as to their plans, &c. Their feeling is, I would rather go wrong by myself than right with dear Maria.

673 Here are two great friends, both by nature lazy. But the one, a man of fair ability, has filled no end of important positions ; the other, a man of striking power, is nobody, and has done nothing. Why this difference in their careers ? Just this. The one was a second son, the other an eldest.

674 It is strange for what ages and ages a nation will go on acting, not only upon a false idea, but upon an idea the falseness of which is so bare.

Thus, for a thousand years, our forefathers built their houses in low ground, under the notion that, being less in the wind, they would be warmer ; but every man who is often out after dusk must have remarked a hundred times how deadly cold the air strikes in those low places ; how warm it feels as soon as some rising ground is reached. The wind is far less chill than those clammy damps ; and in the morning, if you look out from any height, you see the fog still lying heavy on those choice sites which our fathers loved, while the hills are in warmth and sunshine. Moreover, the soil is wont to be heavy in the vale, but light on the hill-side, which tells again on the warmth.

675 The road to success is not to be run upon by seven-leagued boots. Step by step, little by little, bit by bit—that is the way to wealth, that is the way to wisdom, that is the way to glory. Pounds are the sons, not of pounds, but of pence.

676 We are wont to look on imagination as higher than sense. For my part, I think the ability to see things as they are, is better than the ability to see them as they might be. And note this, that barbarians abound in imagination, but want sense. Even the most degraded tribes of Southern India are said to believe in the spirit of the storm, the spirit of the rain, &c. And what a vast and picturesque mythology was made up by the rude nations of Europe, with gnomes, and fairies, and trolls, and what not. And again, how striking the

imagery that flows from the tongue of a Red Indian. But civilization tames these imaginations, and draws out good sense. Is not, then, good sense the higher quality—the one to which we *rise*?

677 No maxim would be better worth engraving on one's mind with a pen of adamant, than this—never to judge till you have heard both sides. What a host of scrapes and follies (dashed, too, with injustice) would a man avoid, by just holding his tongue till the other side has pleaded.

And, akin to this, what wisdom it would be (specially for a public man), not to make assertions till he knows not only whether they are true, but whether he can prove them to be so.

678 Statesmen, writers, artists, &c., are confounded and cast down by their own blunders; yet in the career of any great man—what stupidities—what blunders! and in the long run, these make *no difference whatever*. Their ability gains the victory, and just as great a victory, whether they have, or have not, been repulsed here and there.

679 In one family, all goes by two and two. If a member of it has any interest, he or she will confide it to some one other; but the rest know nothing. In another family, all feel what touches one; nothing is kept dark from the father and mother, brothers and sisters—all share. This family habit is by far the better, it strengthens the tie between the members, and makes the home one home.

680 Very many persons shrink utterly from talking about what deeply interests them. Even a political question seems too hot to hold, if they care strongly about it. A conversation on the state of Italy, or on the ruin of constitutional government in France, is to me like walking barefoot on shingle.*

* Written in 1852.

681 I am glad to mark this—which I *do* mark—that common careers are happiest. Rare careers look splendid ; but, seen close by, their happiness is small ; and what they have, comes of their common-place features—wife, children, home, shooting, hunting, gardens, and farms.

682 What a mass of practical knowledge and wisdom every man has got stored up in him, if he has had much to do in the world. He may not know that he has it, he never remarks it, and never puts it into words ; but when he has to pick his way through some tangled and perilous business, at every moment he is under a powerful pressure of the experience gathered in other affairs, and by this he is kept in the right road. The knowledge of men is but one part of this knowledge : and yet how deep it becomes.

683 Your friend has waxed great and mighty ; he seems cool to you, and you are a little spiteful ; you smile inwardly when he gets some rebuff, you take pleasure in disparaging him, in hearing him disparaged. But down comes calamity and sweeps him to the ground :—you find him leaning, as a matter of course, on your sympathy, trusting with undoubting faith in your regard ; you discover that it had never crossed his mind to think of you but as his truest friend. 'Tis a lesson worth learning.

684 We people in general have to pump up things to say ; but others (and among them a woman or two), are always welling forth good thoughts, in words as clear as crystal. Their minds never move without a play round them as of phosphorescent light. You can't tell what it is—there may be nothing to lay hold of, but their least remark gleams.

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